WEEK ENDING AUGUST 17, 1929

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

OVER 2,000,000 NET PAID CIRCULATION

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"Never more than an hour from a Texaco Pump"

The Texaco Red Star with the Green T has joined the red, white and blue Lincoln marker to serve and to guide. Texaco Service is available everywhere along this 3,500-mile transcontinental "Main Street." You are never more than an hour from a Texaco Pump. The Lincoln Highway is truly a Texaco Trail!

Only The Texas Company can offer such a complete national service. For today the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline and Texaco Golden Motor Oil are sold along all the great national highways—the only gasoline and motor oil obtainable in *every one* of our 48 states.

Sincere public appreciation of the finer qualities of Texaco has made possible this nation-wide service. It is recognition of the superior performance of the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline, high test at no extra price, and full bodied Texaco Golden Motor Oil, clean, clear, pure.

As you see America in your car, travel with the assurance of continued fine engine performance that always follows the use of Texaco quality products..."*TOUR WITH TEXACO.*"

FULL BODY

CLEAN-CLEAR-PURE

THE TEXAS COMPANY, TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

TEXACO

GASOLINE ~ MOTOR OIL

Women no longer let hearsay govern this intimate matter

—*feminine hygiene is fully discussed in this modern booklet*

"HOW can you be sure of what you hear?" says the young married woman, and the answer is "You can't."

But women today are not content with hearsay. They want facts and they want authoritative information. That is why we have had prepared this purse-size booklet called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene."

It provides an easy way to give your daughter such information—less embarrassing than "telling" her. Or perhaps there is some other young woman who would be grateful for it. Or you yourself. . .

Why are physicians afraid of poisonous antiseptics?

Feminine hygiene is generally recognized as a healthful practice and many physicians and nurses approve it, but the subject has in the past been complicated by the question of poisonous antiseptics.

Whenever feminine hygiene was mentioned a vision arose of bottles marked with the skull-and-crossbones—bottles containing a deadly menace to adults and children alike.

Bichloride of mercury was one of the principal menaces, with its threat of mercurial poisoning. The other was carbolic acid, in various forms, with its danger of injured membranes and areas of scar-tissue.

Now a great non-poisonous germicide—Zonite

Women all over the country are greeting Zonite as the great benefactor of the century. For this remarkable germicide-antiseptic is comparable in power with the old caustic poisons; yet it is *absolutely non-poisonous!*

Yes, Zonite is actually more powerful than carbolic acid in any dilution that can be used on the human body; and compared with peroxide of hydrogen, for instance, it will be found more than forty times as effective. Women are grateful that Zonite, the Great War Antiseptic, has proved the marvel of peace-time as well.

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The young women of today are constantly setting new and higher standards of feminine daintiness, chiefly because they are not afraid to think for themselves.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1 Both in U. S. A. and Canada

You can now obtain it in any drug store in the entire country.

Send for this booklet of facts —not hearsay

This tiny booklet will fit in your purse. Daintily illustrated it will give you more valuable information than anything of its size you ever saw. You will find it frankly scientific, treating facts *as* facts, but all in good taste. Send now for this new booklet. Mail this coupon today. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, sunburn or tender feet. Also as a powerful deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.

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250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

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☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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AUGUST 17, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 32

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

THE PASSING OF A GREAT RACE?

Now that a Labor government is in power in England with Ramsay MacDonald as Prime Minister, it is surmised that the government will return to its policy

The strategic position of Singapore.

of 1924 and discontinue work on the great naval base at Singapore, Malay States.

In the 5–5–3 treaty between the United States, Great Britain, and Japan negotiated by Lord Balfour in 1922, Balfour managed matters so discreetly that although Great Britain was prohibited from building new forts or naval bases generally in the longitude of Singapore, Singapore was not included in the prohibited zone. And at Singapore Great Britain intended to build an impregnable naval base that would control the sea route to her possessions in the East and above all to the colonies in New Zealand and Australia. It was to be the Gibraltar of the Far East.

Australia, while sixty times the size of New York State, has a population only about half as large—approximately 5,400,000; and New Zealand with an area thirteen times as large as the State of New Jersey has a population only about one-third as large, or approximately 1,400,000.

Australia and New Zealand have little density of population; much less than most centers of civilization. Yet, within ten days' sail of these countries held by a few million people, there are nearly a billion of Asiatics literally squeezed for breathing space. They are not only crowded at home but they are, to a large degree, confined there. They cannot go anywhere. The United States has turned them back by its exclusion laws; Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa have barred the gate against them; and Europe refuses to receive them.

They are just like people in a crowded park on Sunday where the signs say "Keep Off the Grass." When the cop isn't looking no one believes in signs. Singapore, if ideas of Great Britain's Labor government are carried out, becomes a sign without a copper. And it won't be long before the Asiatics will fail to keep off the grass in Australia.

In connection with the news reports concerning the probability that the MacDonald government might abandon Singapore as a naval base it was stated that the abandonment of the base might be defined as a useful gesture in the present state of the Anglo-American disarmament discussion. A brief examination will show that this means exactly nothing.

Singapore could never be used offensively against us; Singapore's sole significance is as a defense of Great Britain's possessions and white colonies in the Pacific; and in case those white colonies become involved in a fight for their lives it is probable that we would side with them rather than sit back and see them extinguished.

Should that come to pass, Singapore would be of inestimable value as a base for our navy. In fact, we could well afford right now to take over one-half of the cost of completing the construction at the Singapore base and enter into a joint ownership of it. Our half would cost us about $125,000,000.

The history of nations and empires is like that of people. They are young, they grow up to the fullness of power, and they die. Great Britain is going along this historic road. In the old days when the aristocrats governed England, they exploited the possibilities of world empire. We still have echoes of that day in sonorous phrases: "The sun never sets on the British Empire"; "The drumbeat sounds round the world"; "Britannia rules the waves." In song and slogan the old order boasted of its might.

It is more or less natural for aristocrats to think in such terms. They want to expand their own personalities by conquest so that their sons may become proconsuls in subject lands and far islands and win the Victoria Cross in a fight on the Irrawaddy.

But the days of the aristocrats passed. There came the day when the votes of the common people ruled. And the masses—perhaps actuated by the familiar inferiority complex—felt that they must undo much that the aristocrats had done, felt that those things which had made the Great Britain of the aristocrats great must be all wrong.

They grew sentimental about the colored brother and felt that it was very wicked to send big ships to frighten him. They might let the "Keep Off the Grass" signs remain, but they would withdraw the policemen.

That is what Britain is going about now. If it abandons its naval base at Singapore the British Empire is walking down the hill to the sunset.

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THE BELL SYSTEM IS BUILDING AHEAD OF THE GROWTH OF THE COUNTRY

This is the telephone's job and goal

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE United States is developing a new civilization. The telephone is an indispensable element in it. The Bell System is building ahead of the growth of this civilization. In 1929 the telephone budget for land and buildings is 54 million dollars, with new buildings rising in 200 cities. New equipment for central offices will cost 142 millions; exchange lines 120 millions; toll lines 119 millions.

The Bell System's total expenditure for plant and service improvements this year will be 559 million dollars.

This outlay is required because the telephone is a universal servant of this democracy. Business uses it to create more prosperity. Homes use it for comfort and protection, for keeping friendships alive and enriching life. Its general use enables each personality to extend itself without regard to distance.

The telephone ideal is that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.

Quickly . . .

This Foam Penetrates

into every tiny tooth crevice and washes out decaying impurities— thus Colgate's cleans teeth better*

When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the outer surface.

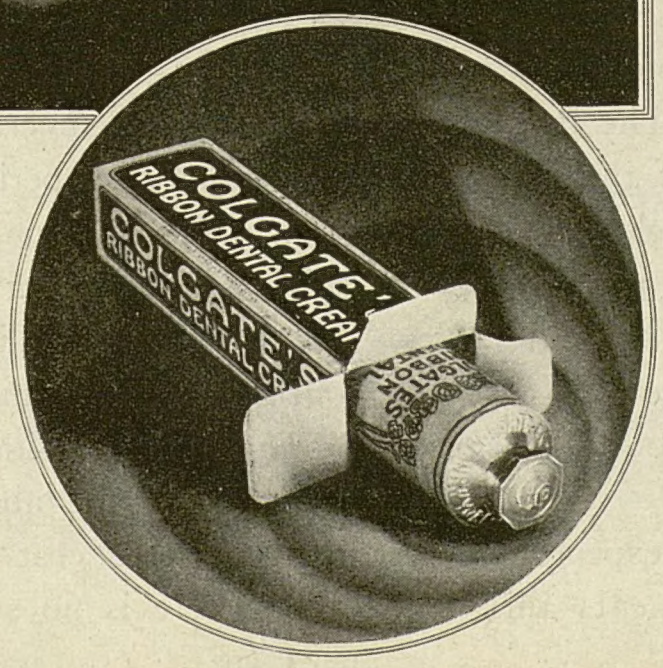
Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension"). This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice.* There it softens and dislodges the impurities, which may hasten decay, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

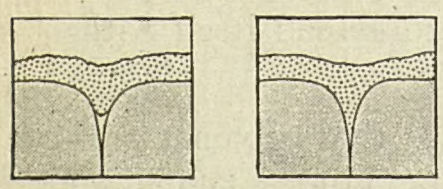
Thus Colgate's is a double cleansing dentifrice, not a cure-all. Colgate's has never claimed to cure pyorrhea, to correct an acid condition of the mouth—things *no* tooth-paste can do. Colgate *does* claim to clean teeth better.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent, it cleans where ordinary brushing can't. *Really* clean teeth help to protect against premature decay.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.



*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1619, FREE
P. O. Box 375
Grand Central Post Office,
New York City.
Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

*Name*_____

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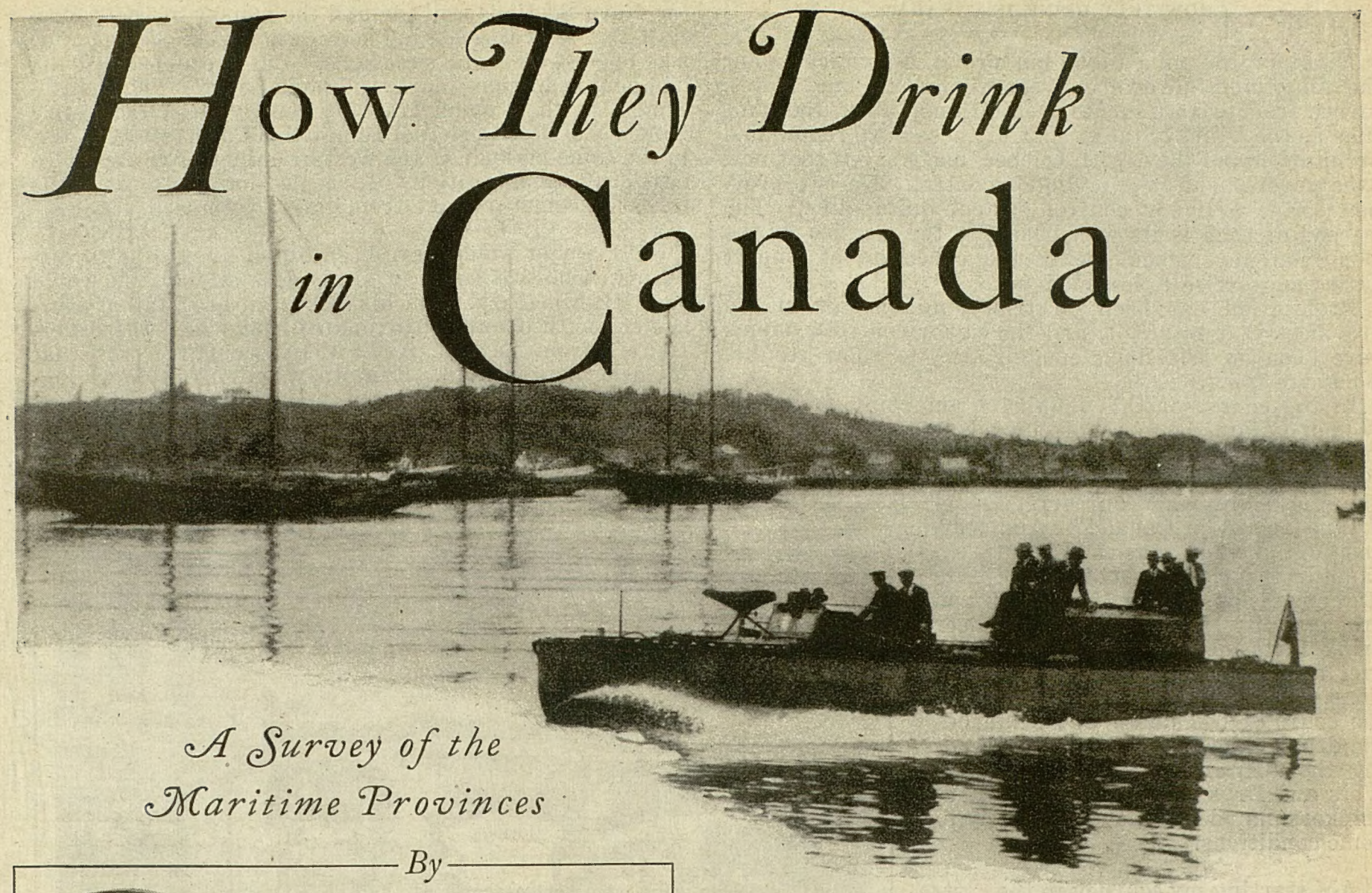
How They Drink in Canada



A Survey of the Maritime Provinces

By

FREDERICK PALMER

who is touring Canada for LIBERTY, *observing the operation of liquor control systems in six provinces and of prohibition elsewhere, and is writing a series of articles of which this is the first. Others from him will be printed as they are received. Colonel Palmer, long distinguished as a war correspondent and in peace-time journalism, is perhaps best known to* LIBERTY'S *readers as the author of Ten Years Ago This Week, his series recounting the victories of the A. E. F.*

TRY one subject on the stranger opposite you on a railroad train anywhere in the United States and it never fails. It will always revive talk in any gathering of any kind when politics, the stock market, and even sports have been exhausted. Although enacted ten years ago, prohibition is our livest issue.

After Wets and Drys have belabored each other with familiar arguments, and the Wets who drink and the Drys who drink have boasted of their home brew or the superior character of their pet bootleggers, the final shot of the Drys is, "Do you want the saloon back?"

And if not the saloon back, what then?

Photo by Allen Fraser, courtesy Halifax Herald

A Dominion government rum chaser in Lunenburg harbor, Nova Scotia—a dry province where smuggling is rife.

That touches a problem as old as fermented liquor. The cave man's wife became a temperance partisan when he traded the bearskin or haunch of venison, which he was bringing home to the family, for a souse. The solution of the French and Germans is to take the wife to the café or beer hall with you.

But American drinking customs are different from European. In the Dominion of Canada they are much the same as our own. Communities across the imaginary line from each other have much the same origins and conditions of life and climate from coast to coast, over mountains and plateaus, in wheat fields, factories, and on Main Street.

We know that the thirsty American these days has only to step across the border to get a drink. When he steps back into his own country, even a pint bottle of beer or a gill of whisky in his flask is confiscated.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

THE THIRD PICTURE IN THE $1,000 WEEKLY PICTURE-PUZZLE CONTEST WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 65

[HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA]
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Eight of the nine Canadian provinces, which under the Dominion government correspond to our states, turned from private sale to prohibition at about the same time as the United States. Six of these have repudiated prohibition and they, with Quebec, make seven that now have government sale, or liquor control. No two provinces have a liquor control system quite alike. The method of each is its own business, the concern of the Dominion government being the collection of import duties and excise taxes on liquor.

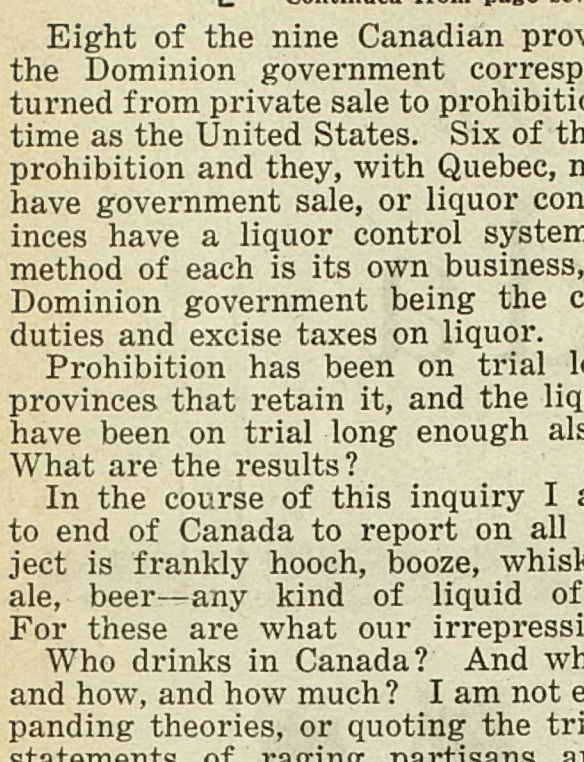
Prohibition has been on trial long enough in the provinces that retain it, and the liquor control systems have been on trial long enough also, to show results. What are the results?

In the course of this inquiry I am going from end to end of Canada to report on all systems. The subject is frankly hooch, booze, whisky, rum, gin, wine, ale, beer—any kind of liquid of alcoholic content. For these are what our irrepressible issue is about.

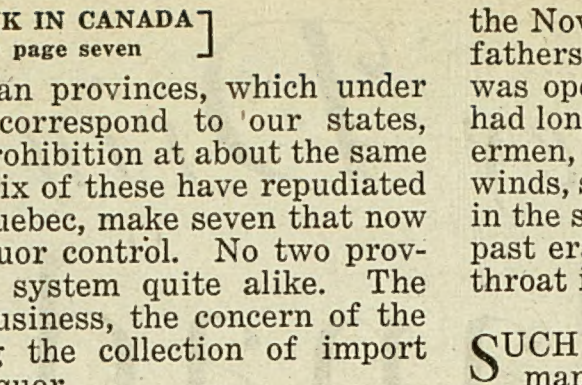
Who drinks in Canada? And why, and how, and how much? I am not expanding theories, or quoting the trite statements of raging partisans and propagandists, but am reporting sheer drink facts, obtained through asking over and over again a thousand questions, from the alleys and back roads to the court of the judge who sentences the drunks and disorderlies. By reading the answers, all varieties of our Wets and Drys and drinkers and nondrinkers may decide how they apply to home conditions.

I AM starting my journey in the east, where the maritime provinces of Canada are wrapped around the eastern end of the United States. In going first to prohibition Nova Scotia, I pass through Maine, which is our pioneer prohibition state.

There was a movement of New Englanders in the settlement of Nova Scotia before our Revolution. Added to that stock were many Scotch and some Irish, who were whisky drinkers (when they drank at all) from a cold land, making their new homes in a cold land where the trees were not in leaf in early May. A hardy lot, the "bluenoses," toughened by that chill, moist, coastal climate in which a livelihood is sternly won. Just as our "down-easters" spread westward over our country, so the Nova Scotians have spread westward in Canada, where they shine particularly as bankers.



The Rev. D. K. Grant, Nova Scotia's chief of prohibition enforcement.



U. & U. photo

The Rev. H. R. Grant, brother of D. K., and, at right, Premier Baxter of New Brunswick.

When prohibition was enacted, the well-to-do among the Nova Scotians still favored the whisky of their forefathers. Beer was coming more into vogue. Champagne was opened on festal occasions. But the popular drink had long been rum—dark, full-bodied rum. The codfishermen, in their small craft on choppy seas, facing icy winds, shot down a slug of rum without a chaser of water, in the same manner as the western miner or cowboy of a past era took his rotgut. It seemed hardly to touch the throat in comet passage from glass to stomach.

SUCH a slug would have been liquid fire to the townsman who was confined to his desk all day and would have left him dizzy, while his kick from a cocktail of average strength about approximated that which the fisherman got from the rum. And a kick he could feel was what the fisherman wanted. Rum was the drink of New England before home distilleries, making rye and bourbon from native corn, took the home market away from the imported booze of the West Indies.

Naturally, I bought the day's Nova Scotian papers upon approaching the border. There were three conspicuous items. The first was, "Huge Liquor Cargo Is Landed Near Halifax—17 Cars Needed to Handle 'Bootleg King's' Consignment Is Report."

Courtesy Halifax Herald

Raiding a Halifax speak-easy. The raider at the left is the Rev. D. K. Grant.

The second: "Chop Down Doors in Raids on Six Houses—Dry Forces Headed by Inspector Gammon Stage Spectacular Series."

The third: "Officer Fired, Warrants Out, in War on Hoodlums." This in the town of Truro.

Another item referred to a recent inquiry as to the prevalence of drunkenness at a militia camp.

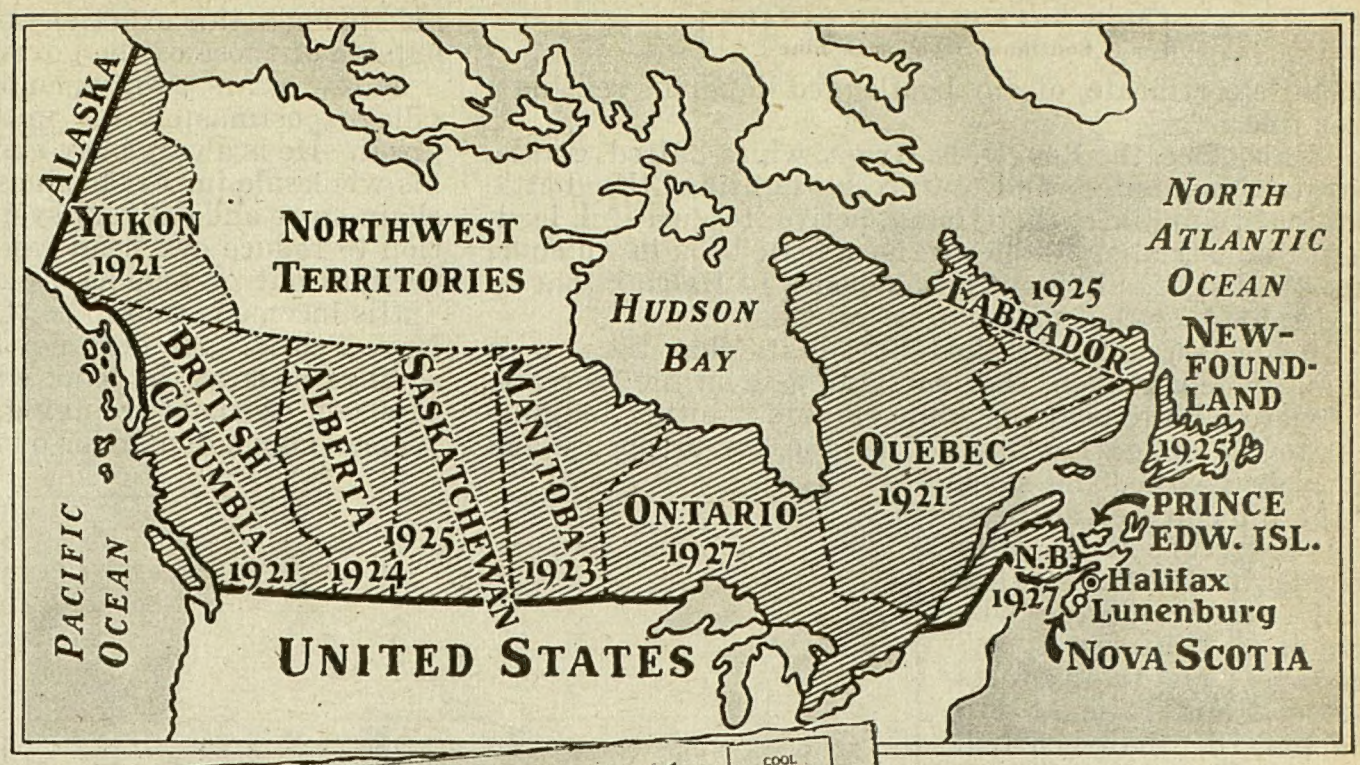
The Halifax Herald had just announced the winner of a prize "for the most practical and workable plan for enforcement within the realms of reasonable expenditure." The jury found none of the plans practicable, but awarded J. R. Gow half of the $500 offered, because his plan was the most suggestive. The biggest prize offered in the United States has been $50,000, which for our population is not relatively as large as $500 in Nova Scotia, which has 600,000 inhabitants in an area about two-thirds of that of Maine.

The discussion over any coming referendum in one of our states will not surpass the bitterness of that already raging in Nova Scotia, which is to vote in October in answer to two questions: whether the voter is in favor of the present law, and whether he is for liquor control in its place.

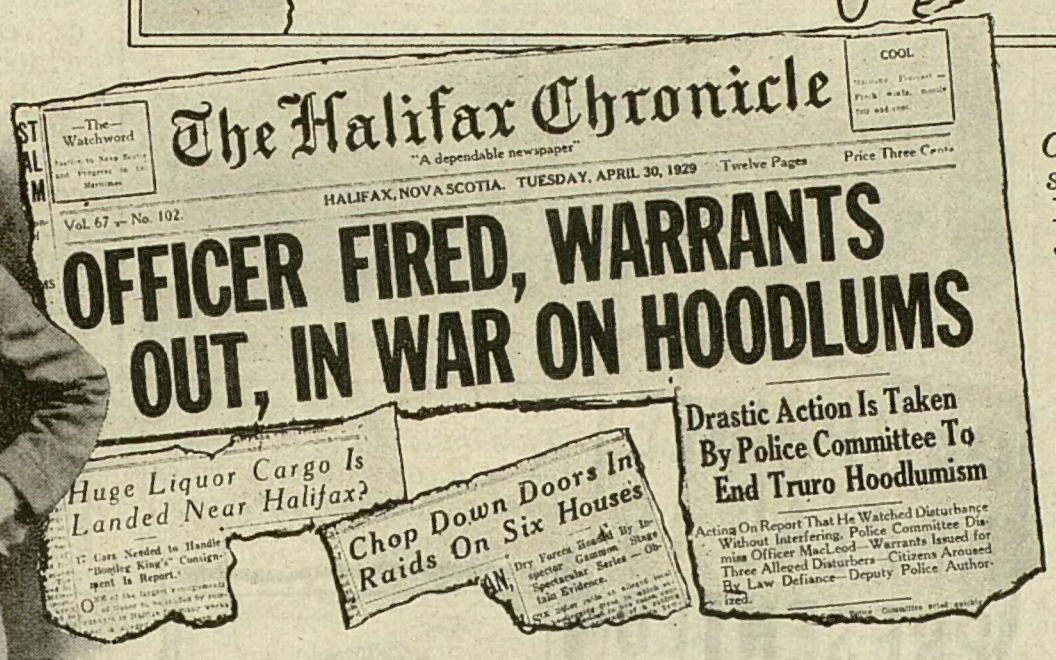
"We'll win," the Nova Scotian Wets are saying, "if all the hypocrites will vote as they drink, and we have any

organization." And the Drys are saying that Nova Scotia will never sink to the level of her fallen sister provinces by putting the government into the rum traffic.

Outside of Premier Rhodes, who gets shafts from both sides which should make him sympathize with public men in the States, the three famous men in Nova Scotia are the two Grants and Byron Dauphinée. Byron does not appear so often in the press, except by insinuation, but he is more talked about than the Grants. He is making money faster than any other Nova Scotian. Although he is on the board of directors of no bank or corporation, he is the head of a powerful organization.



Canada as to drinking. The shaded provinces and the Yukon territory have had systems of liquor control since the years that are shown. Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island are dry, theoretically. Newfoundland (with Labrador) has liquor control but is separate from the Dominion of Canada.


The Halifax Chronicle

"A dependable newspaper"

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA. TUESDAY, APRIL 30, 1929 Twelve Pages Price Three Cents

Vol. 67 — No. 102.

OFFICER FIRED, WARRANTS OUT, IN WAR ON HOODLUMS

Huge Liquor Cargo Is Landed Near Halifax?

Chop Down Doors In Raids On Six Houses

Drastic Action Is Taken By Police Committee To End Truro Hoodlumism

Headlines from Halifax newspapers of April 29 and 30 of this year.

Courtesy Halifax Herald

Premier Rhodes of Nova Scotia.

So is the Rev. H. R. Grant, who is fighting Dauphinée and the government. H. R. is both a lawyer and a clergyman, a fighting blade of an evangel who, in the Social Service Commission, has interlocked in common cause all the elements which are represented in the States by the Anti-Saloon League. Thus far, then, the stage is set as it is in Washington.

But to make the parallel complete Bishop Cannon, Dr. Clarence True Wilson, or Dr. John Roach Straton should be the head of enforcement in the United States. The Rev. D. K. Grant is chief of the Inspection Service, which has charge of the suppression of illicit sales. He too is both a clergyman and a lawyer. At first blush you would say that this gave the Drys full power, and that if prohibition could prohibit anywhere it should in Nova Scotia.

D. K. is also in charge of the government vendors. He told me that he did not believe that whisky should be denied in case of actual medical need—this in disagreement with many stalwart Drys. Liquor may be had upon a medical certificate in Nova Scotia—not from drug stores, which had been found to encourage illicit selling, but from government vendors.

There are twenty-three of these vendors outside Halifax, the capital and leading city, in all the province. In the last year they officially sold liquor to the value of $360,476, on which a profit of $48,874 was made.

So Nova Scotia, per capita, obviously needs a good deal of liquor as medicine. In the Cape Breton mining region the bounty which the government pays to keep the mines open and miners in employment was exceeded by the amount of sales of the local vendors.

The vendors in Halifax are not under D. K. Grant, but directly under the Dominion government. That provides a local slant both in drinking customs and in politics. In the days of local option the rural districts voted Dry, and Halifax and the larger towns voted Wet. The rural districts still are Dry; and women generally are.

I DROPPED into one of the local vending places in Halifax and asked how I could get a bottle of Scotch. No liquor was in sight. It was evidently stored beyond the door in the rear. The man at the counter said that I should have a doctor's certificate. I asked where I could get one. He said, "We have to be very strict here," but he would accommodate me.

He sold me a half bottle of White Horse, "aged in wood, bottled in 1929," according to the label, for which I paid $2.40. Its serial number, according to usage on White Horse labels, was 1687270. He did not bring it from the rear, as he did in the case of another customer, but produced it from under the counter.

When I opened it in my hotel room, its extreme pungency recalled that of bottles in golf-club lockers, which, one is assured when the nineteenth hole is being played, is the real stuff from Scotland, brought in by a pet trustworthy bootlegger. Later I had it analyzed. It was non-poisonous, but very raw.

I was interested to know if it was not an item in Byron Dauphinée's flourishing business. He could deliver it at a price which would give him 100 per cent profit and leave the vendor 100 per cent, at the price I paid. A vendor need not make official report, accompanied by a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA
Continued from page nine]

doctor's certificate, of any bootlegged liquor he sells as a side line.

In his office, the Rev. D. K. Grant, white-haired, gentle, earnest inquisitor and enforcer—fighting the battle against Dauphinée, that young, active, resourceful, leading "industrialist"—showed me a little book in which he had the list of thirty-one speak-easies in Halifax that he had raided, or that ought to be raided.

In his last annual report he admits that the law is being widely broken, that smuggling is on the increase. "Where a large body of public opinion is either indifferent to the obligation imposed by the law or openly and actively hostile," he says, "the difficulty of successful enforcement is very greatly increased." He has only twelve inspectors who are of an "inferior type," he says, "and their efforts at local enforcement are haphazard, half-hearted, and for the most part abortive."

The vendor of whom I bought the Scotch was only two or three blocks from D. K. Grant's office, and about the same distance from "the Fortress," best known of Halifax speak-easies. Recently D. K. was in personal charge of a raid on the Fortress. When six men, swinging an iron bar, had finally broken down the steel door, no one was found within. All the liquor had disappeared down a galvanized iron chute. A milk bottle which D. K. sank down the chute for evidence brought up sewage. D. K. wants a law against barricaded places of this sort, but the government will not give it or give him more inspectors.

SOON the Fortress had put up a much stronger steel door and was doing business again. Anyone who approaches the Fortress is observed by the lookout from a projecting box window. A quarter of an hour after I had been talking with D. K. in his office, I was a guest there, being properly conducted by a "club member." After passing through the street door we were before the new steel door at the head of the stairs. It had a small shuttered glass window. The guard peeked through the fingers of his hand which were laid over it. Credentials given, the door swung open.

We passed a bar into a room with a round table covered with oilcloth. If the chromos on the walls were to make the place cheery, they hardly succeeded in my case. The charge for a drink of Scotch was fifty cents, and for a bottle of beer, produced by a local brewery, forty cents.

The waiter tried to make the guest feel at home. In all the foregoing there had been much to make an American feel at home. Human nature is much the same in large as small communities.

I was told that Byron Dauphinée has a guarantee of the first $100 a day each in this and his other chief speak-easy, and that the rest of the profits goes to the lessee, who pays the fines for first offenses by bartenders. Byron is able to make this exaction because he controls all supplies outside of those of the government vendors.

A few years ago, when Byron lost his position as a village postmaster, his imagination expanded to much profit. He is a very busy man, much on the move, with all his wholesale import business to look after as well as his chain-store and delivery system, this master of consolidation to reduce overhead who has driven all serious competitors out of business.

His income is said to be $30,000 a month, the largest in Nova Scotia. He does not have to stand in line with a savings book at the bank when he can draw a check for $100,000 without blinking. And he has standards. Women may not go to his own speak-easies. Their resorts are the dives which he does not own but merely supplies with liquor.

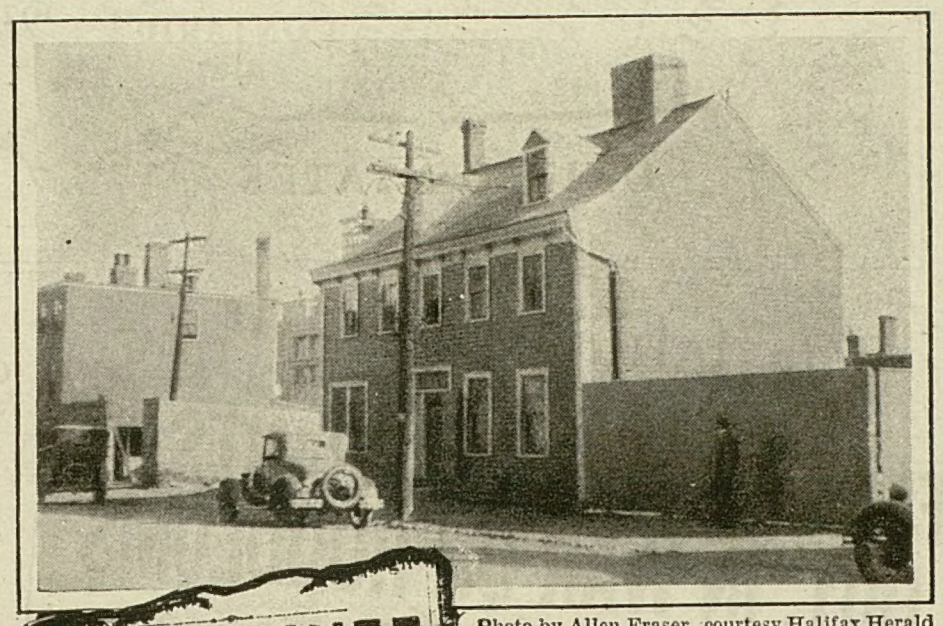
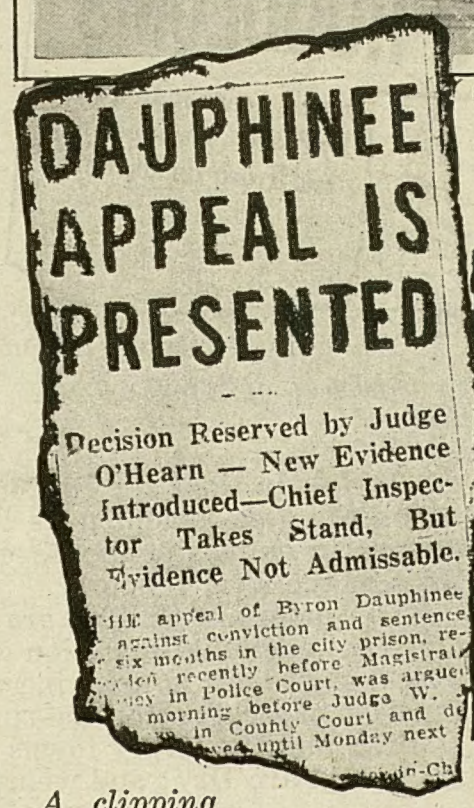


Photo by Allen Fraser, courtesy Halifax Herald

This building in Halifax is pointed out as the main local stronghold of liquor.



DAUPHINEE APPEAL IS PRESENTED

Decision Reserved by Judge O'Hearn — New Evidence Introduced—Chief Inspector Takes Stand, But Evidence Not Admissable.

THE appeal of Byron Dauphinee against conviction and sentence of six months in the city prison, recently before Magistrate ... in Police Court, was argued ... morning before Judge W. ... in County Court and ... until Monday next ...

A clipping from the Halifax Mail of July 2 of this year, and a newspaper picture of Byron Dauphinée.

BYRON DAUPHINEE

DRAWN by the Staff Artist of The Evening Mail in the county court this morning, during the hearing of argument in Dauphinee's appeal against prison sentence under the N.S.T.A.

WHEN someone asked for space for a car in his new twenty-car garage, he said that it was all required by his own trucks which meet the boats that land in the inlets. D. K. Grant's twelve inspectors cannot patrol all the long coastline of the province, which would be an island but for a narrow neck to the mainland.

Byron's only bother is the revenue cutters of the Dominion government, which is interested in the 40 per cent duty on all imported liquor. But it cannot have a cutter on duty every hour night and day for every ten-mile stretch of the coast.

Byron does not make much out of the cod fishermen. They eliminate the middleman by picking up kegs and bottles from other fishermen at sea, the French islands of Miquelon and St. Pierre being so near. Some of our Gloucester fishermen get rum by the same method. Nova Scotian fishermen who will not pay the price for the real article, I am told, are making their own, which has even more kick, out of molasses.

Otherwise there is no home manufacture, no synthetic liquor, no poison stuff—not with bootlegging so easy and distribution so well developed in Nova Scotia. Bootleg prices are kept under the government medicinal price.

A visitor to Halifax finds himself dodging the drinks offered by hospitable leading citizens who think no more of breaking the law than do leading citizens at home in the States. A refusal is an intimation that your host may not have good stuff, which he meets with prompt reassurance. Hip-pocket flasks are in evidence at youthful parties. I was told that one girl who takes too much is the daughter of a Dry leader.

Wandering about the streets of Halifax at night I saw five drunks. Statistics show an increase of crimes and misdemeanors under Nova Scotian prohibition; and since prohibition the societies which teach temperance have lapsed in their labors.

Throughout the session of the Provincial Parliament the Rev. H. R. Grant of the Social Service Commission is

on guard, and back of him his organization, which is strongest in the rural districts.

Members who drink Wet, while they try to carry water on one shoulder and liquor on the other, are under the threat of losing Dry support in their constituencies. But they know that public opinion does not support the law—hence to give D. K. Grant fuller powers of enforcement and more inspectors would alienate Wet voters; also, it would cost too much.

Nova Scotia is the only Canadian province with a deficit. The other provinces would have one without the profits from liquor control. Much beset are Nova Scotian politicians. Those from the rural districts know that so long as it remains easy for anyone who wants it to get a drink, if they vote Dry that squares them with the drinkers and the home community and their party.

I did not go to remote Prince Edward Island, beyond Nova Scotia. It is the pioneer prohibition province, and it too is to have a referendum. The dozen Wets and Drys from the island with whom I talked reflected the same conditions as exist in Nova Scotia.

Prince Edward has only 60,000 people. It grows silver foxes and exports potatoes to Cuba. Its less guarded coastline makes bootlegging even easier than in Nova Scotia. Nova Scotian and Prince Edward Wets thought the referendum would go Dry because the availability of liquor would continue Wet indifference in the face of Dry organization. In both provinces local conditions make enforcement difficult, but these two are the only Dry provinces left in Canada.

In the neighboring province of New Brunswick, which has 500,000 population in an area three times that of Vermont, a liquor control plan, the most drastic in Canada, has had eighteen months' trial after ten years' trial of a drastic prohibition law. The people are of the same stock as in Nova Scotia, with some French in the western part. The occupations are principally fishing, lumbering, and farming, in a sportsman's paradise of trout and salmon streams and of big forests where moose roam.

"Government sale" as conducted in New Brunswick: the interior of a government liquor store in the city of St. John.

I HAVE a grateful memory of New Brunswick, because no one pulled a bottle out of a desk drawer or a locked cupboard in the wall and offered me a drink in the middle of the day. No one boasted of his bootlegger or his home brew. It was taken for granted that if I wanted a drink I could buy one at the government store. People had liquor in their houses if they wanted it. I had to lead them on to talk about drink. It was not the favorite rallying subject when conversation grew dull.

"We revolted against the conditions that prevailed in New Brunswick," said a member of the government. "Our leading citizens were patronizing bootleggers. Only a small percentage of public opinion was back of prohibition enforcement. As the saying went, a lumberman could float down the St. John River on a log, get drunk in town, and when he had slept it off, return to save his face by voting Dry."

Bootlegging flourished even more flagrantly than in Nova Scotia, as the little-guarded international frontier made New Brunswick a feeder for rum-running into Maine. One night Mr. X [*Note: Colonel Palmer supplied this man's real name*], who earned three dollars a day as a blacksmith in a small town, made a dollar as the middleman when some one wanted a bottle for a party. It was such an easy dollar that X's imagination expanded to the same purpose as Byron Dauphinée's. He rose to be New Brunswick's king bootlegger, with most profitable American connections. His fortune is estimated at $2,000,000.

He might have been much richer if the New Brunswick cabinet had not, without waiting on a referendum, brought in liquor control to supplant prohibition. Alcoholic liquors must be bought at a government store. No medicinal certificate was required, but no one under twenty-one might make a purchase. Each purchaser must come in person, or send his written request for delivery by mail if he lived out of town.

NO bottle might be opened except in the owner's home. Anyone caught abroad with an opened bottle was subject to arrest and might have to go to jail. No drinks of any alcoholic content might be served in any hotel, restaurant, tavern, dining car, or other public place.

If you were to drink you would have to do it at home where the wife could see you. If she had to undress you and put you to bed, it would not be after you had fallen across the threshold under the weight of the load you had imbibed while out with the boys.

Direction was to be under a liquor board, which must have a fairly autocratic chief who held public respect. The Rev. H. G. Fulton was pastor of Centenary United Church, the largest in New Brunswick. Formerly he had had a church in Prince Edward Island, where he had served on the commission for the enforcement of prohibition. This had convinced him of the error of a law which he saw as too far ahead of the education of the people. He became an advocate of liquor control, which he believed could be enforced.

Premier Baxter of the government took him up on his belief and offered him the job of chief at a salary of $7,500 a year for ten years unless a two-thirds vote of the legislature should put him out. When he accepted there was a din among the churches. Friends rallied to him. Among the Drys who condemned him, a few insisted that he ought to be unfrocked. He resigned from the ministry to stop the commotion.

So a clergyman was set against Mr. X, as one was set against Byron Dauphinée. However, that comparison is a little unfair to the prohibition end, as we shall see. Fulton is a different type, younger than the gentle Grant—an outspoken, hearty, burly man who knows men. As an army chaplain he would overlook doughboy slips of the tongue in his presence and small infractions; but when he got his arm around your shoulder and said, "Son, this is about far enough," you would decide not to go much farther lest he get a half-nelson on you.

And Fulton would not undertake the job without means of enforcement. The government was prepared to back him to the limit, for his success or failure would be its

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA
Continued from page eleven]

own. No local good fellow, with too many local connections, was called to head the new provincial police, but hard-bitted Captain A. L. T. Salt, a marked man of the famous "Silent Force" of the Northwest Mounted Police.

He hand-picked men of his own type, sixty-five of them. He has the power to enter any public place or any drug store to search for bootleg liquor or government liquor being illegally opened, even to make himself the guest of conventions and balls.

The Wets could not object to this stern system. It was their law. The Drys, if they objected, registered themselves as in favor of lawbreaking and spreading the drink evil.

To discourage drinking hard stuff, the price of whisky, gin, and rum was set high by the board, from $3.50 to $5 a bottle; but beer was made cheap, and native wines 20 cents a quart. Bootleggers could beat the prices for hard stuff. They got government alcohol to make synthetic whisky and gin. But Salt was after them.

If the law needed more teeth, as its weaknesses were developed by experience, the board had the power to make additional regulations. First offenders did not get off with a fine, but got jail too. If six months in prison were not enough, a year for a second offense ought to be sufficiently educational. Salt's hounds kept on tracking down the lawbreakers and nipping them; and the judges kept on clinching them for the full penalty.

No millionaire, not even Mr. X, would like to go to jail, nor would his subordinates. X has retired from business. This helps enforcement in neighboring Maine. A captured bootleg exhibit in proof is a stock of labels, coloring matter, and essence for doctoring alcohol for exportation as the real stuff "right from Canada" for the States.

THE druggists resisted hard. In one little town five had been selling bootleg liquor under prohibition. They were losing this trade and that in heavily alcoholized medicines. But even druggists who can afford to pay a fine do not like to go to jail.

The law provides that a wife may bring a charge before a court that the head of a family is drinking to excess. On the judge's recommendation the man's name is listed in every government store as one whose applications will be refused.

There is already a marked decrease in crime and disorderliness. There may be speak-easies but I could find none. I saw no drunken man in New Brunswick except a Maine man on the train leaving the province. Apparently he had drunk his whole bottle in his hotel room as the best way to insure getting the contents across the frontier.

"Can't he get a drink at home?" I asked the conductor.

"Yes," was the answer, "but he knows he gets good stuff across the line."

After paying the police force, which is also occupied with the enforcement of other laws, and paying for the conduct of its business, the liquor board last year turned over $1,042,000 in profits to the provincial treasury. Such profits, the Wets insist, had better go to the government than into the bootleggers' pockets.

The local consumption of hard liquor is decreasing and that of wine and beer is increasing. Sales rise in the tourist season. American tourist traffic to New Brunswick last year increased 33 per cent. But I heard little talk of American drunkenness, especially among the hunters and fishermen, who, if they want it, buy their liquor from the stores and take it away with them to the woods and salmon streams.

There is a stretch of ninety miles in the remote part of the province with no liquor board stores. This is working out a system of practical local option, in the view of the board. If the man up country wants a drink, he has to write for it. Then he receives it through the mails with the liquor board's label, so that the village gossips know he has it; and then, of course, he must take it home to open it. All purchase is a public business.

I talked with the pastor of a large congregation in the poor quarter of St. John. No one knew better than he of the harm that drink does. He would like to see it entirely eliminated.

An exterior view of the St. John, New Brunswick, liquor store shown on the preceding page.

HE voted for prohibition, but now he is in favor of the present law as better than prohibition as applied.

He knows, too, the victims of the "canned heat" which is now the chief enforcement concern of the liquor board.

All through this little-settled country, canned heat is used for a quick fire. By squeezing this waxy substance in a handkerchief, a man gets a little alcohol, enough for intoxication.

A second dose is a blind drunk of the worst and most poisonous kind. Not only is this obtainable for twenty-five cents, cheaper than hard liquor at the government stores, but there are numerous cases of "addicts" who prefer this kick to any afforded by real liquor.

In St. John, the largest city, where so much of the business of the province is done, I found that even those leading citizens who at first stuck to their bootleggers, as they did not like to be seen going into a government store to buy liquor, have now "come in." Accounts of judges, bankers, lawyers, and business men breaking the law at parties belong to a past era. It is bad form to buy what you want in an illegal way. Liquor control has influential support where prohibition had not.

It is no longer smart to carry the hip-pocket flask filled with the forbidden fluid. Mr. X is no longer the romantic figure in New Brunswick that Byron Dauphinée is in Nova Scotia.

Unquestionably there is general acceptance of liquor control in New Brunswick.

But the Drys, led by the Rev. W. J. Dean of the Sons of Temperance, say that, with such a force as Salt's and government support, absolute prohibition could be equally well enforced.

They see the government in the liquor business. They would have no compromise with evil.

A few picture Fulton, a clergyman, as the government's bartender.

The Wets say that you could not get such a police force as Salt's to try to enforce prohibition; that now the policemen can say, "There is an honest way to get a drink, but if you take the dishonest way we'll nab you."

Such, as I saw it, is the drink situation in the maritime provinces of Canada, whose people and climate are much the same as those of Maine, northern New Hampshire, and Vermont, and northern New York state to the shores of Lake Ontario.

In an early issue Colonel Palmer will report on how they drink in the province of Quebec.

Press Agents, Please Copy

A Story of the Power of Love

By
FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

whose reporting for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch showed him the ways of men and women of the underworld. We suspect that just being the son of a Missouri preacher gave him material for his stories about boys. And fate sent him a skillful and enthusiastic partner for a wife.

Dottie was dancing in a roof show at the New Amsterdam—pony ballet.

Pictures by HUBERT MATHIEU

BY the time Don Ristine was preparing to take unto himself a third wife he had become so famous that the newspapers were respectfully vague as to the other Mrs. Ristines. It was generally agreed that Don—"America's Sultan of Syncopation"—must have been a hard-working boy and good to his mother. Else how could he have earned a million dollars with a jazz orchestra, and how could he have won the title "the flappers' darling"? About the first and second Mrs. Ristine the Associated Press "A" copy on the renowned Don had only this to say:

> Ristine was twice married. His first wife, whom he met when he was attendant in a saloon on New York's East Side, died in 1920. Three months later he married Alice Schaub, a singer. She divorced him Sept. 13, 1926, charging general indignities.

Men who didn't like Don—perhaps they were envious—said he starved his first wife to death and probably would have beaten the second to death if she hadn't divorced him. These are strong statements and require in the interest of fairness and truth certain qualifications. Mrs. Ristine I died in an East Thirty-third Street rooming house of pneumonia. Don was playing Keith's in Cincinnati that week—trombonist with Giddings' Harmony Boys. He had been meaning to send some money home for two months, but somehow most of his salary went to the lady who was to become the second Mrs. Ristine. If undernourishment and a job in a basement shop caused the first Mrs. Ristine's pneumonia, nobody saw the connection but a landlady and a doctor. Don's press agents never asked him for details.

When the noted artist and his second wife came to what is known in polite journalistic parlance as "the parting of the ways," Don and his orchestra were the sensations of Get Hot, Baby. This revue held the long-distance record, and dazzling Don was not only the foremost king

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of jazz, but the highest paid master of ceremonies in the world. He had rented a marble palace on Long Island, a house with thick walls. Only the Ristines' more intimate friends were aware that Don had developed temperament.

Don's business agent, a kind-hearted man named Joe Klunk, cautioned him the third time he beat Alice up.

"You're an American institution, Don," he said; "for the luvva Mike lay off the rough stuff. I was noticin' you and her at the Plaza the other night. Her black eye showed bad in spite of the enamel. Go easy."

"Well," said Don defensively, "she's alla time tryin' to sing. She sings classical stuff just to get on my noives. Las' time I says to her, 'Jese,' I says, 'you quit flattin' an' get a broken beat into that or I'll sock you.' She give me the boid, so I—"

"Yeah. An' the first thing you know she'll be telling it all to a jury. An' what'll your public think of that?"

"I guess you're right, Joe," said Don.

Thereafter, when he felt a temperamental spell coming on he would say to Alice, "You'd better take a trip to Erie to see your folks. If you're around the house tonight I'll sock you."

That summer Mrs. Ristine made four trips to Erie. The fifth time she decided to stay in Erie. There was some squabbling about the divorce settlement. Don expected to get off for fifty thousand.

Joe Klunk broke the bad news.

"Two hundred grand is the best I could do, Don, and it's cheap at that. Alice ain't so dumb. She knows what a sap she could make outa you in court."

"I got a right to have temperament, ain't I?"

Klunk grunted.

"Her squawk to the judge wouldn't sound so good, Don. You singing mammy songs on the stage with your band, and socking your wife in the eye at home."

"But two hundred grand—"

"She knows about them flossies you been playing around with, too."

THE jazz king grumbled, but he paid the two hundred grand in cash and bonds. Later, when Don broke into the movies, screen chatterers who wrote personality sketches of the great maestro for movie magazines were pretty well agreed that Don and his wife had been unsuited to one another.

"He with his pensive, sensitive musician's soul," wrote one, "was linked to a woman who didn't understand."

Don Ristine reached new heights of affluence and fame during the next two years. The Old Plantation ran for a year and three months on Broadway. Don was being paid $10,000 for each radio concert; his phonograph-record royalties were fabulous, and after-theater appearances at a New York roof garden swelled the total. He made a nation-wide tour as guest conductor of movie orchestras, acting as master of ceremonies besides. Then the talkie boom hit Hollywood and Don signed a contract for three pictures at $750,000 each.

Embittered spokesmen of the left wing pointed out that Don Ristine couldn't talk good English, couldn't act, couldn't sing, couldn't direct an orchestra. But fifty million Americans can't be wrong.

"How do you do it, Don?" worshipful hangers-on bleated.

"Dear Mr. Ristine: Have hurd your jazz band and am writeing for a photo of yourself—" flappers wrote.

"To what do you attribute your success?" magazine interviewers asked.

"Aw," Don would say, "it's my poissonality. See? I let 'em have the old poissonality red hot."

But the faithful Klunk worried. There had been several more women in Don's life since the break-up with Mrs. Ristine II. Jo McElwain got ten grand and the remainder of a three-year lease to an apartment on Park Avenue. Hallie Devore was satisfied with an eight grand equity in a Mercedes, two fur coats, and a diamond collar. Midgie Gilhooley had better evidence and stuck out for fifty grand. Klunk compromised on thirty-seven five. Mary Price, who really loved Don, tore up Klunk's check for five grand and got the horse laugh from the king of jazz.

Lilyan walked over to Don and Dotti

Then Don met Dottie Mason.

She was dancing in a roof show at the New Amsterdam—pony ballet. Slender and red-haired and conceited—so conceited that she didn't simper when Don managed an introduction.

Dottie had come up from the East Side just like Don. She spoke his language after a fashion, except that Don's life in Hollywood had taught him a word Dottie never used. This word was "marvelous," pronounced "mahvelous." Don used it in every other sentence.

"I like your dancing," said Don. "It's mahvelous."

"Thanks," she said. "You're pretty hot yourself, aren't you?"

The Sultan of Syncopation laughed boisterously.

"*Pretty* hot? That slays me. It's mahvelous."

She followed that up by saying she didn't care to go to the Empire races the next afternoon. No, she was dated for dinner the next night. The fact was, well . . . she was kinda busy all the time.

"Well," said Don, fascinated, "you'll have breakfast with me some day, won't you?"

"I never eat breakfast," she said.

His eyes followed her when she left.

Don found out what the trouble was next day. Jimmy Talbot, the revue manager, was pleased to enlighten him.

"She's Dutch Hayes' flossie, Don."

on was sulky. "The damn little fool won't marry me," he said.

"Who's Dutch Hayes?"

"He's a gangster. A pretty hard egg, they tell me. I wouldn't play around with that if I was you, Don. Not with all the fancy push-overs a guy like you can get."

He rushed Dottie in the grand manner—orchids by the dozen, invitations to this or that every day. When his orchestra was broadcasting he would say at least three times in an evening, "Our next numbah, special Don Ristine arrangement of I Can't Give You Anything But Love, is dedicated to Miss Dorothy Mason." His name was an open sesame to her circle of show people. He handed Nancy Miller three grand for a party at the Sherry-Netherland. She invited Dottie and Don walked in on it after his program at the roof show.

THE girls and boys were making whoopee. Everybody gave Don a swell build-up by calling for him to dance with Dottie.

"I'm too tired," she said.

Don got in a few words when the party broke up.

"What's wrong, kid? Don't you like my poissonality?"

The girl laughed.

"I like you fine, Don. But I got a fella."

"You mean this gangster guy?"

"Dutch is a nice feller. See?"

"Sure he is. I ain't saying nothing against him, am I? Just give *me* a break, can't ya?"

"I'm sorry, Don. But a girl would be a heel not to stick to her fella as long as he treated her right, wouldn't she?"

"I can show you a better time than he can."

"It ain't any use, Don. Honest it ain't."

He didn't believe that. The movie crowd on the west coast wired him to report for his next talkie. He sent Dottie telegrams every hundred miles across the continent—sentimental cribs from all the sweetheart songs he could remember. Signed his full name, too, so she could pass the telegram around.

He and Klunk had a row in the stateroom while the Chief was pulling out of Albuquerque.

"LUVVA Mike, Don," wailed Klunk, "you're an American institution same as Chaplin and Fairbanks. You're better box office than either. An' here you go layin' yourself wide open to a shakedown by an East Side tart. Luvva Mike."

"She's a good girl. If you call her that again I'll sock you!"

"But, Don, she's living with a gangster, ain't she?"

"No, she ain't. I inquired about that. They say Dutch Hayes is nutty about her, but he ain't made her. He wants her to marry him."

Klunk got his fat belly out of range of a temperamental fist and stuck to his guns.

"You know what happened to Arbuckle, Don. You better keep outa court. That's all."

The great Ristine scowled.

"She's a mahvelous girl," he said, "and if I hear another crack from you I'll poke you in the eye. See?"

When Don got to Hollywood he telephoned Dottie three or four times a day. They said his phone calls in one month cost $3,700. Telephone girls at the Ambassador gasped when, sometimes, Dottie hung up with a drawled, "I'm too busy to talk now, Don." It was all the Artistic Pictures Corporation executives could do to keep Don from dedicating the theme song of Syncopated Sin to Dottie. They compromised on calling the heroine Dorothy and Don sent her a marked scrip by air mail.

He wrote her letters:

"DEAR DOROTHY: Well, little girl, nothing much has happened since I phoned you this p. m., but I thought I would write a line to say how lonesome it is out here without a certain little girl who I can't make get bighearted towards me. They threw a whoopee at the Biltmore in my honor last night, but, girlie, I can't get hot when you . . ."

After three weeks Don sent for an agent who booked

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movie prologue acts for a chain of west-coast theaters. He gave the agent Dottie's name and address.

"I want you to hire her for your circuit," he said. "Offer her whatever she'll come for and I'll pay her salary above thirty a week. If you can hold her extra weeks in L. A. I'll pay her salary those weeks."

Dottie turned the offer down cold—the first time. But in July she came. She was slated to dance at the Egyptian. Don risked a row at the studio to be there opening night—he had met her at the train with a new cream-colored Duesenberg—and after the show she surprised him by agreeing to visit the Plantation Inn at Culver City.

Driving out, he said:

"Going to give me an even break with Dutch?"

She twisted her slim body on the seat, nervously, and replied:

"Dutch got in a jam. He had to leave town for a while."

There wasn't any subtlety to Don.

"What are you going to do if your boy friend has to go to the pen?"

"Oh, this'll blow over," she said.

But he saw she was not as determined about sticking to Dutch as she had been. In his eagerness he got slightly crocked at the night club and volunteered to act as master of ceremonies. He introduced Dottie to the whoopee makers as "the most mahvelous little dancer and all-around most mahvelous little goil in New Yawk." A roving reporter for Variety heard the speech and wired his sheet:

> Don Ristine is going Hollywood with a Titian hoofer from small time. Rumor hath it that the gal is "that way" about another boy friend, but odds on said b. f. found no takers here.

Don and Dottie lunched together at the Montmartre that Wednesday. Her act was due to move on to Frisco, but Don arranged to have Dottie do a solo in next week's prologue. Sunday afternoon he took her to the Beach Club at Santa Monica and they went swimming. Don, tall and swarthy and sleek-haired, strutted along the beach with Dottie. She was trim and dainty in a blue suit.

That evening, for the first time, she drank with him at his suite in the Ambassador. He became amorous. She kept the supper table between.

"Don't you ever have any weak moments, kiddie?" he asked.

"That stuff don't go with me, Don," she said sharply. "If you can't act like a gentleman I'm leaving."

They argued about it quite a while, and he saw that she was going to be a "not until" girl with him. Dottie knew her man. She gave him to understand that she wasn't at all sure she wanted him even with a wedding ring.

"YOU still crazy about that gangster?"

"Well, maybe I ain't so crazy about him, Don, but—"

"What's he ever done for you, Dottie? You could stay a hoofer all your life—hell of a lot he'd care."

"It ain't that, either, but I'm kind of nervous. It makes me kind of nervous to be seen goin' around with you so much, Don. He's kind of hot-tempered and jealous and—"

Don Ristine, behind his two millions, his reputation, and his self-assurance, laughed.

"Hell, you ain't afraid of *that* guy?"

"Not exactly, but . . . I don't guess I'd better go around with you so much, Don."

But she didn't stop going with Don. She hadn't heard a word from Dutch since he left New York. She knew why—there were reasons she understood quite clearly—the dicks no doubt had a plant on her and Dutch didn't want to fall for any postmarks or traced telegrams or phone calls. Still, she was petulant about it.

When Don said: "Aw, that cheap mug has given you the air, girlie," she no longer bristled and made him take back his characterizations of Dutch.

Watching the king of jazz in his pursuit of a second-rate hoofer, whose red hair looked frizzly in bright sunlight and whose mouth had an adenoidal suggestion, the wise-crackers of Broadway and Hollywood were mystified.

"Is a guy who's been around like Ristine going to fall for *that?*"

This question delayed story conferences on Hollywood lots; it was debated in New York "speaks" and discussed in newspaper offices. It drove little Joe Klunk frantic. He lured Don to Agua Caliente one week-end in an effort to make him see the joke.

"You're trying to take a gangster's girl away from him," Joe said twenty-eight times, "and that ain't healthy, Don. Honest, it ain't."

"Aw, that punk has forgot all about Dottie."

"An' besides—you're an American institution. You got the box office to think of, Don. You can't afford to get mixed up in no messes with red-hots."

Don smoothed the tucks at the waist of his Hollywood trousers, patted his pearl-gray waistcoat, and hunched his tailor-built shoulders above a highball entitled Tia Juana's Pride.

"That's the most mahvelous little goil I ever met. I'm gonna put her in pictchahs and I bet she'll be a stah. She can wash out her socks in my coffee any time. See?"

Joe exploded.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, Don!" And so and so and so.

ONE night in August Don took Dottie on a booze party with six picture people to a road house near San Juan Capistrano. Before Dottie started on the cocktails she twice refused to marry him. Later, when she was drunk and reckless, Don renewed his pleadings.

"I thought you was a game kid."

"I am. Who says I ain't a game kid?"

"No, you ain't. You're afraid of that gangster."

"I ain't neither."

"If you wasn't, you'd marry me."

The argument was alcoholically public in the middle of the dance floor. Lilyan Corday, née Hufferblotz, one of the IT girls of the cinema, stopped fox-trotting with Jack Hough, president of Artistic Pictures, and walked over to Don and Dottie.

"You're makin' a scene. What's the matter?"

Don was sulky.

"The damn little fool won't marry me," he said.

Lilyan grinned.

"Well," she said, "if you feel like getting married tonight, Don, I'll marry you or one of the other girls will. But come on off the floor."

She grabbed Don's arm while twenty couples stared and whispered: "That's Don Ristine. He's sore about somepin."

Dottie looked at Don and Lilyan. Her selfish little mouth twisted. She shrugged off the fear that rode her.

"No," she said. "I'll marry him. You leave him be, Lilyan. I'll marry him."

They ditched Jack Hough, who was too pie-eyed to take in the situation, and a select party of four made the trip to Tia Juana.

Don Ristine, Sultan of Syncopation, and Dottie Mason, hoofer, were married by a Mexican justice of the peace at 5 o'clock in the morning.

Press agents estimated that the Ristine-Mason nuptials, with the subsequent civil marriage at the Los Angeles city hall and religious ceremony in the cathedral built on the Artistic lot for Don's current picture, Syncopated Sin, was the publicity wow of the generation. It got 152 more columns of space than Charlie Chaplin's and eighty-seven and a quarter more than John Barrymore's.

The distinguished newly-weds were alone with Joe Klunk in a bridal suite at the Ambassador one evening two weeks after the wedding, when Joe remembered something.

"Telegram for you, Don. Queer-looking guy brought it over to the lot this afternoon."

Dottie, who had been pasting clipped pictures from rotogravure sections in a scrapbook, turned pale. She got up and snatched the telegram from Joe; tore it open with nervous fingers. The message:

The gangster stood up. "You might forget it," he said, "but here's one baby who never forgets."

DON RISTINE, C/O WILLARD JENSEN,
HOTEL CHRISTIE, HOLLYWOOD, CAL.
I WANT TO SEE YOU. TELL JENSEN WHEN. A. J. HAYES.

"Now, what the hell—" said Don.

He tried to grab the telegram. Dottie backed away. She was terrified.

"Don," she said finally, "it's from Dutch. He wants to see you."

Don stared at her. Then he looked furtively at Joe. He saw the same thing in both faces. When he spoke his voice sounded a little sick in spite of the bold front he put on.

"What does he want to see me about?"

Joe walked over to a window, biting viciously at a cigar.

Dottie read the telegram several more times.

"Tell him I ain't got any time to be talking with anybody. I'm woiking on a pictcha," said Don.

Dottie licked at the rouge on her mouth.

The jazz king stuck his hands in his pockets and began to whistle the theme song of Syncopated Sin. He wandered about the room. In a corner he found a gold-banded teakwood baton. "TO DON RISTINE. From the DON RISTINE CLUB of New York." He picked it up; slapped his trouser leg with it.

JOE turned from the window.

"Where is this guy, Dottie?"

Mrs. Ristine III said: "The telegram came from Chicago."

Don said: "I guess he thinks I got time to go to Chi to talk to him. What have I got to talk to him about?"

The bride looked at her husband. Her hands clenched. She strode over to him, whirled him about with a wrench of a frantic hand.

"You got me into this, Don Ristine," she said. "You better go right away and talk to Dutch. You just better."

"I ain't got a thing to say to that guy."

"Well, you got to see him, anyway."

"The hell I do. This is a free country."

She was panic-stricken now.

"Don't you understand anything, you dumb-bell? When Dutch says he wants to see anybody that means he wants to see 'em. See? If you don't go he'll come out here and . . ."

Turning from him, she began to pace the floor.

"Sa-ay, I don't fall for any of that old stuff. That guy ain't got a thing on me, and—"

Joe Klunk, at this juncture, said his say:

"OH, no! He ain't got a thing on you, has he? I warned you, Don, about fooling around with a gangster. Now, instead of stalling, you better get busy. I got the dope on Dutch Hayes. He's a bad guy and he'd just as soon kill you as not. Ask Dottie if I ain't right."

"Boloney, Joe. Boloney. He's got sense. If he makes any cracks like *that* I'll have his pants in the pen so quick—"

"It isn't boloney, it isn't boloney," Dottie screamed. "He means it. See? He thinks we both done him dirt, an' we did. If you don't go an' have a talk with him an' try to smooth it over some way he'll come out here an' kill us both."

"Oh, that's *crazy*, Dot. Joe would know he'd threatened us and if he started anything the cops would—"

"Saphead!" yelled Dottie. "You don't know anything about boys like Dutch. I do. See? I know how they work. Dutch wouldn't take no chancet himself. He'd fix it with some boys out here to knock us off. Tell him, Joe. Talk some sense into his dumb head!"

Don got the idea, finally.

"It's nothing but a lousy shake-down," he raged. "The guy wants a chunk of dough, that's all."

Joe grunted.

"I sure hope that *is* all," said Joe, "an' if money will square it I'll be the happiest guy on earth. I'm afraid he wants a chunk of your hide, Don."

The great maestro poured himself another drink. He did it so shakily he sloshed whisky all over his hand.

Some vague twinges of conscience struck Dottie at this point.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PRESS AGENTS, PLEASE COPY]
Continued from page seventeen

"An' don't you be tight with Dutch, either," she said. "You know what you done to him. An' if he comes out here to get me, I'll tell him the truth. I'll tell him you got me drunk and took me to Tia Juana when I didn't know what I was doin'. *I* ain't to blame for this."

Don started to get temperamental with his bride, but Joe, mindful of the imminent day of reckoning, pushed between them.

"If you folks want to keep machine-gun bullets outa your skin," he observed, "you'd better get together on this thing. Blamin' each other ain't gonna help. That guy is probably plenty sore at both of you. I'll put some bonds up for sale first thing in the morning."

Followed, then, several days of delicate negotiation between Joe Klunk and the hard-faced Mr. Jensen in his room at the Christie. Don tried to beg off on the trip to Chicago. There was cussing and general hullabaloo at the studio when Joe explained the situation to President Jack Hough.

"I should stop production in the middle of my picture to let Don Ristine shake hands with a gunman in Chicago," President Hough howled.

"If you don't," said Klunk, "you'll be remaking the whole thing with another jazz king."

The publicity department of the studio wanted to cover Don's "business trip to Chicago" by airplane as a dash across the continent to the bedside of his sick mammy. Joe Klunk pointed out, however, that Don's mammy died when he was born, and that his stepmother had passed away of acute alcoholism many years before. So it was announced, "Work on Don Ristine's superspecial, Syncopated Sin, has been halted owing to the absence of the star who has flown to Chicago in a specially chartered plane on an important mission connected with his large business interests."

Joe Klunk went along with Don. Just before the take-off Dottie gave Don a farewell message:

"Listen, Don. You tell Dutch I said I didn't love him any more and he never wrote to me so I thought he didn't care either and I sure hope he ain't sore at me."

"All right!" snapped Don.

She looked like anything but the most mahvelous goil in the woild to Don. However, in answer to Joe's nudge, he kissed her fondly for the benefit of news photographers, and to kill off any rumors of a divorce.

During the trip to Chicago Don spoke just one sentence.

"I bet that guy'll want a million dollars."

Joe spat reflectively at the state of Kansas.

"If you'd rather take a croaking, that's up to you, Don."

THEY left the landing field at Oak Park, dodging reporters, and went direct to the obscure South Side hotel where the conference with Dutch Hayes was to be held. They had the number of the room. That obviated a stop at the desk.

In the elevator Joe said, "Let me do the talking. Shake hands with him good and warm, an' get that scared look off your pan. Want him to boost the price on us?"

Don showed yellow in the corridor.

"Jese, Joe, this looks phony to me. You can't tell what a guy like that is liable to do. You go in foist to make sure I ain't walkin' into any gun play."

"Here! Get yourself together, boy. There ain't gonna be no gun play. Not *now*. He wouldn't take that big a chance."

Joe knocked.

A tense voice said, "Yep? Who is it?"

"The fellas from L. A.," said Joe.

The young fellow who opened the door looked harmless enough at first glance. Don instinctively stared past him to find the real menace—Dutch Hayes himself. But there was no one else in the room.

"I'm Joe Klunk—this boy's business manager. You Hayes?"

"Yep. That's me."

Joe moved into the room. Don kept close behind him. Joe took a chair. Don stood beside him. Dutch closed and locked the door, then sauntered toward them pulling out a cigarette. As he lighted it his eyes lifted to stare at Don. His eyes had a chilling, half-humorous expression. Otherwise, he seemed to be a pleasant-faced, very blond Irishman. His blondness accounted for the "Dutch." He wasn't as tall as Don and no heavier.

"That stuff don't go with me, Don," she said sharply.

"You Ristine?" he asked.

"Yeah. How're ya?"

Don extended his hand. Dutch ignored him and sat down on the edge of the bed. His action had as much menace in it for the panicky jazz king as if he had jerked out a forty-five.

JOE said hastily, "We appreciate the fact, Mr. Hayes, that maybe you got a damage case against this boy for alienation of affection or something. I and he have come here in a friendly way to find out just how you feel about this here matter."

"I haven't any damage case against him," said Dutch. Again his cold blue eyes swept the figure that had caused a thousand flappers' hearts to pitter-patter in a single evening. Dutch seemed to be breathing little, dangerous words through his cigarette.

"Well, not damages exactly neither," said Joe placatingly. "Nothing anybody wants to go to court for, of course. But we're good sports and want to settle the matter to the satisfaction of all concerned, Mr. Hayes."

Ridges stood out along the gangster's square jaw. He looked from Joe to Don in a sort of grim, lordly amusement.

Don gulped.

"I'll pay a hundred grand to call it square," he said weakly.

"That's just a starting price, Mr. Hayes," said Joe quickly. "The best way to get at it would be for you to name the price, and we'll do our best to meet the offer."

Dutch flipped his cigarette accurately into a spittoon across the room. The plop it made suggested a well placed bullet.

"I don't want any of your damned money," he said mildly.

Don flinched, backing against the bureau. Joe's mouth dropped open. For the first time Joe looked frightened.

"Why—we thought—that is, we kind of took for granted that this thing could be fixed up like any business proposition, Mr. Hayes."

The gangster shook his head.

"That ain't what I had you come here for," he said. "I just wanted to have a little talk with Ristine. Get what I mean? I ain't sore or nothing like 'at." His head turned in Don's direction. "If Dottie thinks she loves you and wants to try the marriage racket with you—why, that's all right with me—I guess—yep, that's okay by me. Get what I mean?"

Joe pulled his collar and wet his lips. Don reacted in a fatuous, maudlin smile of relief.

"That's mahvelous of you, Hayes," he babbled, "and Dottie is a mahvelous little goil and she always said you was a mahvelous fella and believe me we both look on you as our best friend and I'm sure showing Dottie a mahvelous time to make it up to you."

Dutch nodded.

"Dottie is a great little kid. I and her had swell times—but that ain't neither here nor there. Get what I

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY]

Why the Pipe

is the sweetest of all smokes

MR. H. N. CURTISS, of 1689 West 13th Street, Erie, Pa., has written us the following letter:

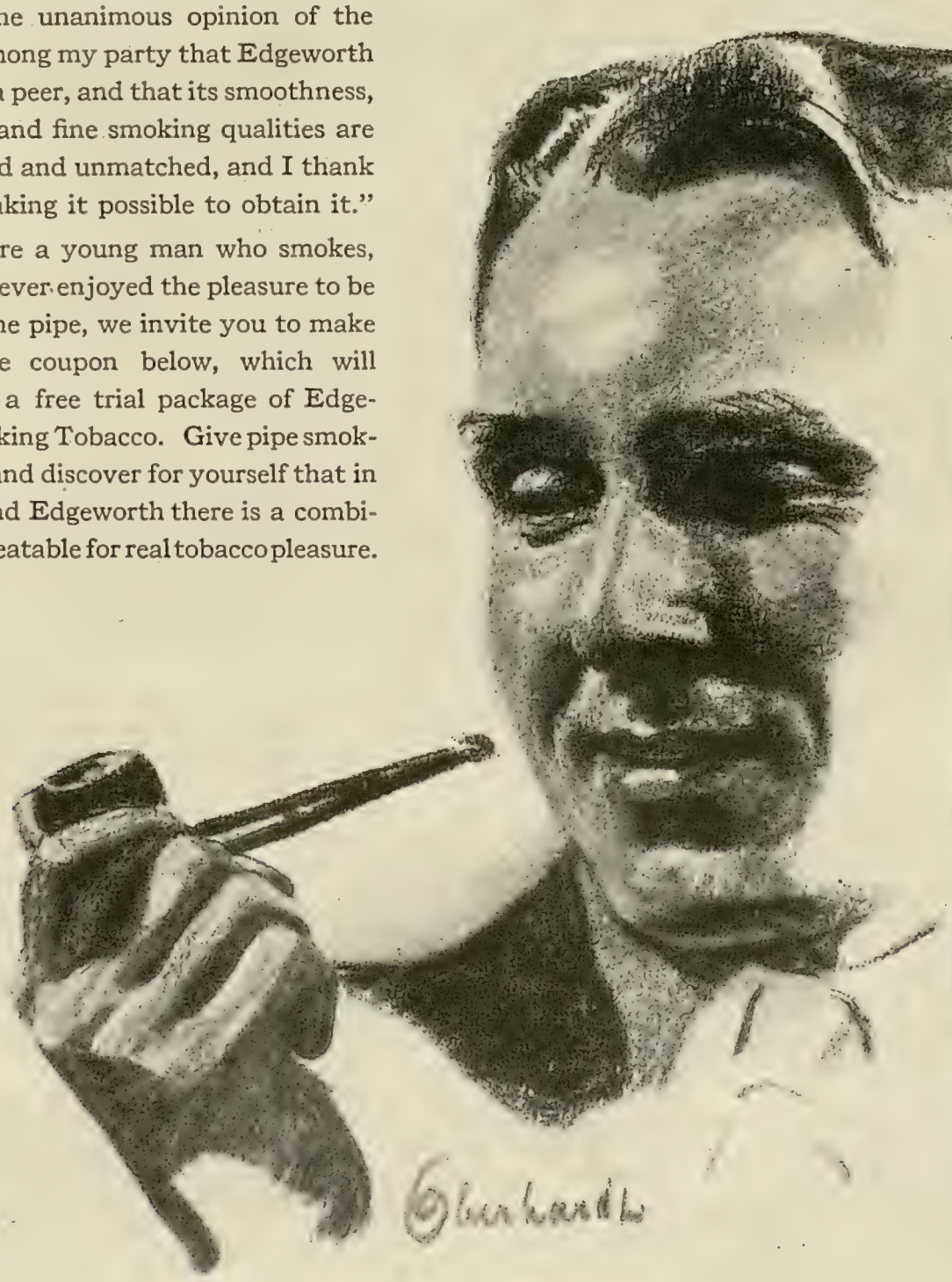
"Having just returned from my fishing camp in northern Ontario, and in the reflection of a fortnight of most excellent weather, wonderful fishing, and complete camp comfort, I feel that an appreciation of Edgeworth is due as one of the principal factors of our enjoyment . . .

"There are no places or conditions in existence where contentment drawn from a briar pipe meets with keener enjoyment nor more critical analysis than beside the camp fire after a strenuous day in the great outdoors.

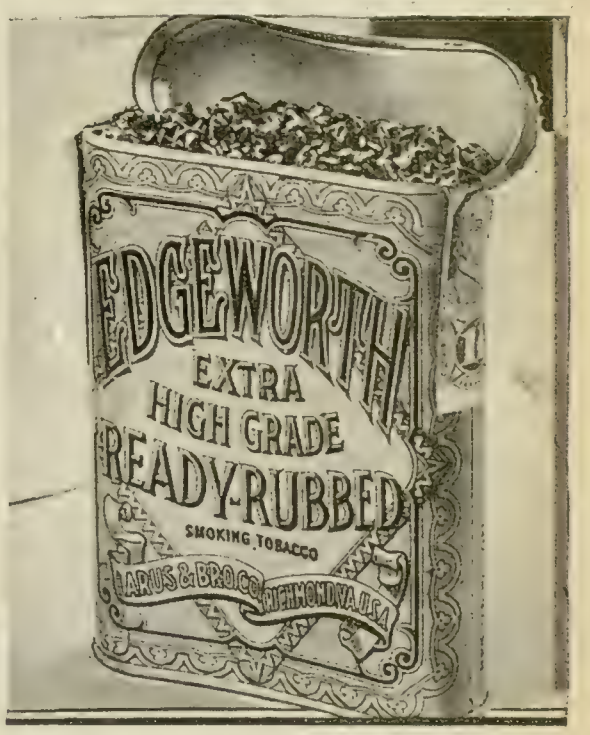
"It is the unanimous opinion of the smokers among my party that Edgeworth is without a peer, and that its smoothness, fragrance, and fine smoking qualities are unsurpassed and unmatched, and I thank you for making it possible to obtain it."

If you are a young man who smokes, and have never enjoyed the pleasure to be found in the pipe, we invite you to make use of the coupon below, which will bring you a free trial package of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. Give pipe smoking a trial and discover for yourself that in the pipe and Edgeworth there is a combination unbeatable for real tobacco pleasure.

Some information for young men smokers who have never tried a pipe



15 CENTS—SOLD EVERYWHERE



Larus & Brother Company, Makers of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco, 70 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia. Gentlemen: I am a man and I am interested in pipe smoking. Please send me free trial package of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. Please print name and address.

Name.....

Street.....

City & State.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

mean? What I want to talk to you about is this—"

"Yes, Mr. Hayes?"

Dutch leaned back, bracing his hands on the bed, and crossed his legs.

"You got a bad rep for mistreatin' women, Ristine," he said, "an' you look like a punk who *would* take out yer temper on a woman. And—well, I love that little girl. Get what I mean?"

Before Don could find his voice, Joe had come to life.

"You bet, Hayes! An' Don's gonna treat Dottie right. I'm gonna see to it that he does. You're plumb right on that an' I've practically the same as told Don that if he ever socked Dottie I'd—uh—sock him!"

The gangster stood up.

"You might forget about it, brother," he said levelly, "but here's one baby who *never* forgets about nothin'. Get what I mean, Ristine? If I ever hear of you mistreatin' Dottie in any way whatsoever—if she ever tells me about it or if I find out some other way—well, *it's your pants*. Get what I mean?"

"If I ever lay a finger on that mahvelous little goil God should strike me dead, Mr. Hayes."

Dutch nodded grimly.

"Yeah? God's too busy to bother about punks like you, Ristine. I've taken the job off His hands. Get me?"

. . . . .

Going back to Hollywood, Don said to Joe:

"Can you imagine that? Dragging me all the way from the coast to warn me about something like that?"

Joe spat out the window of the airplane cabin at an Arizona mountain peak.

"If I was you, Don," he observed, "I'd remember what he told you. He meant it."

"I don't need a gangster to tell me how to treat a goil."

A thoughtful expression was on Joe's face.

"These gangsters ain't all heels," he said.

. . . . .

Dottie had a lot of questions to ask.

"How much did you pay him?"

"Nothing. He just wanted to talk."

"About what?"

"Aw, nothing. This and that."

"Wasn't he sore?"

"Naw! Sa-ay, honey, you want some new clothes or something?"

"I'd like to have a new ermine coat like Norma Shearer's. But, really, wasn't Dutch sore?"

"I told you once that he wasn't, didn't I?"

"Well, you needn't be so snooty about it."

Hastily: "I didn't mean to be, honey lamb. Sa-ay, will ten grand be enough for your checking account?"

"Yes, but tell me what Dutch said."

He had socked ladies for less persistence. But, with the memory of Dutch Hayes' hard eyes fresh before him, he launched into an elaborate and fictitious account of their meeting.

IN a month he was tired of Dottie. There was an extra girl on the Artistic lot who had given him the eye many times. She had an apartment on Sunset Boulevard. He made a date with her for a certain afternoon. But when he stopped for the signal at Sunset and Highland two hard-faced men in a Lincoln touring car pulled alongside. He imagined that they watched him significantly. He suspected them of having trailed him. He remembered Dutch's warning. When the green light flashed he turned off Sunset to Highland and quickly drove back to the Ambassador by way of Wilshire Boulevard.

Dottie, finding that no amount of provocation could draw a harsh word out of him, began to ride him hard. She was taking voice culture with a view to crashing the talkies, and wore his nerves to a frazzle by singing in their apartment. She flatted badly, too. But he didn't sock her. Then she took a notion to have a de luxe honeymoon trip to Honolulu. He explained to her that his contract with the Artistic Pictures Corporation bound him to remain in Hollywood until Syncopated Sin was completed. She flew into a tantrum, and he, face to face with machine-gun fusillades, browbeat Jack Hough into shooting scenes out of sequence so he could leave for Honolulu.

On the boat he heard her boasting to a group of picture people:

"They used to tell me Don was temperamental somepin fierce, but he's been jus' sweet to me. Sometimes I kind of wish he would get sore and swear a little."

He was afraid to drink very much. He knew that if he got drunk he'd give Dottie a good beating. All sorts of flossies looked good to him in Honolulu, but Dottie watched him too closely. He imagined Dutch Hayes clipping out: "Yeah? You cheated on that little girl and broke her heart, didn't you?" No booze, no women, no temperament!

Don was haggard, but automatically sweet, when Joe met the honeymooners at the dock on their return from Hawaii. He noticed Joe's anxiety. Joe looked at Dottie closely and his shoulders sagged with relief. Dottie had no bruises.

Alone with Joe, he cried out his agony.

"I can't stand it, Joe. I can't stand it. She's rode me harder every day."

Joe was sympathetic, but hopeless.

"You got to stand it, Don," he said, "or do the other thing. Dutch meant what he said."

SHOW people who knew Don when he was raising hell on Broadway, and who had watched his career in Hollywood before he met Dottie, marveled at the change in him. They heard Dottie bawl him out for getting a poorly located table at the Montmartre.

When Syncopated Sin opened at Grauman's Chinese, Dottie had a tantrum in the lobby, and he soothed her with hugs and murmurs. Friends saw them at Arrowhead Springs having dinner on a hotel veranda. Dottie wanted a chair placed for her coat, and Don jumped up clapping his hands for waiters. He stood meekly by, burning with embarrassment while Dottie gave the head waiter a piece of her mind.

"It must be love," they said.

"Did you ever think Don Ristine would be that way?"

"He takes things off'n her I wouldn't let my sweetie hand me, much less my wife."

Men friends kidded him a little:

"What? No liquor, Don? The wife put you on the wagon?"

Sob sisters for the fan magazines were tipped off by Don's press agents. Here was a great human-interest story, the kind movie fans simply lick off the pages of Hollywood's blurb sheets.

Everybody agreed that Adele St. Joseph wrote the most searching and profound analysis of Don Ristine's love life.

She said in part:

"There had been many women in Don's life before he met Dottie. Two of them he married and the spiritual ache of those sad experiences comes to his face even now during unguarded moments when you peer too closely into his soul. Yes, Don Ristine has known life and bitterness and sorrow and suffering.

"But Dottie changed all that. I wish you could have seen the expression on Don's face when he spoke to me of Dottie. There was reverence in his eyes, the reverence that may come once to every man when inspired and ennobled by the love of a good woman. He told me in short, halting, sincere sentences what Dottie has meant to him.

"Ah, Dottie, if you only realized how the heart and soul of this great musical genius has been touched to a beautiful flowering because of you. Yours is indeed a great responsibility, but an honor as well to know that the last happiness of Don Ristine is in your keeping."

Sometimes Joe Klunk wonders how it is all going to end. Well, Dutch Hayes may get bumped off in a gang war one of these days.

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

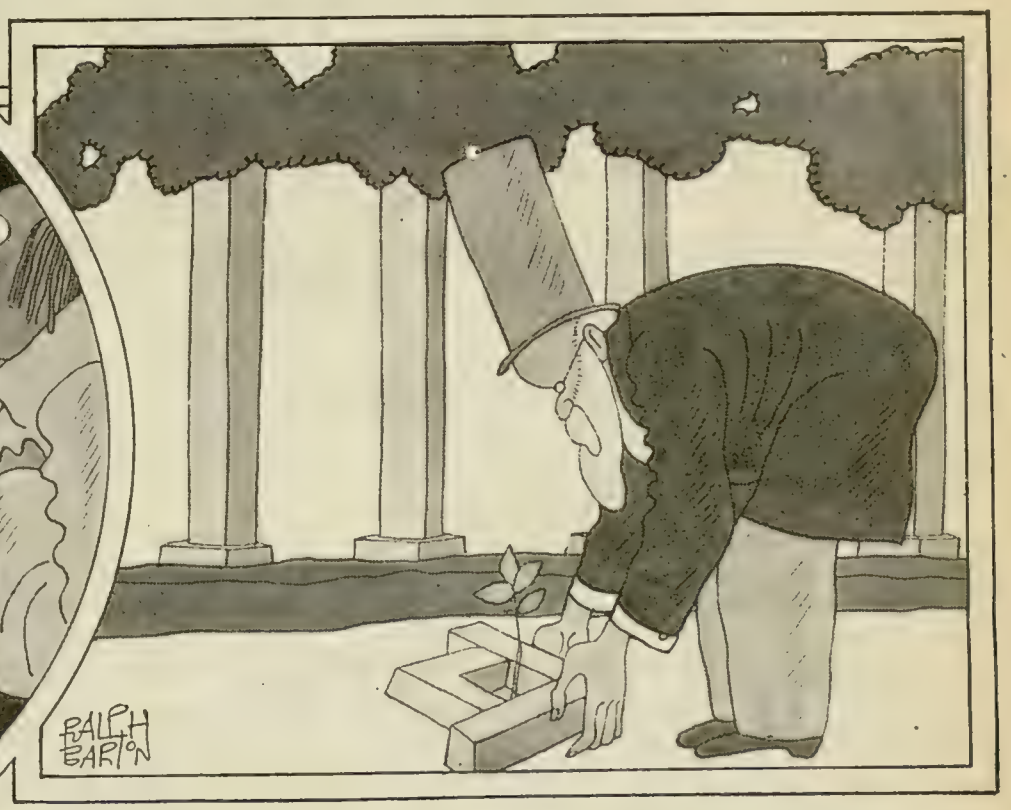
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

HANDSOME MOTION-PICTURE ACTOR OFFERS SELF TO HIS COUNTRY. Pedro Mustardo strikes at root of evil when he tells National Commission on Law Enforcement that he is willing to make love to those ladies who, being disappointed in life because nobody ever made love to them, join "anti" leagues, which produce fool laws, which produce scofflaws, who produce crime.

SNAPSHOT TAKEN AT RANDOM in China since that country abandoned its antiquated, heathen ways and set up a modern, democratic government.

155 YEARS AGO TODAY. August 17, 1774. Redcoat officers break into colonists' homes, without search warrants, to look for smuggled goods.



THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER. (A penny is paid for thoughts accepted for illustration in this corner.)

AFTER FIFTY YEARS of experimenting, Professor Lush has at last succeeded in growing square trees, doing away with tremendous waste in lumber.

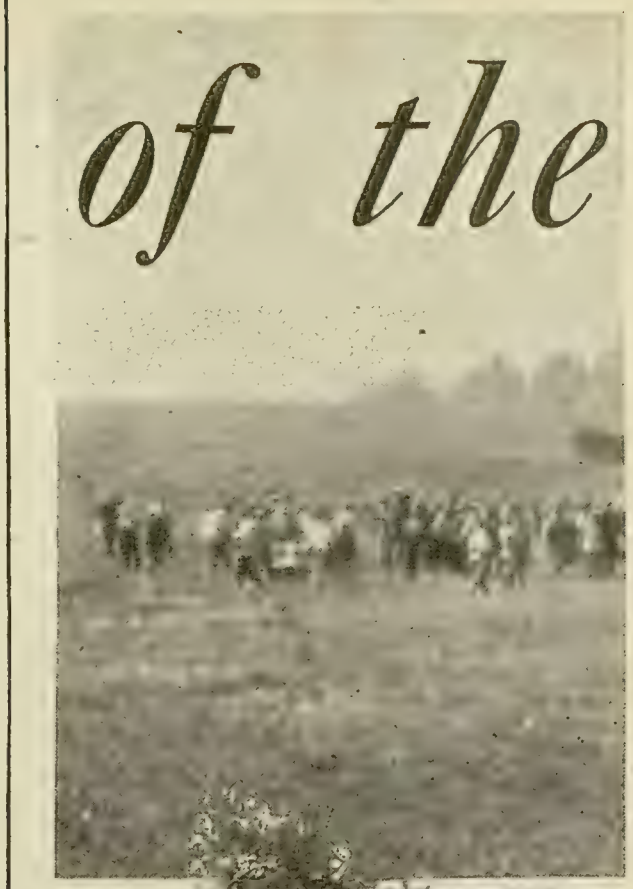
(Idea by Thos. J. McDermott, Chicago, Ill.)

Knights of the

A Story of the Lafayette Flying Corps, the Foreign Legion of the Air

By

CHARLES NORDHOFF
and
JAMES NORMAN HALL



IN last week's installment Charles Selden—through whom the authors are telling of real experiences of their own and of other Lafayette Flying Corps members—explained how at eighteen, in 1917, soon after the United States declared war, he got his longed-for opportunity to enter the corps in France. Having completed his training and joined his unit, Spad 597, at Sénard, he presently took part in his first air fight, in which he was befriended by the famous Raoul Lufbery of the Escadrille Lafayette. Later, in a bigger combat, Selden's roommate, Sergeant Laguesse, was killed.

PART TWO
AN ADVENTURE IN PYJAMAS

ONE morning early in November, Harvey McKail, Golasse, and I were loafing around the mess-room stove. We were to go up at 10:15 for a high patrol, so we had slept till 9, and now, a quarter of an hour later, still dressed in pyjamas, we were crunching buttered toast and drinking chocolate. Just then old Felix came in, and his beard fairly bristled with excitement.

"Gentlemen! I don't like to disturb you, but there's a Boche coming this way! I thought you might like to see him."

Photos from James Norman Hall

Captain Georges Thénault, commanding officer of the Escadrille Lafayette, with its lion cub mascots Whisky and Soda.

We rushed outside and heard the far-off, brisk detonations of anti-aircraft fire. The smoke from the French anti-aircraft shells was always white and that of the Germans black, so we knew at once that the plane was a Boche. He was still too far away to be seen, but we could follow his course by the shell bursts.

"Another of those photographic busses," said Golasse. "Selden, there's some cold meat for us. Let's go after it! What do you say, McKail?"

I looked at my watch. "Haven't time," I said. "We're due for high patrol in half an hour."

Just then an orderly from group headquarters scorched across the field on a motorcycle. It was Flingot.

"Now then! Now then!" he said. "Don't stand there looking at him—that won't win the war! Hop along, you two! Captain's orders!"

He handed Golasse a penciled note which read: "Golasse: You and Selden take off at once after that two-seater. Never mind the 10:15 patrol. McKail will wait for the scheduled formation. Good luck!"

There was no time to dress, of course. We sprinted down the field, bearskin coats over our pyjamas, jumped into our flying suits, and were ready for the take-off within five minutes. At least I was, but Golasse's mechanics had trouble with his motor. "Go on!" he yelled. "I'll be along in a minute." So I waved and started off alone.

I turned northeast and climbed in a wide circle so that I could have the sun at my back when high enough to attack, at the same time keeping a sharp lookout for other

Blue

A two-seater Rumpler down in the French lines. It was such a plane that Charles Selden pursued and, with Nungesser's help, forced down.

Germans. There were none to be seen. Apparently the two-seater, taking altitude over its own territory, had sailed serenely across the front at a great height.

Presently I could make it out, a minute speck moving jauntily among the smoke-blossoms. The two men in it went about their business as calmly and methodically as though anti-aircraft fire was nothing and the possibility of pursuit by hostile planes had not crossed their minds.

I wondered whether they saw my Spad on their trail, climbing steadily up the sky. I could see them plainly enough now, not more than two miles away and about 1,000 meters over me. "They must see me," I thought, "but it doesn't appear to worry them." Now and then they would make a wide turn very slowly, as though they had throttled down for picture-taking, and then move leisurely on. By that time I had made the plane out to be a Rumpler.

While making a turn I was astonished to find that we were almost over the Sénard aërodrome, which now appeared to be about the size of a postage stamp. We had turned west without my knowing it, and were flying parallel to the front and about ten miles inside our lines. "Lord!" I thought. "Now's my time! What luck if I could bring down a German right over my own field!" They were almost directly over me now, but still a good 500 meters higher. I crept up, crept up, turning off from their course as I gained my last 300 meters of altitude, and taking care to keep the sun at my back. "Now, my boy," I said, "go to it!"

I made a half turn to the left, at the same time crooking my forefinger around the machine-gun trigger on the joy stick, and started toward what I considered my prey —and to my great astonishment it wasn't there.

THEN I heard a sound as peculiar as it was uncomfortable: *flac! flac-flac! flac!* I knew what it meant; bullets were going through the fabric of my bus. I made a steep turn and found that the German pilot had dived suddenly about fifty meters and leveled off again so that his observer could have me in full view. And so he did have me and was giving me a full dose with both guns. I thought certainly I was lost; the muzzles of his two guns were pointing straight at me and my Spad seemed to be hanging motionless. I made a diving turn and had him broadside on and a little above me again. I pulled on my trigger. My gun popped once and jammed.

Of all the exasperating things that could happen in the air, a jammed gun was assuredly the worst, and it seemed always to occur at the most critical possible moment. It was by no means easy to clear a stoppage; in order to do so it was necessary to withdraw from a fight for several moments; and a pilot was lucky if his opponent permitted him to withdraw.

I WAS grateful to those Germans for allowing me to do it now. They flew steadily on, I following at a safe distance, all the while hammering on my crank handle with the little wooden mallet we carried for such emergencies. I knew from the position of my crank handle that I had a bulged cartridge to deal with, but I got rid of it at last and went on again, full motor.

Lieut. William Thaw of the Escadrille Lafayette.

The two-seater was about half a mile in front of me now, flying at the same altitude. I gained on him rapidly, and in my excitement opened fire when still 150 meters distant. My tracers appeared to be going directly into the plane, and yet it showed no signs of being damaged. I must have fired between fifty and seventy-five rounds when, of a sudden, the Rumpler loomed up directly in front of me. I had not realized how much faster I was going, and as a result I nearly ran into it.

It turned just as I zoomed over it and I had a vivid glimpse of my opponents. The observer was sighting down through his camera, but looked up just as I passed and seized the handles of his guns with an air of annoyance and surprise, as much as to say: "Oh, damn! Here's that pest back again!" The pilot turned his head over his shoulder and I had a fleeting view of the vacant stare of his goggles and a flowing blond mustache.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KNIGHTS OF THE BLUE
Continued from page twenty-three]

I did an Immelmann turn to come back at them, and unfortunately, in making it, passed directly above them, whereupon the observer gave me another burst. I heard a loud *whang-g-g!* and knew that something had been hit, but it was not till several minutes later that I saw that one of my bracing wires had been cut through.

One of the most surprising things, to me, in an air battle, was the rapidity with which two planes could separate. At one second you were close enough to see the color of your opponent's mustache and the kind of flying clothes he wore; a few seconds later, as you turned to come back at him, you found that he was half a mile or more away. Two planes flying at a combined speed of perhaps 250 miles per hour are soon separated when going in opposite directions.

My Rumpler was still not mine. He was a long way off and I had to do my creeping up all over again. This time I determined to keep cool and reserve my fire until within fifty yards of him. I was still about 300 yards distant and had my head steadily braced against my headrest and my sights in beautiful alignment, when the Rumpler began to rise as though being drawn up by invisible wires.

Despite my resolution to keep cool, I pulled up steeply and fired a burst of fifteen or twenty rounds—which doubtless missed him by twice as many yards; slipped off on a wing and had to dive into it to regain flying speed. In doing so I lost a good fifty meters of altitude, and when I turned once more in pursuit the Rumpler was a long way ahead and climbing as though there was no limit to his ceiling. There was nothing to do but climb after him.

All this while we had not, of course, been circling over the same area. Our general direction had been east and a little north, but I had been so busy that I failed to notice how far we had gone. Now, with nothing to do but to climb for a while, I took notice of landmarks and presently recognized the Cathedral of Reims. We were a good thirty-five miles from Sénard, and evidently the Germans meant to go still farther. The Rumpler was headed for Reims, and within a few minutes we were directly over the city at a height of 5,500 meters.

At least, that was my own altitude; the Rumpler was at 6,000 or more, and my Spad was doing its best to lessen the advantage.

MY motor sounded tacky; not the full-bodied roar to which I was accustomed. Something was wrong, but I didn't know what. By the time we had left Reims behind I had climbed another fifty meters, but that was the best I could do. And there were my Germans, not 500 meters higher, paying no further attention to me—knowing, apparently, that the only harm I could now do would be to get into the line of vision of their camera.

So it went for another ten or fifteen minutes. After leaving Reims the Rumpler made another wide sweep into French territory, all the way from five to eight or nine miles back of the trenches.

My chance came more quickly than I had bargained for. The Germans had just made a circle over a flying field at the village of Fère-en-Tardenois. Then, their mission over apparently, they headed due north to cross to their own lines. But suddenly the pilot went down in a steep turn and I saw the observer seize his guns and swing them round to fire at me. This time I was not caught napping, and I wasted no precious seconds trying to get under their tail. I turned left as the Rumpler did and got in a beautiful burst of about thirty rounds, again broadside on, and from a distance of not more than fifty yards. The observer repaid me with a shorter burst, but a murderously accurate one. Again I heard the ominous *flac! flac-flac-flac! flac-flac!* but it was only for a second. My little Spad flopped over in a half turn and came back in the opposite direction so prettily that the thought, "Did I do that?" flashed through my mind. So it was always in the air; the maneuvers one made instinctively were always better than those made with deliberation.

TURNING, I found the Rumpler coming for me from a distance of about 200 yards—straight for me this time, the pilot firing the guns mounted on his motor hood. So I made for him, my guns crackling steadily. Our motors seemed to be eating each other's bullets; in fact, they were, as I discovered later; but we flashed past each other, both seemingly still intact.

I made a vertical turn to the right and then saw something that made me shout for joy. The Rumpler was going off, and his propeller was standing stock-still. He had a "dead stick," as we used to say. I thought for a second or two I had imagined this, for not infrequently pilots thought they saw what they hoped to see. It was true, however. The propeller was motionless. What a thrill it gave me to see it! "Now I've got them!" I thought. "I'll force them down in our lines!"

But the Germans had other plans. They were planing very flatly, making a straight course for their own territory. I glanced at my altimeter. Forty-eight hundred meters. They had plenty of altitude to enable them to land behind their own lines.

My motor was coughing and spitting as though at its last gasp, but I quickly overtook them. The rear gunner was waiting for me; I could see him turning his guns this way and that, trying to get a line on me; but his pilot was afraid to lose altitude which he could not regain, so I had little difficulty in keeping the observer guessing. He fired two or three bursts, but they went wide of the mark.

"I'll have to shoot them," I thought. "These men are old hands. They can't be frightened into landing."

So I went after them again, hoping that my marksmanship would be good enough to wing them both but not good enough to kill either. I had a wonderful chance now. They were planing all the while, of course, tail up at such an angle that I could see the surface of the underbody. I pressed the trigger. My gun fired twice and stopped. I had run through my entire belt of cartridges.

I didn't know what to do then. I had never thought of such an emergency as this. I made a feint at an attack from the side so that both pilot and observer could see me, but that didn't frighten them in the least. The observer swung his guns round and gave me a dose of lead in the tail as I passed under him. Had he been half a second quicker, I shouldn't be telling this story.

Luckily, help came in histrionic eleventh-hour fashion. Greased lightning decorated with tricolor *cocardes* streaked down from the sky, turned left and fired, turned right and fired, flipped upside down, fired again, and vanished. I saw the German observer drop his guns and

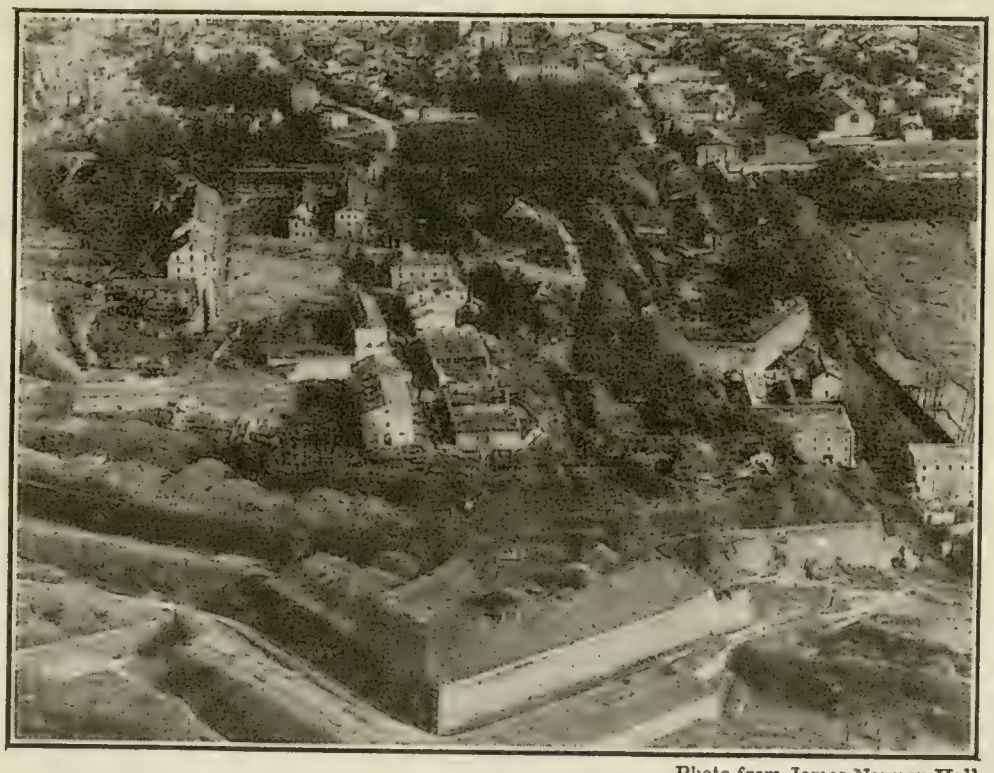


Photo from James Norman Hall

Shell-torn Verdun as it looked from the air at the time of the events in this story.

Photo from James Norman Hall

The Escadrille Lafayette as it was composed at the time when Charles Selden dropped in on it in pyjamas. Standing, from left to right: Doolittle, Campbell, Parsons, Bridgman, Dugan, MacMonagle, Lovell, Willis, Jones, Peterson. Seated: Hill, Masson, Thaw, Captain Thénault, Lufbery, Johnson, Bigelow, Robert Rockwell.

collapse in his seat. The little plane flashed into view again; it was precisely as though it had the power of being everywhere at once, and visible or invisible as it chose.

This time it came down from the side, in plain view of the German pilot but keeping well above him. The Frenchman did a barrel turn, at the same time cutting his motor to come down on the Rumpler, but the German didn't wait for him to fire again. He turned away from his own lines—slowly, and one could see with what reluctance—and planed down into France.

We were right at his tail, the Frenchman on one side and I on the other. He was flying a Nieuport, type 27, and on the side of his fuselage was painted a dragon, and another insignia which I made out to be a skull-and-crossbones design against a black background. We weren't long in coming down. Two or three minutes later the German landed with his dead stick. The Rumpler rolled a little way and stopped, and I saw a crowd of mechanics rushing out to it.

IT was not until I taxied up to the hangars that I knew what field this was. The first thing I saw as I climbed out of my bus was a row of six Spads bearing the Indian-head insignia of the Escadrille Lafayette. Our arrival caused great excitement at the aërodrome. Pilots and mechanics ran out to the Rumpler. Others gathered about our two ships, and the first man to greet me was red-headed Bill O'Connor.

"Charlie Selden! You old son-of-a-gun! What are you doing at Chaudun?"

"I didn't know till this minute that it *was* Chaudun," I told him.

"How's Gordon, and Tommy Slater? Are you still at Sénard? Where did you meet Nungesser? Who got the Rumpler?"

My eyes bulged.

"Nungesser? Is that who . . . ?"

"Sure thing! Didn't you know? He belongs to our group—in Spad 65. But how did you two get together?"

Just then Lieutenant Bill Thaw, second in command of the Escadrille Lafayette, came up with Lufbery and Nungesser. Lufbery remembered me, which delighted me.

"Hello, Selden! Good work, old boy! Nungesser, this is your flying partner, Selden, from Spad 597, though what he's doing nearly a hundred miles from his own aërodrome is more than I know. Did you get lost again?" Then, turning to Lieutenant Thaw, "Bill, we'll have to have him transferred to Group Thirteen. He seems to like flying with us better than with his own outfit."

NUNGESSER gave me a hearty handclasp. "*Félicitations!*"

"*Félicitations, mon lieutenant?* For what?"

"For your Rumpler, of course!"

"But I didn't get him. You did."

Thaw grinned. "Now then, Selden! Don't tell your superiors what happened in the air, especially an old bird like Nungesser. But you might explain what you are doing up this way, hunting in our preserves. Mean to say the Verdun sector's too quiet for you? It must have changed since we were down there."

I told them then of my long chase, of my jammed gun, of the Rumpler's high ceiling that I couldn't reach, and how I had wasted my ammunition so foolishly. "And he would have got away," I added, "if Lieutenant Nungesser hadn't appeared."

Nungesser shook his head vigorously. "Nonsense," he said. "You'd have chivvied him down all right. All I did was to persuade him to turn a little quicker." And to Thaw, "Bill, see that Selden gets credit for him, will you? I'll send over my report. Sorry I took a hand at all. Selden would have forced them down alive. As it is, I'm afraid that poor devil of an observer is dead."

I said nothing for a moment. I could think of nothing to say. I felt proud merely to have flown with Nungesser; and to have him show such kindness and generosity to a young pilot bowled me over.

There was no more picturesque or romantic figure in the entire French army. He never liked the Spad. He always flew a Type 27 Nieuport, and his famous ship, a gift from the manufacturers and especially built for him, was a welcome and familiar sight at aërodromes both

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

Years of HARD WEAR

HOW THEY LOOK! This Silvertown, photographed before the Fleet reached Chicago, has traveled more miles in seven months than the average tire travels in 30. *Below,* you see Governor Dern of Utah adding his signature to the good-will greetings sent by Mayor Rolph of San Francisco to Mayor Walker of New York.

Silver Fleet Record To Date 21,000 Miles—Silvertowns Still Going Strong

AS this advertisement goes to press the Silver Fleet is leaving St. Louis. Just thirty weeks before, it rolled out of New York. Between these two dates it has toured the South, the Southwest, the Pacific Coast, the Northwest, the Rockies, the North Central States . . .

Its tires have rolled over every conceivable kind of road . . . faced every type of weather. They have mastered every climate, and survived every imaginable tire obstacle . . .

Over 1,250,000 Tire Miles

They have averaged 120 miles a day . . . with usually less than five hours running time out of every 24. They have piled up more than a million and a quarter tire miles and broken every conceivable performance-record of the slightest significance to the average tire buyer . . .

In short, they have crowded three solid years of hard wear into less than eight months . . .

Most of the original 60 Silvertowns that left New York with the Silver Fleet showed less wear at the end of the twenty-ninth week than many a tire at the end of its first season!

Dozens of them actually retained their original air and have not been removed from the rims throughout the entire trip.

People who examined these tires along the route through Missouri and Illinois were simply amazed at the fine condition of the tires after such a punishing journey.

"What a record they will make when the final miles are counted," exclaimed curbstone watchers.

But the nation-wide tour of the Silver Fleet is not for the purpose of setting exceptional performance records of single tires or even sets of tires.

It is to demonstrate what run-of-the-pit Silvertowns will do under normal running conditions. What *you* can expect from stock Silvertowns on stock cars, such as your own.

And the lesson, so far, is this . . .

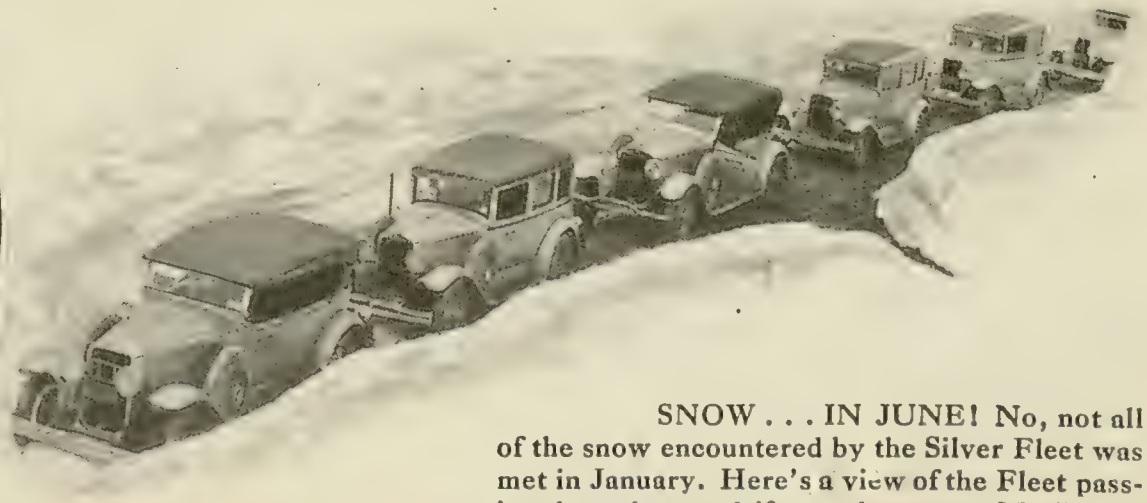
Given ordinary care, the Silvertown you buy from your nearest Goodrich dealer may be expected to go beyond 20,000 miles. The tires on the Silver Fleet have proved that. They've taken the myth out of mileage claims by demonstrating what Goodrich Silvertowns will do.

See These Famous Silvertowns

The Silver Fleet has over two months more to travel. In that time, it is destined to set such amazing records of tire performance that no others will have any significance.

See the Fleet, if you have the opportunity. But in the meantime, see tires like those it travels on . . . in your Goodrich dealer's store.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Est. 1870, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.



SNOW . . . IN JUNE! No, not all of the snow encountered by the Silver Fleet was met in January. Here's a view of the Fleet passing through snowdrifts on the way up Mt. Hood.

crowded into 8 MONTHS

Battling Snow in the summertime . . Photo at the left shows the Silver Fleet climbing Mt. Rainier

Above. At Salt Lake City Airport

SOUVENIRS! Just a few pins, nails, etc., picked out of Fleet tires by Fleet pilots.

"BREAK OUT THE SHOVELS!" That's the command Commander Schaeffer had to give when the fleet started up Mt. Rainier. Though the time was early summer, snowdrifts were so deep that each car had to carry a shovel for emergency use.

THREE TIRES YOU SHOULD KNOW. At the left, you have the Silvertown De Luxe. In the center, you see the famous Silvertown, standard of tire value the country over. At the right, the Cavalier—the new, low-priced high-quality tire.

Goodrich Silvertowns

[KNIGHTS OF THE BLUE
Continued from page twenty-five]

French and British all along the western front; and his skull-and-crossbones insignia was anything but a welcome one to German pilots he met in the air.

We went out to see the captured Rumpler. It was still standing in the middle of the field with a crowd of pilots and mechanics gathered round it. The body of the observer had been lifted out and laid on a stretcher. Two men carried it away as we were coming up. Nungesser was right—the German was dead with three bullets through the chest. He was about twenty-five, with aristocratic features and strong, well shaped hands. His face looked as peaceful as though he were asleep. We removed our caps as the stretcher passed.

"Poor chap!" said Nungesser. "It's a pity his pilot wouldn't turn, Selden. But you've got to admire their pluck, trying to get their taxi home with a dead stick."

The pilot was an older man, with the physique and the imperious face of an old viking. He had removed his flying combination and I could see the great breadth of his shoulders and the girth of his thighs and arms beneath his immaculate uniform. On his tunic was the Iron Cross of the First Class. He was talking with a French officer as Thaw, Nungesser, and I came up. Lieutenant Thaw saluted the officer, Commandant Féquant, chief of the Thirteenth Combat Group.

"*Mon commandant,* may I present *Caporal* Selden of Spad 597? He's been chasing this Rumpler all the way from the Argonne."

The commandant shook my hand. "So it was you, corporal? Well done!" He smiled as he added, "And it was thoughtful of you to bring him down on our field."

"BUT I didn't get him, *mon commandant.* I only shot up his motor. Lieutenant Nungesser forced him down."

"How is this, Nungesser? Did you have a hand in it too?"

And again Nungesser insisted on giving me all the credit. "I merely happened along at the last minute," he said, "when Selden had things his own way."

But I knew very well that I didn't, and I explained to the commandant how it had happened. The result was that we were both given credit for the Rumpler. And so it chanced that my first victory was a half victory, and as I think over those days there is nothing of which I am prouder than of the fact that somewhere in the military archives of France, there is a record of a certain Rumpler forced to land in French territory at Chaudun, on November 10, 1917, driven down by Lieutenant Charles Nungesser and *Caporal* Charles Selden.

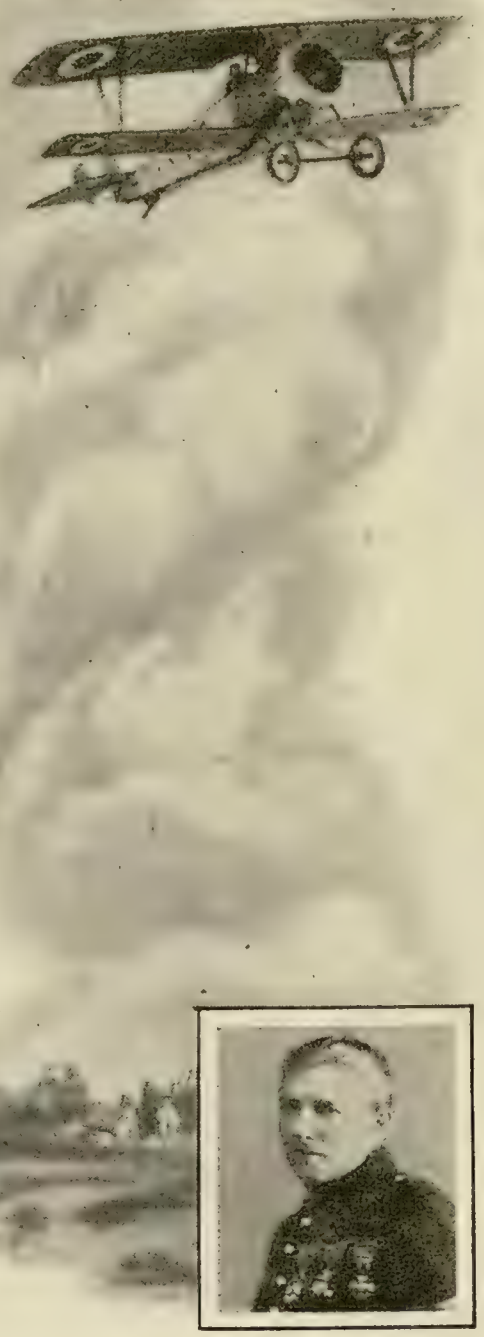
While writing this very chapter of wartime reminiscences on an island in the South Pacific, I have received papers three months old, from home, containing the account of Nungesser's death—lost with his friend Coli in the attempt to fly across the Atlantic. I hear again the tones of his voice, and see his jolly smile and the gleam of his gold teeth, and I shall never forget his courtesy and generosity to a young pilot at the end of his first real battle in the air.

Commandant Féquant introduced us to the German pilot, who spoke French nearly as well as the commandant himself. He bowed stiffly and shook hands, first with Nungesser, then with me. As he shook mine he said, "Charmed to meet you again," with a faint ironic smile, and then, "Many thanks for the souvenir." He glanced down indifferently at his right leg, and I saw a small hole circled with blood through his laced boot.

"But you're wounded, *Hauptmann!*" said Commandant Féquant. "Hard luck! We must attend to that at once."

"It's nothing, *mon commandant.* This young man"—turning to me—"merely wished to show me how well he could shoot." Again he smiled his disdainful smile, and I felt ashamed and angry at the same moment. He limped away with Commandant Féquant, and I went with the Lafayette pilots to look at my bus. Several mechanics were examining it. Thaw spoke to one of them: "Have you given it the once-over, Valatron? What's the damage? Anything serious?"

"Serious! Sacred name of a sieve! This *coucou* will never fly again! How she got down without falling apart is more than I know. Have a look."



The French ace Nungesser, and a Nieuport of the type he flew in preference to a Spad.

IT is needless to catalogue the wounds my Spad had received. Nearly every part of it had been hit except the two most vital ones: the pilot's seat and the gasoline tank.

"Can't she be overhauled?" I asked. "She's been a fine ship; I hate to lose her so soon."

The mechanic shook his head decisively.

"Damn the luck! What'll I do now? How am I to get to Sénard?"

"Don't worry about that," said Thaw. "We'll get you back. What we'd better do now is to go to group headquarters and phone your outfit. They're probably wondering what's become of you. By the way, you know Clermont, don't you, Luf? Suppose you call him up. Better go along, Selden, in case he wants to talk with you. Come over to the mess when you've finished."

Presently the telephone rang. "Here you are, lieutenant," said the man. "Captain Clermont of Spad 597 on the line." Lufbery took the receiver.

"Allo! Allo! Captain Clermont? *Bien!* René, this is Luf. . . . Lufbery. . . . Yes. . . . Oh, rather quiet just now. . . . What? . . . No such luck. René, we've got one of your pilots here, Selden. . . . Yes, he's quite all right. And the Rumpler is down on our field. The observer was killed and the pilot slightly wounded. . . . What? . . . Of course he did! What happened was this. . . . Whose Boche? Well, Nungesser says it's Selden's and Selden says it's Nungesser's. They've been bowing and scraping to each other for the last hour, saying, 'After you, sir!' Ever hear of such delicacy? . . . Yes. . . . Yes, that's what Commandant Féquant has done: they're both to have credit for him. . . . What? . . . Oh, it's a wreck. His motor's a pile of junk. It will have to be scrapped. . . . Good! I'll tell him. . . . Right you are! So long!"

He hung up the receiver. "A bit of good luck, Selden. You're to go in to Le Bourget for a new Spad—this afternoon if possible; if not, then the first thing tomorrow morning. And you're to fly back to Sénard as soon as you can."

It was not till that moment that I remembered I was wearing pyjamas and had nothing but flying boots over my bare feet.

"Good Lord!" I said. "I don't see how I can go. I'm half naked."

"Ha, ha! Pyjamas, eh?"

It was by no means uncommon for pilots to make morning patrols in pyjamas. They would hop out of bed at the last possible moment, gulp their chocolate or coffee, slip on their bear-skin coats and exchange these at the hangars for combinations and flying boots.

Reluctantly I unbuttoned my combination and displayed the frogs of a very loud pyjama suit. I had bought it in a hurry in Paris, the afternoon I left for the front, at one of those "One Hundred Thousand Shirts" stores that every A. E. F. soldier will remember; and it was not till I opened the parcel at Sénard that I realized how hideous these particular pyjamas were. Alas! the green and orange stripes would have been considered gaudy even in Birmingham, Alabama. Every pilot in the mess had ragged me, and Golasse had even made up a song about them. Thereafter I had worn them for pure cussedness, but I had had no intention of landing in them at strange aërodromes.

James Norman Hall, co-author of this story, as a Lafayette pilot.

Lufbery took one glance, then covered his eyes.

"Wow! Do you mean to say you can sleep in those?"

"They are pretty noisy," I admitted. "What'll I do? I can't go to lunch like this!"

"Of course you can! Come on and give the boys an eyeful! Bob Soubiran has some almost as bad. Maybe one of us can lend you a uniform to wear to Le Bourget."

WE crossed over to join the little group making a bee line for the mess. I was introduced to Captain Thénault, the French officer commanding the Escadrille Lafayette, and the other pilots.

Food was being put on the table when we entered the barrack. The weather was bitterly cold and the mess-room stove had been stoked red-hot. One of the pilots noticed that I still had on my flying clothes.

"Hell's bells, Selden! Why don't you take off your combination? I should think you'd be cooked. Do they mess in flying clothes at your outfit?"

I caught Lufbery's eye. He was sitting on a bench near the stove, rocking back and forth and hugging his knees in anticipation. I knew it was useless to delay, so I unbuttoned and unbuckled at once, and stood up, barefooted, in my superb pyjamas. For a moment there was dead silence, but the uproar that followed must have been heard nearly as far as Sénard.

Whisky and Soda, the two lion mascots of the Lafayette Squadron, were lying in a corner. Whisky at this time was almost full grown; Soda was about the size of Captain Thénault's dog, Fram.

They got excited at the noise my pyjamas had caused and rose to their feet, wrinkling up their noses and giving voice to a series of rumbling growls.

This added to the hilarity although it didn't add to my comfort. I had not seen the lions till that moment, although I had, of course, long since heard of them.

WHISKY came toward me, still wrinkling his nose and snarling. Soda crouched in a corner, switching her tail as a cat does when excited or angry.

"That's all right, Selden. Whisky won't hurt you."

"All he wants is those pyjamas! Better give 'em to him! He's not used to being trifled with!"

"Luf! I see it all now! Selden's been chased out of Sénard by his own outfit!"

"No wonder that Rumpler observer couldn't hit him! Selden must have opened up his combination and blinded him!"

I had to go through it, but at last the uproar died away; Whisky and Soda calmed down, Fram stopped barking, and we all sat down to lunch.

After it I was presented with the following citation, signed by all the pilots including Captain Thénault:

The officers and noncommissioned officers of the Escadrille, Spad 124, cite to the entire Western Front the unique pyjamas of *Caporal* Charles Selden, of Spad 597, *Groupe de Combat* 31.

On November 10, 1917, while attacking an enemy two-seater over Chaudun, these pyjamas, displayed in a single burst, brought down the Rumpler intact in our lines, killing the observer and slightly wounding the pilot.

This citation carries with it the Grand Cross of the Order of the African Nightshirt, with Palm, Star, and Evinrude Motor attached.

I didn't leave Chaudun till the following morning. Le Bourget was an enormous aviation depot. It still is, in fact, and it was there that Lindbergh landed. I little thought, on that November day in 1917, that a young American was to bring such honor to himself and to his country by landing there ten years later.

In fact, my thoughts were entirely concerned with getting a new Spad, a good one. I inquired for Lieutenant du Pont, a friend of my friend

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IF
YOU ARE
RUN DOWN, FAGGED
OUT, CONSTIPATED AND
IN FACT

Only half there

EAT YEAST
IN THIS
Modern FORM

No need now to take yeast in its ordinary, bulky form. Simply eat Yeast Foam Tablets. They are pure dried yeast, compressed into handy, easy-to-take tablets; they keep and they do not cause gas. Eat this tablet yeast for constipation, indigestion, skin disorders, and general run-down conditions. Nothing like it.

As to the efficacy of this yeast—*it is used and recognized as the standard* for vitamin studies by the leading universities of the nation and by the U. S. Government. *You need no further guarantee.*

Get Yeast Foam Tablets from your druggist. See how much better they are. Only 50 cents for a large bottle. Northwestern Yeast Co., Chicago, Ill.

ON THE AIR

Every Wednesday 7:00 P.M. Central Daylight Saving Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers," through N. B. C. Blue Network. Also Milwaukee, Duluth, Minneapolis. Tune in!

[KNIGHTS OF THE BLUE
Continued from page twenty-nine]

Sergeant Laguesse. He was a test pilot whose business it was to try out new machines as they came from the factories.

He gave me a cordial welcome. "I've got just the ship for you!" he said. "I tried it out not half an hour ago."

"What is it?" I asked; "a one-eighty?"

"Yes. It's not another Hispano-Hispano, but just as good or I'm no judge. Come on; you can see for yourself."

It had no machine gun, but was otherwise all ready for flight.

I left Le Bourget at 10 o'clock, followed the Marne as far as Châlons, then cut across country, and landed at Sénard at 11:30. The whole aërodrome was deserted, but a moment later I saw a small truck at the side of the road near the barrack of Spad 597. Flingot came running. "Here's a note for you from the captain."

The note read as follows: "Selden: Group 31 has been ordered to the aërodrome at Chaux, near Belfort, for special duty. Come along as soon as you can. Flingot has a map for you. Follow the Moselle till you lose it in the mountains, then pick up the road that leads over the *Ballon d' Alsace*. Can't lose your way. Chaux aërodrome is about six miles due north of Belfort. Glad to hear about the Rumpler."

Ten minutes later I took off again. By that time Flingot's Fiat was traveling hell-bent-for-election down the road toward Bar-le-Duc. I whizzed over him not a hundred feet higher and saw him thumb his nose at me as I passed. In order to be on the safe side I landed at an aërodrome near Toul for gasoline, and had a belated lunch with the pilots of a reconnaissance squadron stationed there.

AT 1:30 I was on my way again. My engine ran beautifully. I climbed to 5,000 meters, far above a mass of cloud blowing up from the southwest, which at length cut off all view of the earth. So I then flew a compass course, allowing for wind drift, and hoping that I was well behind the front; for my new Spad was still without a gun and I had no desire to encounter any Germans.

When nearing the end of this lonely flight I witnessed a battle above the clouds which brought home to me anew the weirdness, the swift and terrible decisiveness which often marked aërial combats.

Far ahead and at least a mile below me I saw two planes, widely separated at first and considerably to the left of the course I was following. Whether hostile, or friendly, or both, it was impossible to determine at that distance, so I descended cautiously for a better view. They rapidly approached one another, and I was still 1,000 meters higher when one of them burst into flame—a conflagration that looked no larger than the flare of a match in that wide air. Both planes vanished at once into the sea of mist below them. Only a film of oily smoke, soiling the purity of the cloud bank, marked the scene of the encounter.

I knew that I must be somewhere near my destination, so I too went on down through the clouds, and, emerging within view of the earth, saw the conquered plane burning fiercely on the ground, the flames throwing a crude light in the gloom of a ravine where it had fallen. Hovering over it I saw a welcome sight—the tricolor *cocardes* of a Spad, so I dove swiftly to join it, and soon recognized the red X of Lieutenant de Chalais, second in command of our squadron.

WE were close to the Hartmannsweilerkopf, north of Thann, and a few moments of flight brought us to Belfort and Chaux, where, thanks to good old Felix, I found my uniform, carefully brushed and pressed, laid out for me on my cot.

The squadron gave me a welcome as boisterous as my pyjamas deserved and Golasse added two more stanzas to his song in their honor.

My machine gun was mounted the next morning, and for three days I took part in patrols over a sector that seemed as peaceful as a country churchyard after Verdun.

We were at lunch the morning of our fourth day at Chaux when Captain Clermont came in to read us the following extract from General Orders:

The general commanding the Tenth Army wishes to thank the officers and noncommissioned officers of *Groupe de Combat* 31 for the aërial protection they have afforded His Majesty the King of Italy, during his visit to the French lines of this sector.

"So that's what we have been doing!" said Sergeant du Marmier. "Where are we off to next, I wonder?"

It was a purely rhetorical question and called for no reply.

The events of tomorrow were glamorously veiled.

In next week's installment Selden will tell of his flights with the beardless killer, Tommy Slater.

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TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—The maple leaf is the emblem of what country?

2—Who were the Amazons?

3—What is the name of the calendar in general use?

4—What is the highest mountain of the Alps?

5—Whom did Pocahontas marry?

6—What is the paternoster?

7—Who was the only bachelor President of the United States?

8—Who was the first king of the English?

9—What North American cities are called the Twin Cities?

10—Of whom was it said, "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety"?

11—Where is Oberammergau and for what is it celebrated?

12—Where did General Lee surrender to General Grant in 1865?

13—Whose picture is on the United States half-cent stamp?

14—What is myopia?

15—Who led the Filipino insurrection against United States authority in 1899?

16—Who was the goddess of health, in classical mythology?

17—What are pampas?

18—Toward what city do orthodox Mohammedans face when at prayer?

19—What does pandemic mean in medical parlance?

20—What does eureka mean?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-seven)

Britannia Rules the Reels

Two Drawing-Room Talkies, a New Trilby, and Chaney

A Page of Movie Reviews by

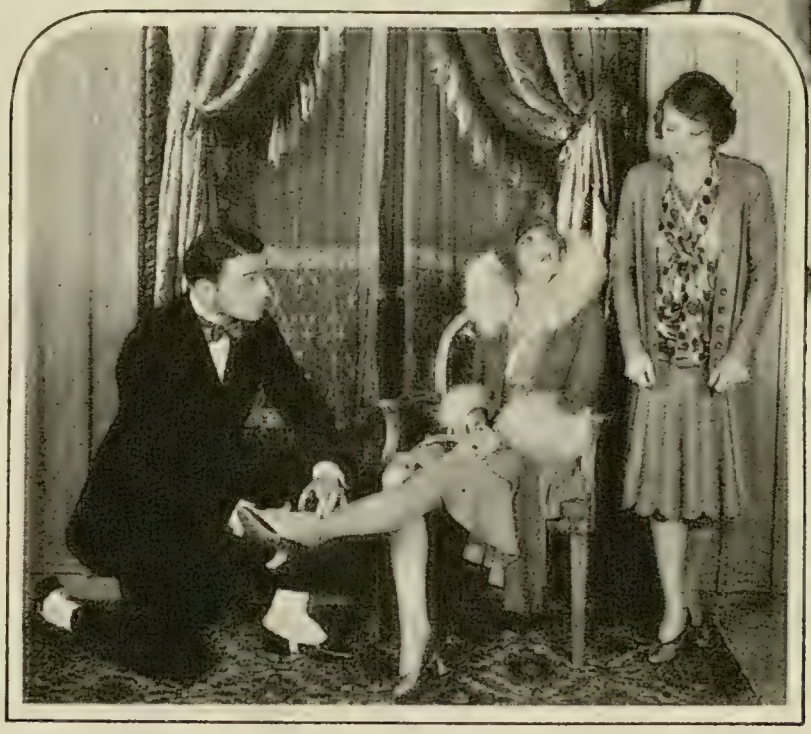
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Norma Shearer and Basil Rathbone in a scene from the British drawing-room comedy film, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

WHAT is inland America going to think of its favorite movie idols, now that they have taken to balancing teacups and an English accent upon their knees? Hollywood has gone in for British drawing-room comedy in a Big Way and over 2,000 theater talking machines across the United States are drawling now with broad A's.



Left to right are Clive Brook, Mary Nolan, and Ruth Chatterton in Charming Sinners, a movie based on Maugham's The Constant Wife.

Norma Shearer, last seen as Mary Dugan, is playing the heroine of Frederick Lonsdale's The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. This was done on the stage by Ina Claire.

Mrs. Cheyney is the swanky belle of a select gang of crooks. She breaks into unsuspecting British society in quest of valuable pearls, but loses her heart to a young lord. And so she renounces her evil ways, confesses, and marries the gallant and understanding Englishman.

Miss Shearer gives a neat performance of Mrs. Cheyney. Here is a silent star who seems to gain personality with the acquisition of a voice. The real hit, however, is Basil Rathbone as the whimsical lord.

Well done—but you may not like it.

★ ★

Another drawing-room comedy hails from the Paramount studios. It is Charming Sinners, based upon W. Somerset Maugham's The Constant Wife. This has not been microphoned so successfuly. For one thing, Paramount, after going whole hog with The Letter, gets moral scruples here and tacks on a new ending.

Charming Sinners is the story of a wife who sets out to teach a lesson to her philandering husband. Her method calls for a holiday of her own in Italy with an old beau. At least it did in Mr. Maugham's play. The film goes on to show the wife forcing the admirer of her youth from the boat train because she really loves her husband, who is, after all, a great big harmless boy.

Maugham's lively repartee is bandied about as much as the talking apparatus permits. There is not a single exterior scene. You will like this comedy only if you like measured epigrams and careful diction. However, the picture is given a suave performance, particularly by Ruth Chatterton as the wise wife and, in a lesser way, by Clive Brook as the errant husband.

★ ★

Radio Pictures' Street Girl is based on a W. Carey Wonderly short story. It is a sort of 1929 Trilby, with the four artists of the Latin Quarter transformed into a quartet of jazz specialists playing in a New York cabaret as The Four Seasons. A little violinist, starving and out of a job, is found by the four boys. Then, lo! she leads them on to stellar success.

Betty Compson, who once was a violinist in the varieties, wields a mean bow as Joyzelle, the Cinderella from old Vienna. Jack Oakie stands out as a hard-boiled saxophonist, but the film is nearly stolen by a dialect comedian who used to share honors with our footlight idol of other days, Julia Sanderson. Remember old Joe Cawthorn? He scores a talkie hit here.

★

The Lon Chaney I like is the bizarre scarecrow with horse teeth and misplaced backbone who used to jump out of cellar shadows in the old Paris Opera House and scare comedy stage hands into fits. In Metro-Goldwyn's Thunder, Lon does another straight characterization—of a heroic and sentimental old locomotive engineer who gets food to starving refugees by driving his train through a flood. As a silent film, Thunder belongs to 1919 vintage.

Do you know that—

You will see LIBERTY'S cover series, For the Love o' Lil, in the movies? They're announcing Doug and Mary's The Taming of the Shrew as "the daddy of all sheik stories"? . . . Colleen Moore is out of First National?

Happy Day

A Story of the Nineteenth Hole

HE put up a brave tussle, waving his arms about and doing most amazing things with his legs.

By

R. J. B. DENBY

himself a golfing husband and father. He served his country, England, in the World War. Now he executes literary maneuvers from a base near New York City.

Pictures by VERNE NOLL

IT was late on a Saturday afternoon. From the locker room of the Lobster Valley Golf Club there came to the ears of the mosquito-ravaged wives, who sat awaiting their husbands in the shade of the terrace trees, the plaintive sounds as of a battalion of cats lamenting the death of some dear and trusted friend.

This wailing, as a matter of fact, was not an expression of feline grief—it was merely a group of the more soulful club members engaged in a bout of close harmony. Pleasantly weary from pursuing the ball through the lush grass and the dense thickets bordering the fairways, and pink and shiny from much showering and soaping, they now sat about attired with classical simplicity in bath towels or underwear. One, rather more modest than his fellows, had donned in addition a gay chessboard sock; the other he held in the hand with which he beat time for the choristers as they dripped their liquid notes.

And, speaking of liquid, frequent and urgent demands for another jorum of iced orange juice punctuated their singing. To these, brought by a white-coated attendant, they added a colorless fluid from four-sided bottles which members produced from amongst the litter of old shoes, lacerated golf balls, and soiled lingerie that lay in the bottoms of their lockers.

This strange mixture they quaffed with mighty sighs of satisfaction, and the more of it they drank the more lustily did they sing. And not only that. Under the stimulus of this magic philter their laughter grew louder and their wisecracks more personal and rollicking. Oh, it was a grand party! The boys could let themselves go. There was no fear of critical, unsympathetic glances from wifely eyes—somehow wives just don't understand that kind of sportive conviviality.

Some half hour later, Henry B. Plimley, having put on his clothes leisurely, departed from the locker room amid a salvo of hearty farewells. He climbed the stairs, navigated the hall, and finally stepped out on to the club's front porch. For a moment he stood there swaying gracefully like a tulip in a gentle breeze. He looked a picture of health and contentment, although it might be said that he carried rather more flesh than a man of fifty should.

Presently he reached out a hand to lean against a post that wasn't there. To prevent himself from falling he executed what looked like some intricate buck-and-wing steps, and in doing so his feet made a great clattering on the floor boards. The ladies on the terrace looked up, startled.

Having regained his balance, Henry B. proceeded to take stock of the situation. He felt as though he were floating gloriously on a placid sea of gin and orange juice. But he wasn't lit; he could swear to that. He'd had a few more drinks than he was accustomed to—but why not? This was the day of days. He smiled—and literally radiated beatitude.

SUDDENLY he was overcome with a wild desire to give expression to the *joie de vivre* in his heart.

"Whoopeeeeeeee!" he yelled.

The cry rang out like the savage shout of an Indian leaping into battle. The ladies on the terrace shot up out of their chairs as if they had been sharply prodded from below with a new ice pick, one of them upsetting a chocolate-soda-spinach-malted-milk-strawberry-coffee-and-pineapple sundae into her neighbor's lap.

Mr. Plimley's behavior was the more surprising to the spectators because he was looked up to as a model of all that a good club member and a worthy citizen should be. He was a respected vice president of the Venus Sewer Pipe Corporation. Punctually at 8:30 each morning he

arrived at his office in his sober sedan. He wore then a black overcoat with velvet collar, cream muffler with pale-blue polka dots on it, and a black derby hat—the livery of the successful business man. He stood for reliability and the established order of things. And now, without warning, he was changed into a deliberate frightener of unprotected females, a heartless spiller of innocent sundaes.

The flutter in the dovecote on the terrace had been accompanied by exclamations:

"Good gracious!"

"For the land's sake!"

"Whatever's come over the man?"

"He's drunk!" said a small woman who knew her cordials.

They watched Henry Plimley balanced on the topmost step. For a while he seemed a trifle shy of attempting the descent; then, as though pushed violently from the rear, he suddenly ran down and swung out in a sweeping quarter-circle in making a left turn toward where his car was parked.

A wire-haired terrier scampered toward him and stood playfully in his path.

"Hullo, you nice little dogs," said Mr. Plimley. "I'll bet you're full brothers."

The terrier shrugged his shoulders eloquently and trotted away.

Henry Plimley got into his car and disappeared down the drive doing forty per, leaving a cloud of dust behind. He took the turn into the road without slackening speed, then put more and more pressure on the accelerator. Great things, cars. Gave a man an exhilarating sense of power.

Tearing along the road he allowed his thoughts a free rein. Some day, perhaps, he'd play off the final of the Amateur Championship with Bobby Jones. He saw it all. Long drives—terrific brassie shots up to the pin—caressed putts. The sympathy of the gallery would be with him, but they'd expect Bobby to make mincemeat out of him. They'd go to the last hole all square. There he'd get an eagle against Bobby's birdie. There was no reason why it shouldn't be done. All a man had to do was to hit a long ball and be so accurate with his approach shots that he'd have a chance on every green of getting down with one putt. After all, it only required care. Golf wasn't such a difficult game really.

THE picture of himself trimming Bobby Jones was a pleasant thing to contemplate. There would be a wild roar when he sank his long putt. Hagen would be there, and he'd burst from the crowd and come smiling toward him with an outstretched hand. He'd say the Open must be duck soup for a man who could smack them dead to the pin like the new Amateur champion did.

Henry Plimley pushed the accelerator right down. That was the stuff to give the troops. Cars were overtaken and passed in rapid succession.

He had often heard people say they drove better when keyed up by a few drinks and he always regarded such statements as sheer nonsense. But tonight he realized that they had probably spoken the truth—a little hooch put a man on his mettle and gave him confidence. He himself was driving like a demon—handling the machine with more zip than when he hadn't had a drink or two. Look how he was roaring past these cars, winding his way in and out and avoiding the traffic from the other direction by mere inches, yet taking no risks really. His judgment was as keen as a razor blade. Yes, he certainly was driving well. Driving well! He'd say! Both on and off the links—it was all the same to him. The thought amused him and he chuckled.

Presently a faint, hot smell as of someone frying rubber came to him. He sniffed and looked out of the window. "Some punk driver's burning up his car," he thought. "Probably a woman—that's the sort of thing they do."

Then, leaning over the wheel, he gave his attention to diminishing the distance between himself and the car immediately ahead.

"Phew!" he exclaimed a few moments later. It was becoming uncomfortably warm and the smell of burning rubber had grown more powerful. It was then that he noticed spirals of thick, brown smoke coming up from the floor boards of his sedan.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THERE would be a wild roar when he sank his long putt.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

With a sharp ejaculation he slowed down, pulled in to the curb, and stopped. By this time the car was filled with smoke. It rose from every crevice, bringing with it a nauseating stench of oil and heated metal. His hand grasped the emergency brake and tugged at it, but it wouldn't come back. Doggone the thing! And the smoke was choking him. He exerted his every ounce of strength, but still the lever wouldn't move.

"Damn!" he roared as he climbed out, spluttering and coughing, on to the road.

A speeding car swerved sharply to avoid hitting him, the driver showering him with vile imprecations as Henry Plimley leaped back on to the running board.

"What's your hurry?" Mr. Plimley yelled angrily after the disappearing car. "You reckless drivers ought to be locked up!"

Screwing up his smarting eyes and wiping the perspiration from his forehead with the back of a hand, Mr. Plimley went round to the other side of the car and opened the door, and immediately drew back from the dense stream of smoke that poured out. Next he lifted the hood to inspect the engine. It was infernally hot but seemed all right otherwise. The fan belt was intact, and he'd filled up with oil and water only that morning. What the devil was wrong with the old bus?

He was overcome with a desire to give expression to the joie de vivre in his heart. "Whoopeeeeeeee!" he yelled.

There was less smoke inside the car now and he put his head in to look things over.

"Well—! What—!"

He swallowed hard and stared with very round eyes at the emergency brake. No wonder he hadn't been able to put it on! It had been on all the time! "Ouch!" he said. "I must have come all the way from the club like that—five or six miles—and doing a smart clip, too. Never did such a fool trick before all the years I've been driving. Suffering jellyfish! Why wouldn't there be a flock of smoke!" He reached over and rather shamefacedly released the brake.

FOR twenty minutes Mr. Plimley waited by the roadside while his maltreated car cooled off. It was dark when he stepped in and drove away. He was a little annoyed with himself. Fancy driving about the country with his emergency on! For Pete's sake! How his wife would give him the joyful ha-ha if she heard about it—*if* she heard. He laughed. But how had he come to be so gosh-awful careless? Certainly those few drinks he'd had with the boys had nothing to do with it. He was in full command of himself—thinking and seeing as straight as a stick. Oh, well, no use to worry about it. Anyone was liable to forget a little thing like taking off a brake once in a lifetime.

The occupants of a car going the opposite way shrieked at him. Mr. Plimley took no notice. Then another lot did the same thing. Mr. Plimley frowned. What was the matter with the idiots? Probably had a couple of shots of booze and didn't know how to carry it decently. The poor fish. He stepped a little harder on the gas.

Still another voice yelled at him from a car that whizzed by, and an outthrust arm pointed at him.

"Oh, shut up!" Mr. Plimley called back. "The crazy loons," he muttered. "They've all gone off their cans."

There was a red light at the crossroads just ahead and Mr. Plimley pulled up like the careful observer of regulations that he was. As he came to a standstill a huge traffic cop emerged from a tall narrow box on the street corner and strode slowly down the road.

"Trouble for someone," thought Mr. Plimley, looking behind. He was surprised to find no other cars there—nor were there any in front of him.

THE cop came on and eventually stopped by Mr. Plimley's sedan. He hunched his massive shoulders and shoved his head through the open window, resting his forearms heavily on the frame.

"Good evening, officer," said Mr. Plimley pleasantly.

"Listen, feller," said the cop, ignoring the salutation and thrusting forward half a yard of navy-blue chin, "maybe this reaper and binder of yours is like a cat and can see its way about in the dark, but the law don't allow you to cavort around that way. See?"

"What's the big idea? I don't get what you're driving at."

"Oh, you don't, don't you?" The officer glared and pulled out a pocket book and pencil. "Well—maybe if I was to give you one of these engraved invitations to attend a magistrate's morning tea party it'd help you to think a bit quicker. *Whazyourname?*"

"Oh, cut out the wisecracking and talk plain English," said Mr. Plimley, who was becoming angry. "What's wrong? What have I done?"

The officer held his pencil poised in the air and a smile of exasperation spread over his face.

"Listen," he said, "did you ever hear tell of some little dinguses called headlights? They're fitted on the front of all cars, and they're put there so pedestrians will have a sporting chance of getting away with their lives when absent-minded guys like you try to run 'em down. Now do you get me?"

"For Pete's sake!" Mr. Plimley exclaimed, reaching down quickly and switching on his lights. "Can you beat that! Gosh!"

"It's just too bad," said the cop, wagging his head from side to side. "And I s'pose you'll tell me now you never done such a thing before, eh? Go on—tell me the old story."

Mr. Plimley was seething with rage, yet he held himself in check. Nothing ever was gained by arguing with these fellows, and he didn't want the annoyance of having

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

An Unusual Program for 1930!

COMPACT size and ease in handling are sales factors of ever increasing importance, especially in metropolitan markets.

January 12th, 1929, LIBERTY acted on this demand and went to the newsstands in a more popular reading size.

In 63 days the weekly sale increased over 500,000 net paid copies, giving LIBERTY a total circulation in excess of 2,000,000.

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This is an increase of a quarter of a million in circulation, but . . . . . .

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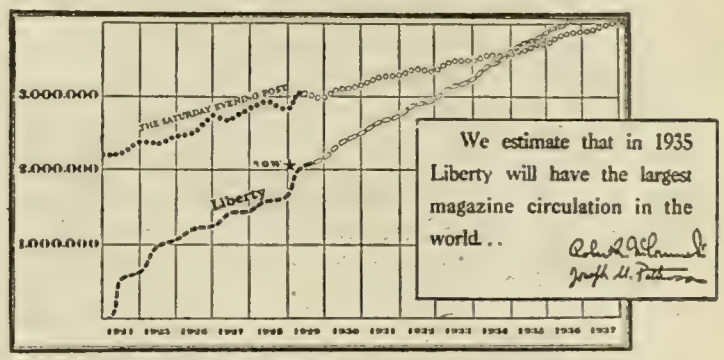

2. There will be no increase in advertising rates.

3. Contracts for all of 1930 are now acceptable on the above basis.

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LIBERTY

A Weekly for Everybody

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[CHICAGO]

The 25-story Allerton House (Chicago) is now equipped throughout with RCA Centralized Radio.

In each of the 1000 living rooms there is an RCA Loudspeaker connected with the central receiving apparatus, which picks up four radio broadcast programs simultaneously from the special antenna system on the roof.

By turning a switch on the loudspeaker panel set in the wall, the guest may choose whichever program he prefers, and turn instantly from one program to another.

RCA Centralized Radio is being adopted by hotel and apartment house builders as necessary equipment in modern residence construction. It is available in two principal forms:

1. A single antenna connected with a distribution system to individual radio receivers in rooms throughout the building.

2. Centralized Radio receiving equipment to distribute broadcast programs to loudspeakers in as many as 3000 rooms.

Descriptive pamphlets of these two systems and of the special apparatus designed for them, are available for architects, builders and building owners.

The Engineering Products Division, Radio-Victor Corporation of America, at any District Office named below, will answer inquiries, and prepare plans and estimates for installations of any kind.

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[HAPPY DAY Continued from page thirty-four]

to go to court if he could get out of it.

"To tell the truth," he said quietly, "I've been driving a car for something like fifteen years and this is the first time I've run into trouble of this kind. My name's Henry Plimley and I'm pretty well known around here."

The officer had heard of him. He thought for a moment, then withdrew his head.

"Well, get along," he said, pointing up the road with a thumb the size of a healthy Idaho potato, "and be more careful next time."

"Have a cigar," said Mr. Plimley, proffering one.

"No, thanks."

"Go on—take a couple," Henry Plimley urged, pulling a handful from an inside pocket.

The officer reached out and took them all. He was laying them carefully inside his cap as Mr. Plimley drove away.

For the next ten minutes Mr. Plimley drove with extreme care. He was a little shaken. First there had been that emergency-brake business, then the headlights. Hang it! What was he thinking about? He didn't usually do fool things like that. And it wasn't as if he were lit—he knew he was perfectly all right. Had a few drinks—but not more than he could carry.

THEN his thoughts reverted to the great round of golf he had played that afternoon. Again he saw himself fighting it out with Bobby Jones in a match that would make the game's history. And after that—of course, this was looking forward quite a long way—he might go across to England and take a crack at the Amateur and Open there. What a time they'd have on the boat—himself, Farrell, Mehlhorn, Hagen, von Elm, Sarazen, Tommy Armour, and the rest of them. He supposed they were a good bunch. A yawn escaped him. He felt a bit sleepy—but happier than he had been in years.

Turning into the street on which he lived, Mr. Plimley was jerked rudely out of his pleasant daydreaming by an ear-splitting crash and the feeling of having been hit in the face by a battleship and then flung over a precipice. He scrambled up from the floor and got out, half dazed.

It was several seconds before he could pull himself together sufficiently to make out just what had happened. Then he saw that one of his front wheels was up on the sidewalk and a lamp-post had mysteriously sprung up between the fender and the bonnet.

"Great grief!" he exclaimed weakly. And in the next breath he inquired of the world at large what it knew about that. Receiving no reply—the neighborhood was deserted—he gazed ruefully at the mess before him, and pondered. How in the name of anything and everything had the car got up there? He could have sworn he had left all of a couple of feet between himself and the curb when making that turn.

Next Week

SO FEW DAYS LEFT

A Story of Marriage

By

FRANK R. ADAMS

ALSO

A Circus Romance called

THE SAWDUST PSYCHIC

By

Guy Gilpatric

OH, well—it was no use standing there. He got back, started up the engine, and put her in reverse. The rear wheels flew around at 1,000 miles an hour, throwing sparks in every direction, but the car would not budge. He tried again and again. No good. At length he climbed out and conducted an examination which showed conclusively that the post was held by the car in an everlasting, overlapping, interlocking grip that only dynamite or a wrecking crew could cope with. There was nothing for it but to go home and telephone to the garage.

It was only two blocks to Mr. Plimley's house. He started off. Pity about the car. But it couldn't be helped—accidents would happen. He dismissed the annoyance from his mind and dwelt with pleasurable anticipation on telling his wife and family of the brand of golf he'd played that afternoon. Wouldn't it just make them sit up and take a little notice!

Having gone no more than twenty paces, he halted abruptly and blinked his eyes. What was this strange feeling of giddiness that had suddenly come over him? The sidewalk seemed to pitch and roll like a ship at sea. And those trees. They appeared to be jigging about like children playing hopscotch. But they couldn't be—must be some sort of optical illusion.

Perhaps he had picked up a chill after coming out of that hot locker room—might even be a touch of flu. Everybody was getting it. He hoped it wasn't something that would prevent his playing again tomorrow. That'd be an awful blow. Oh, no, it couldn't be anything serious. Except for a certain drowsiness he'd never felt better in his life. He pushed on. One moment he felt as though he were running, the next it was like doing an imitation of a slow-motion movie. Funny sensation. He smiled.

Entering his front gate, Mr. Plimley saw that the light over the front porch had been switched on. He was glad to get home. In a few seconds he'd be telling his wife and Junior and Virginia about his golf—and receiving their congratulations. Looking up at the porch light again, he was reminded of a ballad—a thing he used to sing in his adolescent days. How did it go? Oh, yes. He filled his lungs and burst loudly into song:

I need no sta-a-a-a-r in Heav'n to guide me,
I need no—

Then, as if in punishment for boasting, he stepped on the edge of a large flowerpot containing a noble hydrangea in full bloom. The singing ceased as though his voice had been chopped off with a sharp carving knife; his feet pounded the cement walk in his mad efforts to recover equilibrium. He put up a brave tussle, waving his arms about and doing most amazing things with his legs. Finally, spent and panting, he pitched forward at full length—and lay there with his face buried in the hydrangea.

Immediately the front door was flung open, and Mrs. Plimley, alarmed by the recent ribald singing and subsequent racket, came forth. On her heels followed the almost grown-up Plimley progeny.

"WHY, Henry!" cried Mrs. Plimley, running down the steps. "What are you doing there? Did you fall?"

The bulky form embracing the flowerpot made no reply.

"Come, now! Get up from there at once!" said the boss of the Plimley ménage. "You'll ruin that new golf suit lying there like that."

"Don't nag him, mom," piped Junior, looking down at his father from whose ears hydrangea blossoms seemingly sprouted. "Perhaps he's playing at being the Queen of the May."

Virginia tittered.

"Be quiet!" Mrs. Plimley snapped.

Mr. Plimley's arms and legs suddenly became active. He looked as though he were doing a powerful breast stroke through rough water, but actually he was trying to get up.

"Now he thinks he's swimming the channel," said Virginia.

"Don't be funny," Mrs. Plimley pleaded. "Here—both of you—help me to get your father up from there. Whatever would the neighbors—?"

After much staggering and straining on the part of his rescuers Mr. Plimley was raised to a standing position.

"Great news!" he said, beaming on them and swaying. "I did it!"

"Did what?" they asked in chorus.

"I did it today," he explained, flinging up a triumphant arm.

Mrs. Plimley clucked.

"For pity's sake, Henry! Did what?" she asked.

"*Broke a hundred!*" he announced. "*Whoopeeeeee!*"

The Amateur and Open champion-to-be was led indoors and laid to rest.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 30

1—Canada.
2—Female warriors, in Greek mythology, with whom the Greeks frequently warred.
3—The Gregorian calendar.
4—Mont Blanc.
5—John Rolfe.
6—The Lord's Prayer.
7—James Buchanan.
8—Egbert, from 827 to 839.
9—Minneapolis and St. Paul.
10—Cleopatra, in Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra.
11—In Upper Bavaria, Germany; the Passion Play is performed there every ten years.
12—At Appomattox, Virginia.
13—Nathan Hale's.
14—Nearsightedness.
15—Emilio Aguinaldo.
16—Hygeia.
17—Vast treeless plains of South America, especially in Argentina.
18—Mecca.
19—Everywhere epidemic.
20—I have found it.

A *cooler* smoke in a *drier* pipe!

Facts for Pipe Smokers:

An old tobacco secret re-discovered — Wellman's 1870 Method — that mellows and sweetens tobacco as nothing else can.

A different cut — "rough cut", it is called — that makes tobacco burn slower and therefore smoke *cooler.*

A new package, less bulky, more convenient — soft foil instead of costly tin, making possible a quality pipe tobacco at 10 cents.

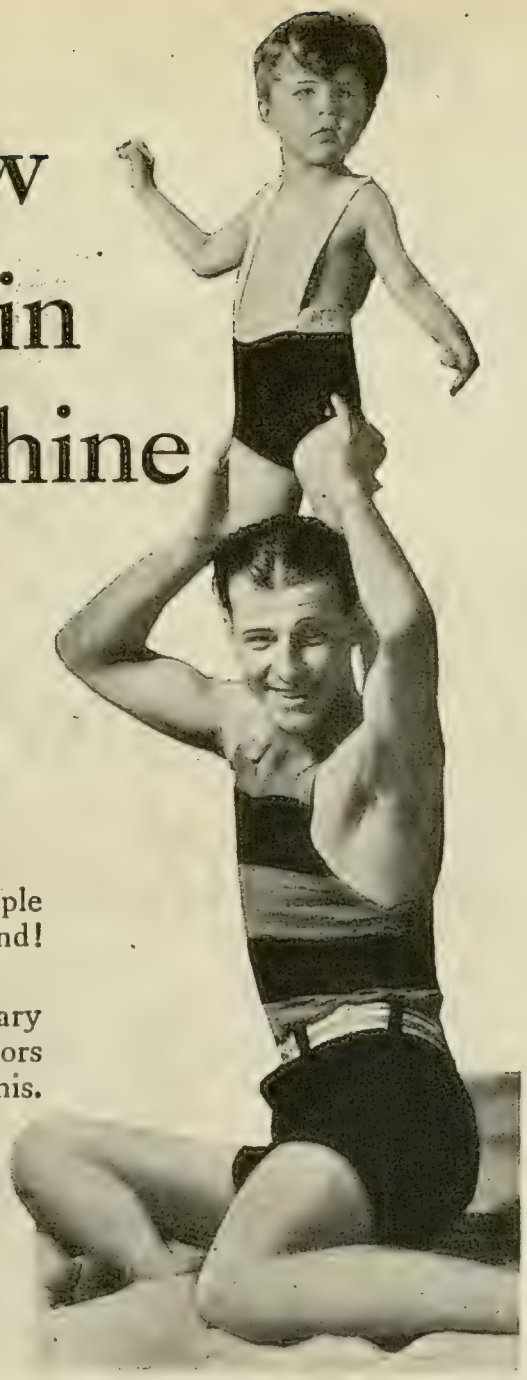
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY

Granger ROUGH CUT

IN MORE PIPES EVERY DAY!

Grow strong in the sunshine

but beware sickening Sunburn



Take no chances with ineffective lotions —or other cosmetics with no healing power. Sunburn is serious.

BROWN, happy people basking on the hot sand! Be one of them!

The sun is vitally necessary for healthy bodies; all doctors nowadays will tell you this.

But, *too much* sun is extremely dangerous for small children—and for grown-ups.

Like any other burn, sunburn kills the living cells on the surface of the skin. Poisonous waste products from this destroyed skin area are borne swiftly through the system, causing a high fever, weakness, nervousness.

At the first sign of redness apply plenty of Unguentine, the famous *antiseptic* surgical dressing used in 8 out of 10 hospitals for all burns. Better still, apply Unguentine before you go out into the sun. It permits the beneficial ultra-violet rays to tone up your body while surely preventing them from penetrating too quickly and deeply.

Get a tube of Unguentine today, and have it ready. Take it to the beach and on your vacation. Keep a tube in your automobile. At your druggist's, 50¢. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canadian address: 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Unguentine's soothing, antiseptic oils penetrate the burned tissues, stop the terrible burning.

Norwich
MAKERS OF UNGUENTINE

Unguentine

The Milky Way

A New For the Love o' Lil

IT was seven minutes before 8 A. M. The chopped ice in the orange juice tinkled like far-away bells on a mountain. The odor of hot raisin rolls was wafted from the kitchen. And mounds of sugared blackberries awaited rivers of cream in Lil's new Raffaelesque fruit dishes.

"Breakfast is served, dear!" she called, tapping taps on the dining-room chimes. "Bring down my purse. It's under the pile of stockings on the sewing machine. And you might bring a hammer and one tack. The stair runner is loose in one place." Then she played taps again.

This week's cover picture.

Sandy knew that tune, but he didn't see what it had to do with breakfast. He was counting out stiff collars. It was Thursday. He always did up a neat cylinder on Thursdays and dangled it from one finger joint until he reached Woo Woo Wang's laundry.

"I forgot your purse and the hammer and tack," he told Lil, kissing her so she wouldn't feel peeved, "but here I am. Where's the baby? Oh, I see him. Peekaboo!"

"Lift him into his chair," Lil said. "Don't bump his head. You might put on his bib for me."

Lil felt like being waited upon. She was sleepy. Cats at 3 A. M., sparrows fighting at 4, milkman rattling bottles at 5, baby crying for zwieback at 6, and the alarm clock at 7.

"Pretty dishes," Sandy said with his mouth full of blackberries. "They look like a still-life painting."

"Those dishes are Raffaelesque," she smiled.

Raffaelesque sounded like a violin selection to Sandy.

"Oh, horrors!" Lil cried, reaching under the baby's tongue to pull out something. "There's my sideboard key."

"He's quite a little prestidigitator," Sandy said, wondering if his wife knew what that long word meant. She didn't. She thought it was a person who stirred up the Reds.

The egg order was the same as usual. Two for Mr. Jenkins, fried. One for Mrs. Jenkins, fried. Whenever little Ulysses cried he was handed a crust of toast.

"Read me about that triple suicide," Lil said, dabbing at the baby's chin. "Who do they think killed herself first? The toe dancer, the cigar manufacturer's wife, or the waitress?"

"I can't see why three women would kill themselves at the same party," Sandy told her, swhooping his coffee. "But the cops found twenty-seven whisky bottles."

"Well, that doesn't pop any corks with me, dear," Lil said. "I have fifty-three jelly jars in my cellar and that doesn't mean we had the whole supply last night at dinner."

"They all wore pearls and left notes scrawled on the tablecloth," he gleaned from the newspaper.

"Don't read any more," she begged. "Buy a tabloid and save your eyes. But bring it home tonight. I'd like to see which way the arrow points."

"Aaaaaah-aaaaah!" the baby yelled, pounding with his cereal spoon. "Aaaaaah-aaaaaah!"

"How darling!" Lil smiled, "He said 'mama.'"

"It sounded like 'papa' to me," Sandy told her proudly.

"*Oh!*" Lil shrieked. "*My fifty-dollar negligee!*"

In the oppressive calm that always precedes a bellowed oath, Sandy glanced at his elbow. Good night! In the middle of a squirting white mess, if his brat of a son wasn't splash-splash-splashing in his favorite Milky Way!

(Next week's cover adventure:
"It hurts me more than it hurts you.")

EACH decade brings new customs to make the old seem clumsy, strange. At present we do just about as we please.

Keeping Up With ETIQUETTE

A Glance Over Changes in Good Form Since 1919

By HELEN HATHAWAY

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

OUR mode of doing things has changed so radically in the past decade that if a belle of 1919 should waken from a ten years' sleep she would find herself no longer the criterion of social conduct. Society would think her out of date and she would think society rude.

Suppose she were invited to visit a friend at a fashionable country home. Her hostess would state explicitly just when she wanted her to arrive and just when she wanted her to leave. This is not rudeness; it is politeness. The invitation might read like this:

"Come if you can Friday on the 4:30 train and plan to stay until Monday morning. There is a good train for the city at 10:30 that will get you home in time for luncheon."

The old-time visit of indefinite length, an endurance test to both hostess and guest, happily is obsolete. No longer does one stay until both hostess and guest are tired of each other. The guest takes the train specified by her hostess whether it rains or shines.

Ten years ago the prospective guest would have been insulted had she found a suggestion like this in the invitation:

"As for clothes, remember this is the country and we dress quite simply here. But be sure to bring an evening dress; we'll be dancing at the club; and Saturday afternoon I'm giving a tea to show you off to my friends."

Formerly, the guest's choice of wardrobe was left to her own instinct. Only her conscience could be her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KEEPING UP WITH ETIQUETTE
Continued from page thirty-nine]

guide; hence, invariably she brought the wrong things. Oh, the agonies we all have suffered when our social "hunch" played us false and we sat blushing in the corner, the only one present in evening clothes—or the only one present without them.

Happily, today it is good manners for all doubts on this point to be cleared. If the hostess does not volunteer information, it is quite proper for the guest to ask:

"Shall I dress, or not?"

No longer does the hostess feel obliged to meet her guest at the station. She may send a member of the family in her place, or she may send only the chauffeur. Or she may write:

"It may be impossible for me to meet you; if so, just take a taxi to the house."

What is more, when the guest arrives at the door, her hostess may not even be at home. She may be out shopping or at a club meeting or fetching little Mary from school.

If this had occurred ten years ago, the guest would have been astonished and angry. "Never was I so insulted, my dear! I felt as though I were not expected!" would have been her comment at home. But today it is perfectly proper. Hostesses are busy women; when the guest arrives they do not let her disrupt their schedule. Nor would the guest wish to do this. It is better all around.

A servant may show the guest to her room. He says, "Dinner is at seven, madame," and he may add, "Tea is now being served in the library."

If this is a very fashionable household and she is a very fashionable guest, she keeps on her hat when she descends to tea, as at any formal afternoon function.

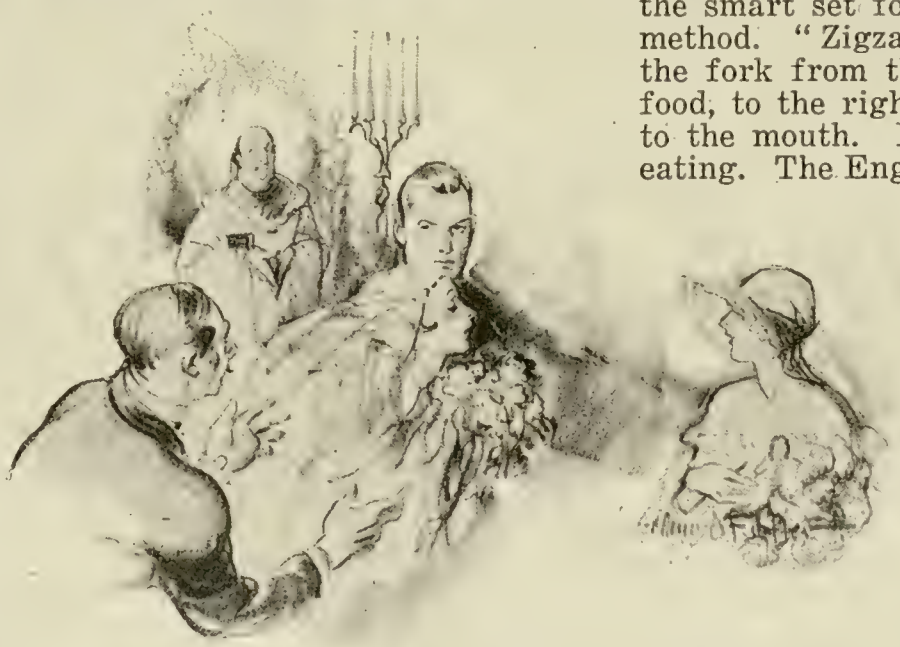
Freedom for both hostess and guest is the keynote of the visit. The guest is told of the plans for the day. She has her choice among golf and tennis, ordering the car for a morning drive, or playing a hand or two of bridge. There may be equal latitude in the plans for the afternoon. The hostess on a great country estate is a kind of social hotel keeper; her guests are her *de luxe* patrons, free to do as they choose. They may even, the night before, order a breakfast tray sent to their rooms, choosing the menu themselves, or they may come downstairs to the buffet breakfast, a movable feast at which the hostess may not be present.

THE guest rooms in a home of this kind are models of beauty and comfort, equipped with everything from reading lamps, novels, and cigarettes to such small necessaries as tooth paste. Pink linen sheets adorn the beds, or they may be pale blue, green, or yellow to harmonize with the color scheme—as great an innovation as they are an extravagance. Where ten years ago they would have been bad taste they are now an accepted mode.

In leaving after a visit of this kind the guest must not forget to tip the servants. Nowadays they expect it; it is an established custom.

The hostess bids her guest good-by at the door, but it is the chauffeur who drives her to the train. The hostess is too busy for this detail, and the guest is in no wise offended. But one obligation remains unchanged—the bread-and-butter letter, though even guests who neglected this have been known to be asked again. However, to neglect it is to hazard one's popularity.

What about table manners? Our belle of 1919 would discover many changes here. We eat less food, we eat it more simply, and from a less elaborate table.



An invitation to a wedding is no longer a permit to kiss the bride.

Before the war the perfect table invariably had a gleaming white damask cloth, a treelike centerpiece of flowers, shaded candles, a complete set of Haviland (every piece perfectly matching), and each cover a bewildering array of knives, forks, and spoons. One felt the hostess had made the greatest possible display of her dining-room equipment.

The perfect table since the war is quite as elegant but different. Two points distinguish it from the former one, simplicity and color. The cloth may be damask but it need not be white. More often it is delicately tinted in a soft pastel shade of rose, blue, green, yellow, or pale lavender with dishes and flowers to harmonize. Colored linen has found its way into our dining rooms as well as our bedrooms. Lace cloths are in great vogue today, and often the pattern is exquisite. The very last word in elegance is a piece of old brocade more like an altar cloth than a table cloth.

The centerpiece no longer obscures the guests' view of one another. It is low, even flat; it may be no more than a shallow bowl in which float a few blossoms.

EACH course is served on different china that is always colorful. Some use even colored pottery our mothers would have scorned for pantry use. Candles, too, are colored and are always unshaded. Even the water reflects the tints of the colored goblets in which it is served. The whole is a symphony of color that pleases the eye as well as the palate.

Flat silver is no longer arranged according to the whim of the hostess—a game in which the guest must guess which implement goes with which course. All hostesses now abide by one rule: *Spoons and knives to the right of the plate; forks to the left of the plate; and in the order in which they are used, working from the outside in toward the plate.*

Here is another rule: *Three deep of silver on either side, never more than this.* When additional silver is needed, it is brought in with its proper course.

The way we hold our knives and forks has also undergone a change. The generally accepted American way, sometimes called "zigzag eating," has been shelved by the smart set for the Continental or English method. "Zigzag eating" involves a shift of the fork from the left hand, for cutting the food, to the right hand for carrying the food to the mouth. It is a one-handed method of eating. The English method involves no transfer. The food is cut with the knife in the right hand and the fork, prongs down, in the left, and then, with the fork still in the left hand, it is carried to the mouth.

Either method is approved today by those who set our standards. The English is preferred by those who like to air their European experience. It is simpler, hence it is accepted, although formerly we held that two-handed eating smacked of the hired man.

The modern hostess has herself served first. Even the habitual diner out is grateful for an opportunity to observe how his hostess attacks a complicated dish or applies a sauce.

Recently a guest of honor found herself confronted during the soup course with a carafe of wine. What should she do with it? Her wineglass happened to be full, so she poured it in her soup. She is not sure that she was correct, but all the other guests followed her example. The hostess would have saved embarrassment by having herself served first.

No longer are all the women at the table served before the men. Guests are served in the order of sitting today, with no sex discrimination.

No longer do good manners demand that we leave a

morsel on the plate. The war taught us frugality; we may eat the last crumb if we like.

To serve butter at a formal dinner is passé—obsolete. The hot roll concealed in the dinner napkin has suffered the same eclipse.

Both a fork and a spoon are served with the dessert, a custom we have borrowed from England. Guests take their choice and use either or both.

Cigarettes are now passed between courses as well as after the meal, and to the women as well as to the men. Gone is the day when the head waiter in a fashionable restaurant approached the lady who was smoking with a severe "Sorry, madame, but we don't permit smoking here." Women's smoking is an accepted fact in cosmopolitan circles.

The hot roll concealed in the dinner napkin has gone out.

For after-dinner coffee guests retire to the drawing-room, a concession to the servants anxious to clear things off and get out.

As for the menus we serve today in our homes and in public places, Oscar of the Waldorf, America's most famous chef, says that our national appetite has decreased since the war from a stalled ox to a filet mignon. Dinners are simpler today. The most formal demand only five courses where once there were eight or ten; some hostesses serve only three.

BRIDGE is more popular than ever as an after-dinner pastime. Sparkling conversation has suffered an appalling decline. If after-dinner talk was at one time dry, now it is frankly wet. Toss a group of strangers together from the far corners of the land, grant them no one point of contact—and what do they talk about? Politics? Business? Literature? Art? They may touch on these subjects, perhaps, but it is in the bootlegger that they find a real common interest. Once he has entered the conversation even interest in the stock market flags. The shipment of liquor that has just arrived, the old prewar-time vintage, its cost, analysis, flavor—it is here they grow eloquent and genial. Though the bootlegger may be absent (or at least well disguised) he is the life of every party, he holds the center of the stage.

If dinner is followed by the theater, a definite effort is made to get there before the curtain rises. It is no longer fashionable to be late. Ten years ago it was *bourgeois* to be seen in one's opera box before the curtain rose on the second act. In that era the manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company received this unique request from a society dowager:

"Won't you please give a special performance of first acts alone? No one in New York has even seen them."

Today the most unpopular man in the theater is he who comes in late.

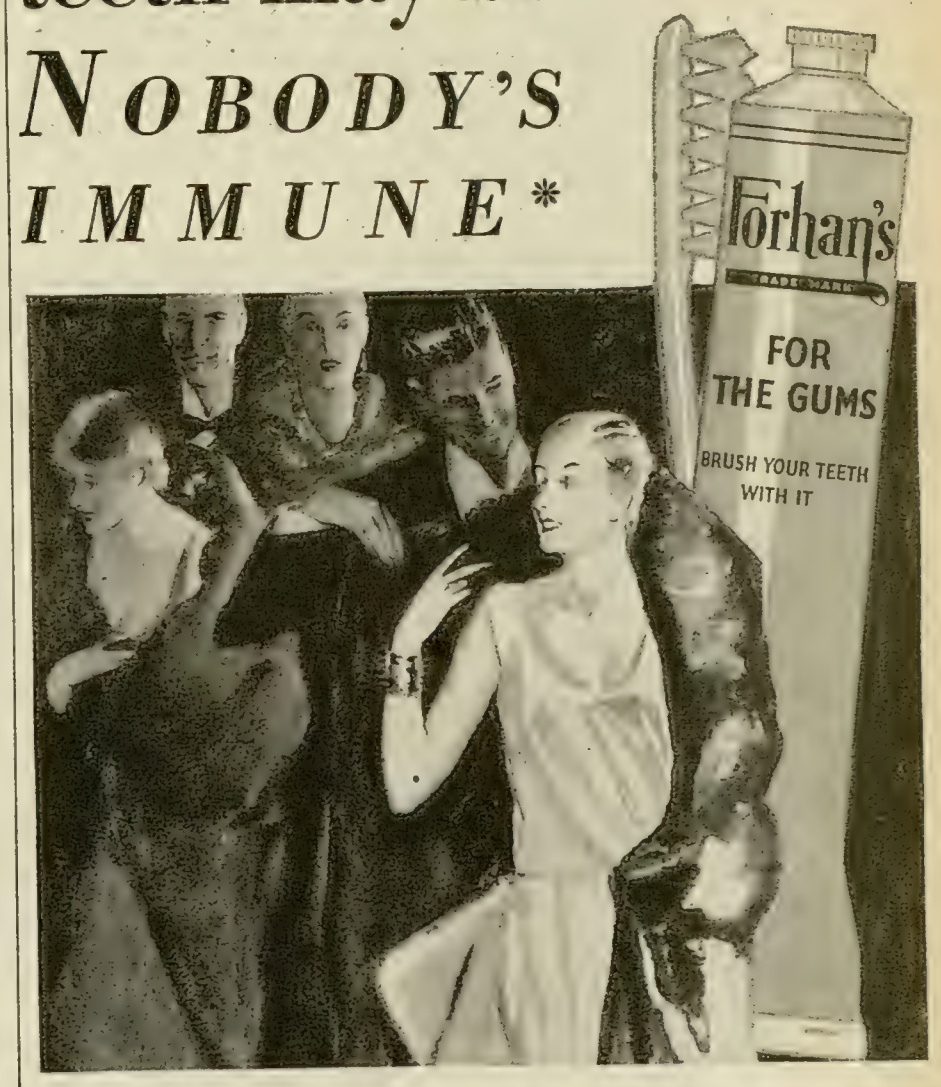
Women as well as men leave their seats between acts for a stroll and a smoke. Who would have dared this ten years ago?

Long white kid gloves have disappeared as completely as the chaperon, even for operas and weddings. Clothes for every occasion are more informal, save for this outstanding exception: men now wear "tails" for formal affairs. The tuxedo is on the wane. The psychology is simple: it has become too popular. This does not mean that "the well dressed man" wants to be more formal. He merely wants to be different. Everyone has a dinner jacket, but only the ultra-smart have full dress with its faultless appointments. Hence Beau Brummell wears "tails" on formal parade after the dead line of 6 o'clock.

Yes, etiquette is changing. Our manners are different today. That belle of 1919, roused from her ten years' sleep, would feel at home only at a large formal wedding.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

No matter how white teeth may be NOBODY'S IMMUNE*



***4 out of 5 While Caring for Teeth Neglect the Gums and Sacrifice Health to Pyorrhea**

DENTAL authorities tell us that in this super-civilized age of luxurious living and soft foods, proper care of the gums is as important as care of the teeth.

For when gums are neglected they cannot resist disease. They recede from the teeth which loosen in their sockets. Then Pyorrhea sets in. Its poisons ravage health and leave in their wake a trail of havoc . . . A needless sacrifice made by 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

Brush your teeth, of course. But also brush gums vigorously with Forhan's for the Gums. It safeguards teeth and health. It helps to firm gums and keep them sound. As you know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

When you have used Forhan's for a few days you will see an improvement in the appearance and health of the gums. Also you will note that this dentifrice cleans teeth and protects them against acids which cause decay.

Pay a semi-annual visit to your dentist. And start brushing teeth and gums with Forhan's regularly, morning and night. Teach your children this health habit. They'll thank you in later years. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes—35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums. Use it faithfully.

New... Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant *It's The Perfect Mouthwash.* It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it.

Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

[KEEPING UP WITH ETIQUETTE
Continued from page forty-one]

Most of us still get married in much the same old way. The wedding is the one pagan ceremony left us. Even those brides who shift the scene from the altar to the registrar's office still observe a few formalities. For instance, they send out engraved announcements.

Stationers agree that to be correct one must remove the tissue paper placed between the folded sheets. This difference also is noted by the meticulous bride: "Honor" is no longer spelled in the old English way. It is *honor* today, not *honour*.

When the bride's surname is not the same as that of the persons in whose name the invitation or announcement is issued, the prefix Miss precedes it and she uses her full name, not merely her Christian name. For example:

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith
have the honor to announce the marriage of their
daughter
Miss Mary Grace Brown (etc.)

This is one of many concessions etiquette has paid to the juggling of names which comes with divorce and remarriage.

An invitation to a wedding, by the way, is no longer a permit to kiss the bride. That rite disappeared with the word "obey." No one blames her in this germ-fearing age.

Even in this keen deprivation the guest finds compensations. He need no longer run the gamut of the long receiving line. Why? Because in all probability there is no such line. The bride has broken it up. She won't promise to obey; she won't be kissed; she won't stand in line. At certain fashionable weddings of the summer the bride and groom mingled with the guests as though they were of their number. Is it not pleasanter?

Even royalty is abandoning the grueling receiving line down which everyone must pass, to the boredom of all. Newspapers recently carried an account of a European court reception in which the rigid receiving line was conspicuous by its absence.

Formal engraved invitations have suffered an almost total eclipse. Only for weddings are they universally used. No longer need the hostess assume this expense for every formal function she gives. She may use her visiting card in its stead. Above her name she writes the occasion; in the lower left-hand corner, the date and the hour; in the lower right-hand corner, the address, if it is not already engraved there.

Invariably she adds R.s.v.p., a necessary precaution with the growing laxity of guests, remiss in their responses. To be meticulously correct she capitalizes only the "R"; the s. v. p. follow in small letters.

Gone is the headwaiter's severe "Sorry, madame, but we don't permit smoking."

STATIONERS rejoice that this new use has been found for the visiting card. For calling purposes it is disappearing. Once the social leader scattered her personal cards as freely as she scattered her smiles. Now they simply grow frayed in her purse. The supply which once lasted barely a month now serves for a year or more.

But when she orders them she is careful to observe a few new rules. She uses her full name, no initials. Although she is known as "Mrs. J. J. Smith," her card reads, "Mrs. John James Smith." And in her address "avenue" or "street" is engraved in full.

Formerly it was permissible for a widow to use on her card "Mrs. Mary Smith," but now it should still read "Mrs. John James Smith."

The divorcee engraves on her visiting card both her maiden and her married name. For instance, the former Mrs. Harold McCormick's card bears this name: Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick.

Formal calls are a thing of the past. In official Washington there is still an effort to make dinner calls, but in other communities only the very punctilious attempt to pay them. It remains, however, a nice courtesy which the hostess appreciates.

The old formal visit, where the ladies' cards were left from door to door in a fashionable neighborhood, is definitely a thing of the past. The exchange of greetings once made in this way is now done by the telephone. Even invitations are often issued by telephone today. Where formerly the stationer's bill was an appalling item on the social budget, now it is the telephone bill that soars when one starts to entertain. But this is such a time-saver, no one complains. If the hostess is too busy to telephone she relegates the duty to some member of her household, her secretary, her butler, her maid. Thus the invitation may be extended, acceptance or regrets promptly made, without an exchange of word or note between the hostess and guest.

EVEN travel etiquette has changed. This is conspicuous in travel clothes, which are much gayer than they used to be, and even more conspicuous in our baggage. Modern travel by motor and air, combined with the greater compactness of woman's dress, has produced a new phase in luggage requirements. Every woman's aim is to travel light and great strides have been made in hand luggage to satisfy her needs. Now that the air is conquered and airplane travel is an everyday occurrence (particularly in Europe, where all good Americans pass their vacations) small compact luggage is a necessity. To be smart it should match in fabric and color, with trunks and bags alike.

No longer is the traveler's luggage a pictured log of his route. Secretly he may be proud of the expensive nights he passed at those swanky hotels on the Nile, the Riviera, and Venice, but he would not mar his luggage by pasting on their labels.

The traveling dress is a bright sports frock where once it was a blue serge suit. First-cabin quarters of an ocean liner are like a dress parade. The woman traveler has much more freedom on shipboard than formerly. No longer are all the most interesting parts of the ship reserved strictly for men. No one is shocked today to see a woman in the smoking room and if she likes she may bet on the pool.

Tips have doubled if not trebled. The best that can be advised is: where once you gave a dime, give a quarter; where once a quarter, give fifty cents.

Today we even see nice women powdering their noses in public. The older generation still maintain it is the height of vulgarity to make any part of one's toilet outside of the privacy of one's boudoir. There is much to be said in favor of this conservative attitude. Nothing is more incongruous to good taste and fine sensibilities than to see a woman pull out her vanity case and bring her complexion up to date in full view of the public eye. Yet even while we deplore it, we must admit it's done.

But there is one thing that places a woman quite beyond the pale—to comb her bobbed hair in public. This we refuse to accept by any standard of manners.

Yes, etiquette is always changing. It is forever on the make. Each decade brings new customs, new modes of doing things to make the old seem clumsy, strange. Ten years more, and other manners will replace those in vogue today. Whether the trend will be toward those more brusque or more Chesterfieldian, it is not safe to prophesy.

THE END

MAN (answering phone): It's Lola Krunch. She says she's on another party and can she bring them over.

Show Girl in Hollywood

A New DIXIE DUGAN Adventure

By

J. P. McEVOY

Pictures by JOHN H. STRIEBEL

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT: Dixie Dugan, who went broke in Hollywood when Colossal failed to renew her movie contract, has decided to give a party to regain the limelight. Plans for the party were made by her sweetheart, Jimmy Doyle, a dialogue writer, after Dixie had attended a tea given by Hedda Natchova, a waning star of the film world. Hovering hopefully about Dixie are Fritz Buelow, Colossal director, and Mickey, a song writer; and, unknown to her, Jack Milton, a New York broker and former admirer, has gone to Hollywood on a proposed movie merger.

PART NINE—HOLLYWOOD PARTY

A Talking, Singing, Dancing Picture with Sound and Effects

We open with a LONG SHOT of apartment building. CAMERA TRUCKS UP to building; up wall for ten stories; and we DISSOLVE into the apartment of Dixie Dugan. It is a single room, modestly furnished, with a kitchenette and dining alcove opening off one side. CAMERA PICKS UP flowers on table and TRUCKS TO CLOSE-UP of portable Victrola playing You're the Cream in My Coffee (SOUND EFFECT). Through open door we get a LONG SHOT of Dixie Dugan preparing sandwiches and putting ginger-ale and White Rock bottles in the ice box. Motor of ice box starts (SOUND EFFECT), but over it we hear Dixie singing to Victrola accompaniment:

DIXIE *(singing):*

You're the fly in my coffee;
You're the tack in my shoe;
You will always be
My calamity.
I can do without you.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page forty-three]

You're the lumps in my oatmeal;
You're the thumb in my soup;

(Telephone rings.)

Even worse to me—

Hello?

What a curse to me—

What? Hello!

CLOSE-UP of Dixie at telephone. We hear not only Dixie's side of the conversation, but the strident mechanical noise of the voice in her receiver. Victrola continues to play under conversation:

Gee, that's too bad.

(W-a-a-a W-a-a-a W-a-a-a.)

But I counted on you so.

(W-a-a-a W-a-a-a W-a-a-a Waaaaa W-a-a-a Waaaaa.)

All right. I'll give you a rain check and you can come some other time.

(W-a-a-a W-a-a-a W-a-a-a W-a-a-a W-a-a-a Waaaaaa.)

Gee, that'll be swell. Sure! Go ahead and bring your party over later tonight.

(W-a-a-a W-a-a-a.)

Okay. 'By!

Hangs up; doorbell rings. Dixie opens door and is greeted by half a dozen guests—her first arrivals. Confused greetings: cries of hello; how are you; well, well, well; where's the drinks, as girls and men remove their wraps and follow her into kitchenette.

CLOSE-UP of ice box, DISSOLVING into kaleidoscopic shot of hands opening ginger-ale bottles, pouring liquor into glasses. Clinking six highballs together, three black sleeves, three white arms against background of round kitchen clock showing 9 o'clock.

We DISSOLVE into office of Max Shamus, a producer on the Colossal lot. He is best described by his contemporaries, who assert that if his nose were filled with nickels he could retire for life. He is presiding over an earth-shaking conference on Sinning Lovers. Lying on the couch is the great German director, Karl von Krankenhaus. Sitting on the radiator is the great Swedish trick photographer, Gustaf Axelson. Pacing up and down is the great French actor, Pierre Lapin. Brooding at the window is the great Polish sound technician, Jan Pomorski. Sitting on the edge of a straight-backed chair is the completely bewildered American playwright, Jimmy Doyle. Max Shamus is speaking in his general direction:

SHAMUS: Colossal has decided to make Sinning Lovers into the great American superepic of all the ages. *(To the others.)* Nicht wahr?

VON KRANKENHAUS: Ja wohl.

LAPIN: Mais oui.

SHAMUS: So to make sure, we have taken all the Americans off the picture except you. Where are you from?

DOYLE: New York.

SHAMUS: That's all right. You will work with Von Krankenhaus. He does the story; puts the epic in it. And the motifications, too. Then you'll make it into dialogue.

JIMMY: English?

SHAMUS: No, American. I told you this is going to be the big American superepic.

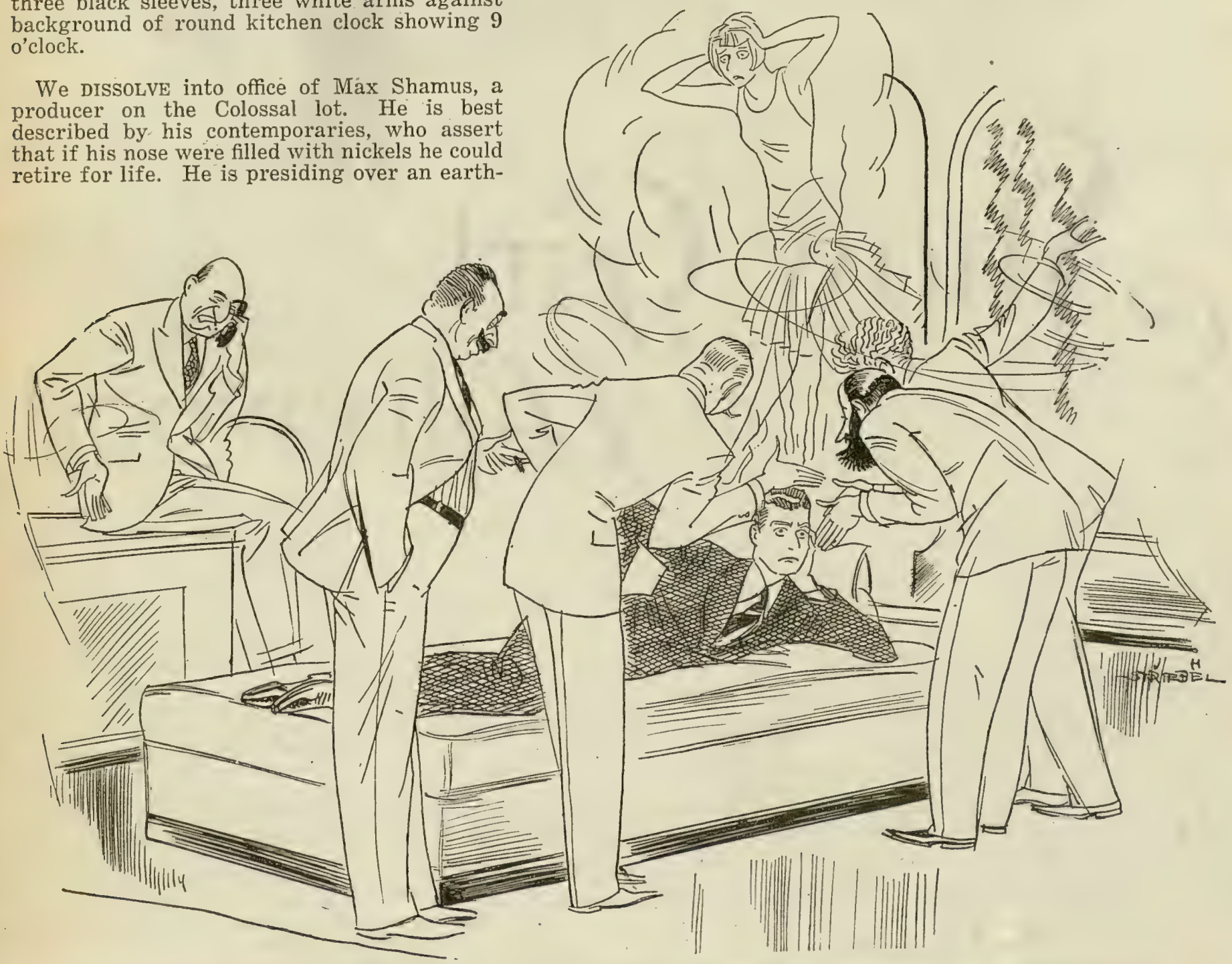
VON KRANKENHAUS: Aber mit klang.

SHAMUS: Sure, klang—lots of klang.

JIMMY: Do I write the klang, too?

LAPIN: Il est nécessaire que j'ai un rôle dans lequel je puisse être délicat, léger et heureux.

SHAMUS *(to Jimmy)*: Lapin has lots of fastidicality. You want to work it in.



Conference in Max Shamus' office: Shamus at the telephone, speaking heatedly; Jimmy lying on the couch; and around him, gesticulating violently, are Krankenhaus, Pomorski, Lapin, and Axelson.

AXELSON *(sonorously):* De stora byggnaderna— Vi måste få med de stora husen ock broarne!

POMORSKI *(excited):* Gdy byłem w Warszawie, zrobiłem film.

JIMMY: I wonder if I could telephone?

SHAMUS: And disturb this important conference just when we're getting somewhere? Certainly not!

A door flies open and uniformed attendant dashes in with official-looking communication. All gather around as Shamus opens envelope. They read (CLOSE-UP).

COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION
Inter-Office Communication

TO ALL DEPARTMENTS *November 14.*

The mailing room has been changed from M-11 in the Administration building to Room 134, building F, street S.
PETER SCHMILICK.

. . . . .

We DISSOLVE to clock in Dixie's kitchenette. It is 11 o'clock. CAMERA TRUCKS BACK to a LONG SHOT of kitchenette. It is crowded with men and women—some in evening dress, some in sports costume. The table and sink are overflowing with bottles, empty and otherwise. CAMERA PANS around kitchenette into living room, also completely jammed with drinkers standing, sitting, leaning, and lying. Through the hubbub of talking, laughing, and singing we hear the Victrola and the telephone and the doorbell. Dixie is standing near the telephone shouting to girl in pink nightie holding hot-water bottle next to her stomach.

MAN *(answering phone):* Hello! . . . What? . . . Yes, wait a minute. *(To Dixie.)* It's Lola Krunch. She says she's on another party and can she bring them over.

DIXIE: Sure! Why not?

MAN *(to phone):* She says, sure! Why not? And if you know of any other parties, bring them along. *(Hangs up.)* Doorbell rings. Door is opened and a party of ten or twelve crowd in, waving hands to everybody. Cries of hello, hello, where's the drinks?

DIXIE *(to Pink Nightie):* What's the matter with your tum-tum?

PINK NIGHTIE: Gee, I don't know. I wanted to stay in bed, but Bill called up and said I had to come over to his party. I told him I wasn't dressed, and he said come as you are. So this is how I was, and then when I got over there he says, come on, we're all going over to Dixie's, and we did. Who are you?

DIXIE: Why, I'm Dixie.

PINK NIGHTIE: Whose party is this?

DIXIE: Mine, or at least it started out to be. I don't know hardly any of these people.

PINK NIGHTIE: You're lucky. But maybe we'll all go somewhere else pretty soon. Hey, there, you in the puttees! Fill this hot-water bottle again for me, will you? No, not gin, hot water. Yes, I know, I'm funny that way. *(Telephone rings.)*

DIXIE *(on phone):* Hello, hello! Is this you, Jimmy? . . . No? Oh, dam! . . . Oh, hello, Mickey—yes, come on over. . . . Who? . . . Sure, bring Buelow with you—and Chiquita, too. Seen Jimmy? . . . Double dam! Wait till I see him, I'll tell him what I . . .

. . . . .

We DISSOLVE into conference in Max Shamus' office: Shamus at the telephone, speaking heatedly; Jimmy lying on the couch; and around him, gesticulating violently, are Krankenhaus, Pomorski, Lapin, and Axelson.

KRANKENHAUS: Als ich in Neu-Babelsberg war machte ich den Film "Ersatz fuer ewig" und ich hatte eine solche herrliche Szene—

JIMMY: Ja wohl. Sehr schoen.

POMORSKI: Ja przeciez nie mogę grać rolę miłosną w lokomotywie i równocześnie eliminować hałas maszyny.

LAPIN: Sans blague!

SHAMUS *(on the phone):* Well, seventy-five a case is plenty, and you can take it or leave it! How much for Bacardi? WHAT? Robber! *(Hangs up.)*

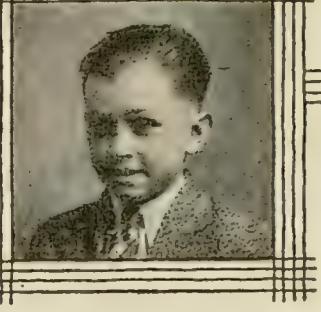
JIMMY: I've really got to telephone, Mr. Shamus.

SHAMUS *(chewing cigar silently for a moment):* I got it! Hedda Natchova! She's sympathetical. And

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BOYS!

. . . an easy way to make money during vacation time



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THEY regard this sudden apparition in underwear and silk hat in one petrified second of silence, and then there is a tremendous guffaw of raucous laughter.

[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page forty-five]

exotical, too. *(Pushes buzzer. Girl staggers in dead for sleep.)* Take a wire—Hedda Natchova, Beverly Hills. Report my office tomorrow. Have important part for you in new super-American epic, Sinning Lovers. Signed Shamus. *(Picks up phone.)* Wilshire 1074. *(To Jimmy.)* Don't forget, we gotta have lots of suspension in the picture—and pathetics. *(To phone.)* Hello, Quaker Box Lunch? . . . Let me talk to Mike. . . . Oh, hello, Mike. Shamus again—a case of Vermouth, too. *(Hangs up.)*

JIMMY *(desperately)*: Could I use the phone just a minute?

SHAMUS: My God, man, is this a conference or isn't it? *(Uniformed attendant dashes in again with official communication; this time on pink paper; hands it to Shamus; salutes; and exits. Conference pauses while all gather around to read it.* CLOSE-UP.)

COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION

Attention following executives and department heads:

MR. NEBBICK	MR. AXELSON	PROPERTY ROOM
MR. SHAMUS	MR. SCHMOOS	STAGE DOOR
MR. KIRK	MR. O'RILEY	RECORDING ROOM
MR. BABCOCK	MR. CAUCUS	MIKE—PROJECTION ROOM
MR. POMORSKI	MR. KRANKENHAUS	JACK " "

Test Scheduled for Thursday, 15th November—3 P. M.

SUSIE SLOTZ *(Ingenue)*

Test No. 2027
Requested by Mr. Shamus
Charge Love in a Fog
Cameraman: Mr. Schmoos
Sound Supervisor: Mr. O'Riley
Monitor Man: Mr. Caucus
Directed by Mr. Babcock
Sound and Silent—Stage C

PETER SCHMILICK.

THE ABOVE TEST HAS BEEN CANCELED

PETER SCHMILICK.

. . . . .

We DISSOLVE into succession of short, vivid shots showing Dixie's party has overflowed her tiny apartment.

SHOT of apartment building, lights blazing in the windows, radios and phonographs going in a mad blur of jazz.

SHOT of cars parked solid along curb both sides of the street in front of house and as far down the block as we can see.

SHOT of late-arriving parties pouring out of cars, dancing up the walk to apartment-house entrance.

SHOT of crowded elevators.

TRAVELING SHOT up stairway. CAMERA PICKS OUT couples parked on stairs and landings in various stages of amorous amusement. *(Caution here—CENSOR.)*

SHOT of hallway outside of Dixie's door, showing adjoining apartments and those across hall have been thrown open and party is circulating from one to the other.

FLASHES of dancing, love-making, fighting, drinking, laughing, yelling, screaming, crying.

CLOSE-UP of eastern author, weaving in front of mirror and haranguing himself as he gestures uncertainly with slopping highball.

AUTHOR: Lookit yu! Watchu doin' here in thish monkey cagsh—thish inellekshule shrility. *(Takes deep drink, spilling most of it, then speaks to himself in glass tenderly.)* Yu mush write book 'bout all thish—all thesh shilly peeble. *(Sags forward, rests elbows on dresser, and looks at himself with new interest. Makes face at himself.)* Yesh, you've got fine forred! Whoor yu? Where yu come frum? Where yu goin? Huh?— Thash big, big, big shought. Thesh shilly peeble don't shink—mush exposh 'em—flay 'em—shkurriate 'em—shilly foolsh! *(Head droops in arms, falls asleep.)*

We CUT to group in Dixie's apartment, including Dixie, Buelow, Chiquita, and Mickey. The rest of the party has mysteriously disappeared into the other apartments.

DIXIE: But I oughtn't to leave my own party.

MICKEY: Come on! They've left you already. They don't even know you're here. By this time they don't even know whose party it is.

DIXIE: But I never saw a party grow like this!

BUELOW: That is Hollywood. Parties just go on

joining up with other parties as long as they can find one. I started out with a little dinner party of six one night and wound up at five o'clock in the morning with two hundred and fifty. You'll like the one I'm taking you to.

DIXIE: Where is it?

BUELOW: Down at my beach house.

DIXIE: We won't be gone long, will we?

MICKEY: You should worry! This party will be going on until morning—it's only one o'clock.

BUELOW: We'll go in my car—I'll go find the chauffeur. Come on, Chiquita.

DIXIE: Oh, look, Mickey! There's Hedda Natchova. Hello, there, when did you come? I'm so glad!

HEDDA: I had a little party at my house, but somebody called up from here and said we were all invited over. That was sweet of you.

DIXIE *(recovering quickly):* Oh, sure, sure!

MICKEY: Come on, Dixie. We've gotta go.

DIXIE *(to Hedda):* 'By! I'm going out with Fritz Buelow, but I'll be back soon. Make yourself at home. The party's all over the building, but they'll be trooping back here. You won't be lonely.

HEDDA: I've got the blues tonight, Dixie. Parties always give me the blues.

DIXIE *(throws her arms around Hedda and kisses her impulsively):* Ah, don't be blue, Hedda! Cheer up! I'll see you soon. 'By. Hey, Mickey, wait for baby! *(Goes out, leaving Hedda alone in apartment. Hedda walks over to the window, and is standing there looking out over the city as we* FADE OUT.)

CUT TO bungalow on roof of Dixie's apartment building. Most of the party have joined another party up there. We CUT TO huge living room, showing everyone sitting in circle around room. The host, Charley Williams, famous director, has just succeeded in quieting down all the guests and is finishing instructions to them for a new game he has invented.

WILLIAMS: Now, remember! The whole success of this depends upon you being absolutely quiet, sitting perfectly still, and not making a sound. In a few moments the lights will go out, and when they come on again —well, you will see something.

VOICES: What? What will we see?

WILLIAMS: Never mind. You'll be surprised.

We CUT TO bedroom in wing of bungalow, and discover Jack Milton and two other men in evening dress.

FIRST MAN *(taking off coat, tie, and collar):* Come on, let's join the party. We're late as it is.

SECOND MAN *(removing coat and vest and taking off his shoes):* Come on, Milton, get ready!

MILTON *(frankly puzzled):* What are you doing? What's the idea?

FIRST MAN *(now in shirt sleeves; taking off shirt):* Well, you can't go down to the party like that—all dressed. We told you we were going to take you to a real Hollywood party, didn't we?

MILTON *(aghast):* But, my God, man, you don't mean—

SECOND MAN *(pulling off trousers):* Certainly! You don't think you're going in there with your clothes on, do you? Why, they'll think you're crazy.

FIRST MAN: Sure. This is a real party. Everyone in their B. V. Ds.

MILTON *(incredulous):* The girls, too?

SECOND MAN: Listen to him! I thought you came from New York? You sound more like Kenosha. Hurry up. Take 'em off!

MILTON *(gingerly removing coat):* But, listen, I never did anything like this before.

FIRST MAN *(in his B. V. Ds., carefully adjusting top hat):* There's lots of things you'll do out here you never did before. We're not asking you to do anything we wouldn't do ourselves, are we?

MILTON *(taking off shirt):* That's right, too. Well, I'll try anything once.

SECOND MAN *(also in B. V. Ds. and top hat):* That's the spirit. Stick with us and you'll have something to tell them back home. This is going to be some party.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD]
[Continued from page forty-seven]

MILTON *(woozily):* Well, I must have a lot of liquor aboard to be doing this.

FIRST MAN *(handing him flask):* You'd better take on some more if you're going to feel bad about it. *(Milton takes long pull from flask. Knock is heard on door.)*

VOICE *(outside):* Hey, hurry up, will you!

FIRST MAN *(putting Milton's topper on him and taking him by the arm):* Coming?

SECOND MAN *(taking other arm):* We'll walk in with you if you feel you need our moral support. Let's go! *(They open door and step out into dimly lighted hall.)*

We CUT BACK to Dixie's apartment. Hedda Natchova is discovered still standing forlornly at the window. Jimmy Doyle dashes in with his hat and coat on.

JIMMY *(breathlessly):* Hello! Where's Dixie? Have you seen Dixie anywhere?

HEDDA: Why, I don't know. They're all over the building.

JIMMY: Where could I find Dixie? I've been trying to get here all evening.

HEDDA: Let me think! I haven't seen her for quite a while. She was going out with somebody—with—er—let me see—who was it? Let me think, now.

JIMMY *(suspiciously):* Who? Where?

HEDDA: Oh, I know now. She told me she was going somewhere with Fritz Buelow.

JIMMY: Oh, Buelow? That dirty dog! Where did they go?

HEDDA: I don't know. She said she'd be back in just a little while. Maybe she's with the rest of the party somewhere in the building.

JIMMY: But what did she go away for? Why did she leave her own party?

HEDDA *(wearily):* I don't know. Why does anybody do anything? Why does anybody care what anybody does?

JIMMY *(stormily):* Well, I care!

HEDDA: It won't do you any good. Go and look for her. Maybe you'll find her and maybe you won't. And if you're wise, it won't make any difference. Wait a minute. Bring me a drink before you go, will you? You'll find it in the kitchenette. *(As Jimmy enters kitchenette he stands appalled by litter of empty bottles, soiled dishes, and cigarette butts.)*

We DISSOLVE into hallway just outside door of Charley Williams' living room in roof bungalow. Milton and his two friends, all in their B. V. Ds. and top hats, have paused just before opening door.

FIRST MAN: Here we are! Come on, let's go in!

Ten stories below they see something on the sidewalk—something terrible and still.

MILTON *(with bravado):* All right, let's go!

Second man opens door and together with his friend they push Milton into darkened living room, snap on the light, and close door quickly after him. Milton suddenly finds himself blinking in the middle of a brilliantly lighted living room. All around him, seated and standing, are the other guests, fully clothed. They regard this sudden apparition in underwear and silk hat in one petrified second of silence, and then, before Milton has a chance to take the situation in completely, there is a tremendous guffaw of raucous laughter. Shrieking, hysterical guests crowd around the poor playboy from the East as he struggles desperately to get to the door. He finally makes it and flees across the roof and dives down the first stairway, which brings him to the landing in front of Dixie's open door. He ducks in, pursued by all the guests, dashes into bathroom, slams door shut, and locks it from inside.

The crowd is baying outside the door like a pack of foxhounds, when

Williams appears on scene, together with Milton's two friends in their bathrobes. They succeed in coaxing Milton out of bathroom and getting most of the crowd to come back upstairs, all but a few of Dixie's original party, who have wandered into the kitchenette and busied themselves with the remains of the liquor.

Hedda has remained gloomily aloof from the excitement—party jokes are an old story to her. We hear voices laughing and talking in kitchenette, then Jimmy's voice:

JIMMY: Anyone seen Dixie upstairs?

GIRL: Didn't you know? Buelow's got her down in his beach house. Told her there was another party there. Ha! Ha!

SECOND GIRL: Well, if there wasn't, there will be. That Buelow guy works fast. Hey, Jimmy! Where you going?

JIMMY *(dashing out door):* I'll kill the son of a ——

GIRL *(going back to kitchenette):* Okay, big boy! *(Sees Hedda at window.)* Come on, Hedda. Have a drink!

HEDDA: No, I've had enough for one night. I'm through.

GIRL *(gayly):* Okay, grandma. *(Goes into kitchenette.)*

SECOND GIRL *(voice):* Let her alone, Joan. The old girl has got the yips.

THIRD GIRL *(voice):* They ought to have a home for these old dames, instead of letting them run around to parties like a lot of wet blankets.

MAN'S VOICE: Aw, Hedda's all right. Boy, what a knock-out she used to be.

SECOND GIRL *(laughing shrilly):* Used to be, is good. Well, I hope when I'm through I'll have sense enough to know it. Mud in your eye!

THIRD GIRL: Here's to hell! May the stay there be as gay as the way there.

CAMERA TRUCKS UP slowly to Hedda and registers her reactions to above conversation as she overhears it. We see her lips move and hear her repeating brokenly:

HEDDA: Used to be—what a knock-out I used to be!

Gazes out window. The distant electric sign comes closer, growing larger, spelling out HEDDA NATCHOVA. Closer—larger—and out of the darkness blooms the glowing façade of a theater with HEDDA NATCHOVA flashing over it in the sky. Huge colored spotlights are playing on the building and against the clouds. Red-plush ropes hold back the crowd waiting for her arrival. It is a grand premier night. She steps out of her limousine. A voice cries, "Hedda Natchova," and the crowd takes up her name with a roar.

Hedda is standing on the window sill, lost in the vision of her former greatness. The French windows open softly as she smiles and waves to her admirers. Radiant and happy, she steps forward to greet them. The vision vanishes. She screams as the sidewalk rushes up to meet her with tremendous speed.

A flash of red—blood red.

Then black!

FIRST GIRL *(enters from kitchenette and holds out extra highball):* Come on, Hedda. It'll do you good. *(Sees open window and stops. Screams.)* Hedda! Hedda! *(The rest of the party tumble out of kitchenette. All rush to window and look down. Ten stories below they see something on the sidewalk—something dark and shapeless—something terrible and still.)*

SLOW FADE-OUT.

And in the meantime Dixie has stepped into a new adventure at Buelow's house. What happens there—and what happens after it—will be told next week.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

She Got the Egg

A six-year-old daughter of a minister asked her mother if she might have an egg for breakfast one Sunday morning. Upon being told that there was only one egg and that her father must have that, as he had to preach, the child hesitated a moment, then replied: "But, mother, I have to listen to him preach."—L. K. Richardson, 645 West End Ave., New York, N. Y.

* * *

A Patient Rebuke

Jimmy, a doctor's son, loved to pretend he was his dad, visiting the sick, carrying his medicine case. One day, case in hand, he went out the door and started down the street, when his mother called him to come back and close the door. Reluctantly he returned, and his mother inquired:

"How's your patient today, Jimmy?"

"He died while I was coming back to close the door," said Jimmy.—Wayne Toyer, Box 127, Rupert, Idaho.

* * *

What They Always Call It

Eddie had received a mouth organ for his birthday, and could hardly wait for his father to come home to display it. He could make only noise on the instrument, and his father happened to be an expert player.

"Well, that's what I call beginner's luck," exclaimed Eddie, with a crestfallen expression, when he heard his father's playing.—Harry Lewis, 1344 Lunt Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Vox

Maybe. But How Do You Know About Cleopatra?

UNION, NEB.—Just read "We Aristocrats," by Harper Leech.

This great mentor who understands more than anyone else (pardon me while I discreetly turn aside, as my old-fashioned momma taught me to be considerate and polite) has at last told us what's what, and his remarks were so cryptic that no one knew what he meant, and therefore he will be admired. People love that. There was once a smarter guy than this Leech, but he died of sunstroke and asthma.

Mr. L. says leisure time is the salvation of the race. He points out Rome and says Cæsar would just love good old Chicago! Now wouldn't that freeze pop corn!

Well, Mr. Leech, don't you know that too much playtime *killed* Rome?

The road he praised is the road to Rome and to failure. Be modern—yes, but Cleopatra was modern—she could sin more effectively than our modern maidens.

An imbecile can go to prize fights and carouse and glory in the physical.

Let us profit by the mistakes of Rome and not go down the same alley.

Let's be different! Let's be modern and show intelligence and not so old-fashioned—and Roman—as Leech.—*J. L.*

One Man's Poison—

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Of all the moronic palaver I've read outside of a child's primer young Roosevelt's inane biography running in LIBERTY is the abysmal depth.

Like the Irishman's comment about the band playing interminable jazz, that, "when they finally get tuned up they may play some music," I, too, was hopeful that this "sapient son of a sapient sire" would finally say something in his articles.

Yet, through a half dozen installments, he is still sputtering baby talk. — *P. E. Perry.*

—Is Another Man's Meat

CRAIGVILLE, MASS. — That Vox Popper, J. P. Wilson, is all wet. Tell him to can the chatter on the Roosevelts. They are 100 per cent American and we would be greatly benefited if there were more families like them.

At times the average reader tires of stories of wine, woman, and song. Therefore a good story of a clean American family is a real joy.—*Ted Bill.*

Competition Sometimes Ends in Compromise

WICHITA, KAN.—If I was a Buddhist, instead of an Episcopalian, I would think you fellows were the incarnation of Washington, Pat Henry, Lee, John Hancock, etc., due to your recent editorials, "Prohibition Is a Religion" and "Sabbath Day."

The trouble is, the denominational churches are losing their hold on the masses because they have nothing to hold them with. Therefore, they are making one last grab for temporal power to compel the masses to think their way, and when church and state mix there is soon no church, as past history has shown us. But they are not broad-minded enough to realize it.

For instance, amusements must stop on Sunday because they come into competition with the churches.

That is the only reason. There is none other.—*I. V. Appleby.*

Good Night!

MIAMI, FLA.—In merely glancing at Michael Arlen's story, "O Chivalry," the following words fairly jumped at me: "At this club, a *little after noon one morning*, a man stood at the bar—" Perhaps he meant "A little after sunrise one dark night."—*R. B. C.*

Delight and Disappointment

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Please publish some more stories by Michael Arlen. His "O Chivalry" was wonderful!—*A Constant Reader.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Say, that story by "Mike" Arlen, "O Chivalry," started out great. It got me all worked up. That spirit-woman, half girl and half demon, was the cat's, all right.

But the end bumped me down with a thud. The Englishman, Byrrh, when he went into the room, only found a Cockney girl in bed, there because it was a put-up job. I thought he'd find at least the devil himself, all ready for him.—*Micky.*

Aw, Girls Will Be Girls

SEATTLE, WASH.—It seemed to me, after I'd read that article by Mary Brush Williams, called "After Me, My Dear Alice"; "After Me, My Dear Dolly," that the appropriate reaction to the whole situation was the remark of Alice's friends: "Why, Alice, what do you care who sits by whom all of a sudden?"

There is so much real work to be done in Washington that the whole quarrel seems trivial in the extreme. Tell the

two of them to kiss and make up. I want to see Alice and Dolly with their arms around each other, singing that old-time song: "Just Two Loving Girls Together."—*R. Maxwell.*

LAKEHURST, N. J.—It seems that your editor either was forced into—or in one of his weak moments he let someone talk him into—the idea of letting an article appear in LIBERTY pertaining to the Dolly Gann-Alice Longworth affair.

For crying out loud, can't you keep the news of petty spites for catty magazines? I would hate to see your magazine turn into a social titbit column. It does not deserve such an end.—*Charles Weisman.*

RIDGE SPRING, S. C.—I note in your issue of July 20 an article by Mary Brush Williams relative to the controversy as to who shall be the Second Lady—Mrs. Gann or Mrs. Longworth. It seems that the issue is to be decided at the Cabinet dinner this fall by the President. As it may embarrass the President to take either Mrs. Longworth or Mrs. Gann in to dinner, I would suggest that he take Mrs. De Priest, and settle this snobbishness.—*J. H. Hook.*

This Is Genius!

TULSA, OKLA.—Why not print your index on a suitable size paper, with top and left-hand edges gummed?

In this manner you could place the index where convenient, by using left-hand gummed edge.

For those particular about it, they could remove the index and, by using the top or remaining gummed edge, place it where they wished.—*W. J. Quinsler.*

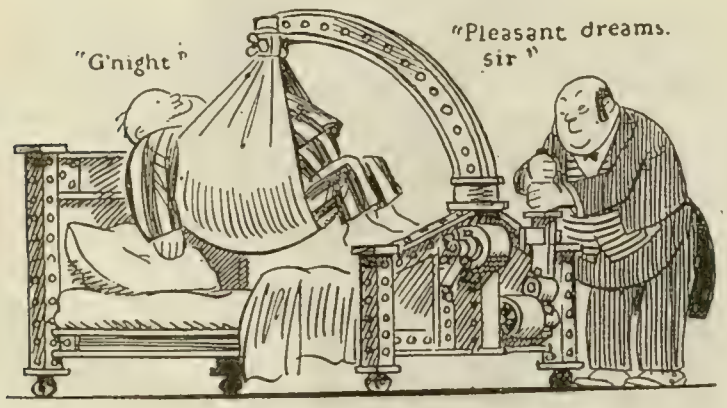
The Fat of the Land

NEW YORK, N. Y.—You have taken up three good pages of editorials in an attempt to solve the farm problem. And

Pop

to think that, all this time, I could have told you! The remedy is absurdly simple.

Let every inhabitant of this country eat an additional pound of food daily. This will amount to more than 100,000,000 pounds per day, or 365,000,000,000 pounds per year. In this way the demand for farm products will immediately increase by leaps and bounds.



Such consumption will tend to catch up with and, perhaps, exceed the supply of farm products.

Of course, one must not dwell too long upon the obvious fact that inhabitants of the nation will become large and exceedingly rotund, for that is a foregone conclusion.

Far from being a disadvantage, this rotundity will be advantageous in many ways. House and apartment builders will be forced to construct their cubicles to allow for the increased avoirdupois. Chairs, beds, and hammocks will have to be built stronger. No longer will tiny automobiles be the vogue, for all industrial America will be engaged in turning out its products on a grand scale to harmonize with the increased physical proportions of the populace.

Thus industry will be forced to use more material per person than ever before, in this way creating a lively market demand for almost every type of material in the United States.

Should you ever again desire a simple and masterful solving of any problem, even those concerning your mother-in-law, do not hesitate to call upon me. The slight mental labor will be gratuitous.—*C. Easton West.*

Erin Go Bragh

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—I see that Mr. P. T. Connelly, Cor. Secty., United Irish Societies of Long Island, had a letter in Vox Pop. In it he said, in part:

"Your publication . . . depicts an Irish wake, or funeral as it is written. If you think there is anything funny about it you may laugh.

"This silly and nonsensical article is illustrated by Bert Green. The picture is if possible more ridiculous than the article itself. . . .

"All the ridicule you direct at the race you had in mind at the time will be returned to you with interest in another way. This is one race you cannot defame and get away with it if the committee appointed does its duty as directed."

Let it be said right here and now that the majority of my friends are Irish and I love 'em all. If there's any race on this earth that is more original, and more spontaneous when it comes to satire and good humor, I want to know of it. Most of the professional people I know are Irish and they don't hesitate for a moment to tell a good joke on their own people. Anyone who is not narrow-minded takes the same viewpoint.

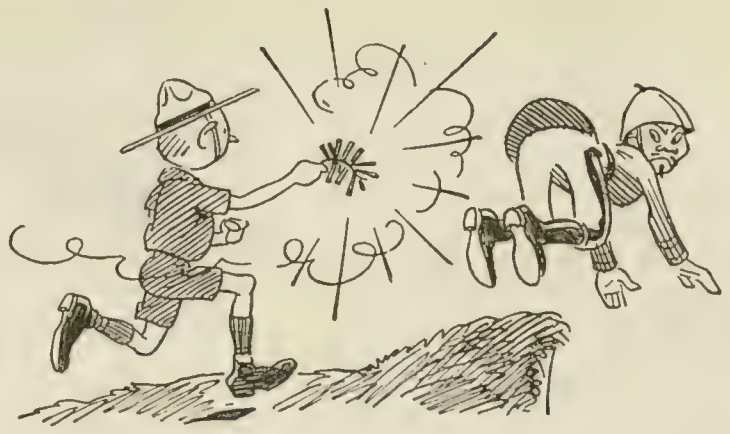
Furthermore, the bulk of the personal letters I receive from the public come from the Irish containing incidents about one another that are very amusing.

If the "Love Letters of an Interior Decorator" contained anything that was detrimental to the Irish, LIBERTY would not print them; neither would the letters in book form go into a third printing.

"If the committee appointed does its duty as directed" by Mr. Connelly, I will be more than pleased to invite him to my wake so that he may enjoy himself to his heart's content.—*Bert Green.*

They're Still Talking About Mr. Gibbons

STOCKTON, CALIF.—Tell Floyd Gibbons that, in my opinion, Karakhan would make an excellent general for a minor revolutionary disturbance down in Central America. Then, every month or two, the marines could be sent down



to play hide-and-go-seek, drop the handkerchief, or maybe a short game of tiddledywinks with him, just to be sociable and polite.

I'll bet a brand new silver dollar to a wooden nickel that I could give a squad of Boy Scouts a handful of firecrackers, and they'd chase him all the way from Mexico City into the chilly waters of Hudson Bay! The yellow races are a bunch of has-beens. If you think some Asiatic wop can whip the United States, you've taken a drink out of the glue bottle and your brains are stuck together. No foolin'! They're a bunch of human parrots!—*A Reader.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—After concluding a recent installment of "The Red Napoleon" I sighed: "Well, it's just fiction, anyway." Then I picked up the Sunday paper and—what's this? The headline: Vice-Commissar of Foreign Affairs Karakhan Delivers Ultimatum to Chinese Government.

Beat *that* if you can!—*A Liberty Fan.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—As a story, "The Red Napoleon" is probably one of the best I have read in this country. However, it has caused me considerable personal embarrassment because of the fact that all members of this club—The Baltimore Aëro Club—are readers of LIBERTY.

My worthy cousin, Major L. M. Karakhan, Vice-Commissar for Foreign Affairs and former Ambassador to China, has, I feel certain, a justifiable claim for Mr. Gibbons' head. I have not heard from him for several years now, but if his disposition has not changed greatly, I am of the opinion that he would appreciate an opportunity to wreak physical violence on Mr. Gibbons.

However, I can manage to endure the wisecracking remarks of my friends, so keep on giving us good stories!—*Lieutenant Casimir Karakhan.*

Help!

NEW BERN, N. C.—Most of us who invest five cents in LIBERTY every bath day feel that we are getting our money's worth. However, there's a lot of folks that just feel like you ain't peddling the right amount and type of literature.

Here's a list of topics that you will find it necessary to print a lot of information about in order to please all of those Matildas and Percivals of the National Society of Grouches:

1. Modern Dancing — its Cause and Cure.
2. Beauty Hints for the Well Dressed Man.
3. Why Checkers and Croquet Are Harmful to Minors.
4. How to Raise Poodles.
5. The Curse of Funny Papers.
6. The Evils of Root Beer.
7. How to Form a Gentlemen's Aid Society.
8. Should Santa Claus Smoke?—*J. Gaskill McDaniel.*

Can This Be Dumb Dora?

BOSTON, MASS.—Out of twelve mags, I read LIBERTY first. First after reading the eleven others.—*Dora.*

All *in the* Family

Some Memories of an American Home

By

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

TREASURES

The battered things that please the heart,
Though they may vex the eye.

THE trouble with most grown-ups is that they have forgotten so much. They have totally forgotten, for example, what toys are. They tend to think of them the way they would of a present for themselves; that is, something nice which they want, a book or lamp—nothing more nor less.

Of course this is all wrong. The principal attribute of toys is the black magic connected with them. With a toy it is not what is seen but what is imagined that counts. The monetary value has no bearing on the value set on it by the children. The sentimentalists who wail the sad fate of the little girl who has only a homemade rag doll are generally completely at fault. Time and again the little rich girl would gladly change her expensive French doll for the limp-limbed treasure of the little poor girl.

Children are animists and endow most of their possessions with vaguely surmised attributes. Almost all when they are little take toys to bed with them. When I was six years old I spent the night with a varied collection of objects. There were two small china elephants, which were exceptionally durable because they were sitting on their hind quarters with their legs against their bodies. These were named Buffy Bob and Trixie Wee, after characters in a story. Then there were a small wooden pail made out of cedar, an iron fireman, and a dozen more treasures of the same type.

It must have been a good deal like sleeping on rocks, but I cannot recall that I ever noticed it. In time they became so numerous that Mother made me a red flannel bag with white tape tie strings in which to keep them.

They had as real a magic significance as an assortment of oddities in a voodoo doctor's medicine bag. In the dark they protected me against "the ghoolies and ghosties, long-leggity beasties, and things that go bump in the night." Perhaps the most efficacious of them was a wooden pistol with a tin barrel that came to me stitched on a sheet of cardboard as a part of a soldier's uniform. The uniform disappeared, but the pistol remained as a great treasure.

One day Father arranged to take me away with him for my first visit. It was a delightful prospect, but there were difficulties. I could not carry my red flannel bag. It might be seen by unsympathetic people. Not only that, but I could not take the pistol, for it was so large I could not conceal it. After considerable thought I hit on a plan. I sawed off the pistol butt, drilled a hole through it, and tied it with a bit of string around my waist. This juju protected me thoroughly through the dark hours in the strange house.

My sister Alice when quite small was given a toy goat by one of her aunts.

© Underwood & Underwood

Who that ever saw him in action could fail to recognize, at sight, this stocky and strenuous figure as President Roosevelt's? The picture was taken as he acknowledged a salute from a yacht on Puget Sound.

Some months later the aunt came to the house and Sister was paraded at teatime. The aunt, to make conversation, inquired about her gift.

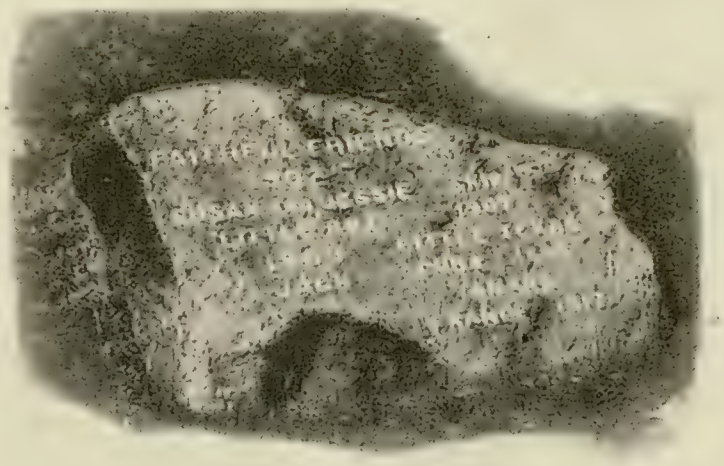
Sister's eyes grew round and solemn. In a flat, little-girl voice she delivered the following history:

"First it broke off a-a-all its horns. Then it broke off a-a-all its legs—and that's the way the goat went!"

Grown-ups do not realize the value of something which to them may be not only valueless but repulsive as well.

Kermit and I shared between us a set of bean bags. They were made of flannel. As time waxed and waned they had numerous adventures. They were dropped in the mud. They had milk spilt on them. They became incrusted with a layer of almost Oriental filth. This naturally only increased their value in our eyes, but Mother objected to them. She suggested they be consigned to the ash can, Of course we firmly refused to throw them away. Mother was understanding and bided her time until she could advise some method of substitution.

We were playing one day in front of the nursery fire. An unmarried friend of Mother's was there. Though she was very fond of us, she did not understand us. Suddenly she hopped up, seized the bean bags, and threw them into the blaze. The appalling siren of grief that Kermit raised I can hear now. To this day, though thirty-five years have passed, I can remember my feeling of outraged grief. For months a reference to those bean bags would bring tears to our eyes.



Beneath this rock at Sagamore Hill T. R.'s children buried their pets.

Aunt Emily once gave me a doll. It was large, had blue eyes that opened and shut, and emitted an imbecile squeak if you poked it in the stomach. It was dressed like the traditional good little boy. Altogether it was a doll a grown-up would have prized. I did not. Even the name had been chosen for me beforehand. It was christened Emile in honor of the donor. That doll led a neglected life until it fell in the path of Ethel, perhaps the most destructive of all of us as far as toys were concerned. Her principal weapon of offense was a buttonhook, which she called a "poke-a-tee." With this buttonhook she jabbed Emile's eyes out and broke his nose. Had he been a loved doll these disabilities would have been treated as honorable wounds and would if anything have enhanced the value. Not so with Emile. He did not come under the "favored nation clause." He was thrown away.

Mother once gave Kermit a cloth owl. There was a rhyme of which we were fond which dealt with the actions of "a bogey owl who comes out at night when suppertime is near." Kermit therefore christened his new possession "Bogey Boy." The days slipped by and Bogey Boy suffered the fate of anything that is much loved by a child. His cloth covering was torn until his cotton stuffing stuck out in soiled lumps. Everything from breakfast to supper had been spilt on him. He became an eyesore, but each spot and rent made him more dear to Kermit's heart.

MOTHER felt that in the interest of even moderate sanitation the owl must be destroyed. She knew little boys. One day she suggested to Kermit that Bogey Boy should go to the doctor "to be all cured of his tears." Kermit had been to the doctor and he consented. When Bogey Boy came back he was transformed. His old bright color had returned. Not only had his tears disappeared, but they left no scars. Kermit was dourly suspicious and the explanation which dwelt on the efficiency of the doctor did not satisfy him. Bogey Boy was dubbed a changeling and went into the discard.

An object, to be of value, need have no use. My first knife was to me a great possession. I felt about it much the way a young medieval knight must have felt about his spurs. It was one of those combination knives with everything from a pair of tweezers to a gimlet folded in its corpulent body. I called it a Bowie because I had lately read of the death of Colonel Bowie at the Alamo, and thought that anything that bore his name smacked of romance.

The real point of value to that knife, however, was a flat piece of steel I was told was for "picking stones out of horses' hoofs." Never during the years I had that knife did I use that gadget on a horse. Never, in so far as I know, has anyone with a similar knife used it for that purpose. Nevertheless, in some magical way that bit of steel transmuted the knife for me from an ordinary little boy's knife to the trusty blade of an adventurer.

That knife holds to this day an honorable place in my memory. Even the cuts it gave my grimy fingers were honored scars.

In times of sickness children are generally deluged with presents. The child who has the disease is envied therefor by his brothers and sisters. Once when Sister had chickenpox and was receiving the customary attention, I embraced her warmly before they could stop me, in the hope that I would get it myself—a hope in which I was not disappointed.

When I had measles Father was Civil Service Commissioner. We were living in a small red-brick house in Washington. There were no rooms to spare, so in order to isolate me they moved me to Father's dressing room. It was separated only by the thinnest kind of a door from the room where Mother and Father slept.

SENATOR LODGE, whose children had grown up and whose memory was short, gave me a small hand organ. It was a joy to me and a torment to the rest of the household. I went to sleep at 7:30 and woke at 5:30. Father and Mother went to sleep at 12 and would have liked to wake at 8. As soon as the first daylight found its way through the chinks of the blinds I would grasp my beloved organ and start playing it. It speaks volumes for their forbearance that it was a number of days before I was told that no concerts could be given until after breakfast.

Father liked some of our toys almost as much as we liked them ourselves. These were generally those of a warlike nature. Sister was given some lead ships modeled on the then famous White Squadron. This fleet Father supplemented by making two monitors from as many pill boxes. He gave one to me and one to Sister. With this navy and with Father as a guide, we enacted in detail the Battle of Mobile Bay. The only hitch was that neither of us wished our monitor slated for destruction in the rôle of Craven's vessel.

Mother overheard the following:

"And the shells burst, and the guns banged, and Sister's monitor turned towards the fort."

"Ted, leave my monitor alone!"

"And the shells burst more, and Sister's monitor hit on a mine."

"Ted! My monitor has gone to bed. It always goes to bed at six o'clock and it's half-past six now!"

Next in poignancy to the woe caused by losing a treasure is the joy if it is found. My wife, aged five, was being taken to Mexico by her mother and great-uncle on a sight-seeing trip. Her companion was a doll named Cherrylips. It was made of worsted and had a flat plate-like head with shoe-button eyes and a bright red mouth. By no stretch of the imagination could it be said to resemble anything, and so it had all the requisites to make it valuable.

The day was swelteringly hot and it occurred to the young mother that Cherrylips must be suffering. The train had stopped to take water. Cherrylips' sash was undone and she was dangled on the end of it from the window. With a jerk the train started. The sash slipped from the hot little hand and the poor worsted doll tumbled on to a heap of slag and lay there.

My wife tells me she does not remember one thing that she saw that day. She spent most of the time sobbing on her mother's shoulder. Toward evening the little party was returning. Again the train stopped at the water station. My wife gazed from the window. In the gathering dusk she saw the form of Cherrylips still reposing on the slag pile. Great-uncle Ed was a man of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

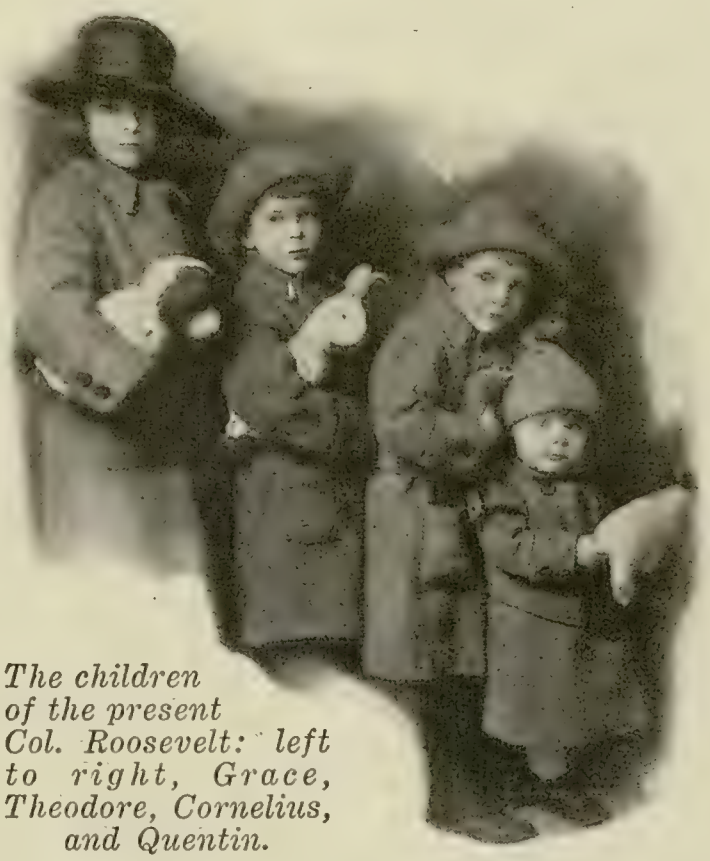
action. He dashed from the train, and just as it was clanking away again, swung himself to the rear platform with the rescued Cherrylips in his hand.

The most valuable possession of my son Teddy was for years a plush dog. It was given him by Mother. It was in a sitting position, supported by its front legs. He called it "Doggie." My wife and Signorina, the governess, made it small sweaters, jackets, and finally a hat. When Teddy had scarlet fever he could not bear to be separated from it, so Doggie slept in bed with him. That was all very well as long as he was sick, but when he got well Doggie had been thoroughly infected. It had to be sterilized, and was accordingly boiled in water. The result was that all the stiffening came out of the front legs and it could never sit up again. That made no difference in the affection in which its owner held it. One day when Teddy had grown some years older he came to his mother with Doggie.

"Mother, will you put Doggie away and all his clothes and keep him carefully? I want him for my children."

Doggie is now enjoying a well earned rest in a trunk in the attic, waiting for the next generation.

A gray rabbit which belonged to Cornelius had a similar life. It also had a complete wardrobe made for it. For some unknown reason its name was hyphenated American. It was known as "the gray lapin."



The children of the present Col. Roosevelt: left to right, Grace, Theodore, Cornelius, and Quentin.

One night Signorina was just dropping off to sleep. She had had a hard day. All days with children are hard, but this had been particularly so. In addition she was suffering from a cold. It was winter. The windows were open and a bitter wind was whistling through the room. Suddenly a wail rose from Sonny's crib: "My lapin! My gray lapin! It's fell on the floor!"

"Let it stay there and you go to sleep," said Signorina.

"Signorina! I can't go to sleep! Please get it." Then as an afterthought, when Signorina did not respond: "If you don't I will sing all night long."

"Keep quiet, Sonny. It is too cold to get up."

Immediately Sonny began his song. For ten minutes he caroled joyously to himself. Finally Signorina wearily dragged herself from her warm bed and bought peace by restoring the rabbit to its determined and loving owner.

QUENTIN, the last of our boys, is much younger than his brothers. The war was responsible for this. He did not appear on the scene until the November following the Armistice. He arrived very unexpectedly on the day I was up for election for my first public office. No clothes were in the house, but Mother came down from Sagamore with a little frock my father had worn when a baby.

T. R. when Civil Service Commissioner.

Quentin's household god was a calico rabbit. It was a most preposterous creature with long, gangly legs on the end of which dangled patent-leather shoes. He used to ask his mother to make it dance by jiggling it and then, convulsed with laughter, would stand opposite and imitate it. He would laugh so hard that every little while he would have to stop and catch his breath. The calico rabbit is now packed away and reappears only at Easter, when it is found in the morning leaning against Quentin's door with a present for him in its arms.

A child's games may be almost incomprehensible to a parent. Those he invents for himself are often of a weird and eccentric nature. Kermit and I had one which entailed the drinking of numerous bottles of water. Our equipment was a bottle each tied to our necks with string. We filled and emptied them as often as possible. Mother found us out about the time we began developing distended stomachs. I can see her now kneeling down and feeling Kermit's middle while she scolded us both.

At another time I invented a game called "making soup." It was fascinating because it involved mixing things. At first I made it out of water and mud, with a few leaves and sticks. Then artistry overcame me. I crept to the room where we slept with our Irish nurse Mame. Hitching a chair over, I climbed to the edge of the washstand. I managed to fill the basin with water. There in front of me was a battalion of bottles of varied colors. I poured them all into the basin, one after another, stirring with a toothbrush and chanting like a witch in Macbeth. I was just topping off with Mame's holy water when a whirl of skirts descended on me like a hurricane, and my soup-making game was finished.

IN those days my sister Alice was my constant companion. Kermit was too small to join in our play. One game she invented lasted indefinitely. It was a variety of tag. I was it and chased her. So far all was regular. The catch came in the last rule. She could declare anything "hunk." That meant that my position was as unending as the cycle of the seasons, for whenever I panted into a dangerous proximity she would declare the place she stood safety.

As elder sister her position was not simply a sinecure. There were responsibilities as well. Once when I was crawling beneath a pile of old lumber I succeeded in getting stuck tight, and she had to get under and pull me out. At another time in Washington I overbalanced and started to fall from a third-story window to the bricks below. She grabbed my feet, and though she could not haul me back, held on until help came.

Kermit's daughter Clochette is an active little mite with large eyes and what our old nurse Mame would have called "hardly a pick of flesh on her bones." She came to stay with us last autumn. During the summer she had been very sick with infantile paralysis. Though she had completely recovered it had left an indelible impression on her mind, dealing mainly with trained nurses.

The first evening she was at the house she announced firmly that she was a trained nurse and wanted a hospital to superintend. Signorina made her a small cap and apron. With these as caste marks she organized her infirmary.

The first problem was patients. As our youngest, Quentin, is a boy, there were no dolls, so his various toy animals were thrust into the breach. When I went into the room I found a row of them lying on the floor neatly tucked in with towels.

Next evening when I came home Clochette greeted me enthusiastically. After hugging her and "grabbling" her, I asked about her patients. Immediately her face became preternaturally solemn.

Wriggling to the floor and straightening her cap and apron, every inch of her three-foot stature assumed an air of professional gravity. "Uncle Ted, some of them are very, very sick. I doubt if the elephant lives till morning. His pulse is very bad and his temperature is two hundred. Uncle Ted, the bear has complications. I

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

And out there the Germans were breaking through! He sat listening, as if—as if one could hear the guns all that way off.

The Flag! Terrible thing—sublime and terrible—the Flag!

To be on water gave him queer consolation, as if his faith in the fleet would glide with that water down to the sea whereon the pride and the protection of England lay. This thing might come to be anything before it was over.

The two color work in your rotogravure printing has been the best I've seen, - and the distaste I've felt for one color and black has been dissipated by your treatment of my background figures.

Thanks for the proofs - you set a high standard of reproduction.

As ever,

Herb Stoops

LIBERTY'S two-color rotogravure creates striking effects which cannot be matched elsewhere.

Herbert Stoops made the illustrations for John Galsworthy's "Soames and the Flag," published in a recent issue of LIBERTY. The same two-color rotogravure is available in two different color combinations for advertisers.

This is the first of a series of outstanding rotogravure reproductions in LIBERTY which have drawn flattering comments from artists and authors.

LIBERTY
A Weekly for Everybody

[ALL IN THE FAMILY
Continued from page fifty-four]

went out for a moment today. I thought I needed a little fresh air. When I came back they all had fever."

For ten or fifteen minutes, solemn as judges of the Supreme Court, we discussed the alarming symptoms of the poor sufferers. It was no time to joke. Had I even smiled I doubt if she would ever have forgiven me.

For nearly a week this game lasted. The only props necessary were the cap, apron, and animals. The rest was furnished by her imagination. During the entire time she was happy and as good as gold. Nothing could have amused her more. And yet some stupid grown-ups would have believed it would have added to her enjoyment if she had had expensive dolls instead of draggled cloth animals.

The man who speaks disparagingly of the little boy's china animal merely because it has lost its legs should remember the battered and chipped pipe by which he sets such store. To throw away that china animal with the idea that a new animal with all its legs could take its place is as foolish as trying to substitute a new pipe with a gold band for the blackened old brier.

We all have treasures, no matter how old we are, that we value far beyond their intrinsic worth. They may not appraise at more than two cents, but the halo of association that hangs around them is unpurchasable by mere money. There is the chair with the frayed seat which just fits the curves of your body, the thimble your grandmother used, a warped old trout rod. A hundred instances flash to the mind of each of us.

I am ashamed to confess that I have even more homely treasures: a pair of old shoes, a suit that is beginning to bag at the knees and is very shiny in other less romantic spots. It is not, as my wife maintains, an innate preference for shabbiness that makes me cling to my old gray suit. It is affection for "the battered things that please the heart, though they may vex the eye."

Grown-ups know these feelings themselves. It is strange that they are so often unable to understand them in little girls and boys. Children are far more tolerant and comprehending. Some years ago mine were playing in my room while I was dressing. The youngest demanded a small ivory fish that I carry in my pocket. At once his sister spoke up: "Sonny, don't ask for Father's toys! He does not try to take your toys away from you!"

BESIDES toys that are given you, there are those treasures you find for yourself. The motto of Rikki Tikki Tavi, the mongoose, was "Go find out." All normal children more or less resemble the mongoose. Where is the child who has not thrilled with the zest of an explorer as he pushed his way for the first time through the dense tangle of woods beyond the lower pasture? How he started as a frightened cottontail scurried off through the underbrush!

Unquestionably "stout Cortez" felt stirred "when with eagle eye he gazed on the Pacific." But I doubt if he felt more stirred than I did one hot summer day when I scrambled through some brambles that scratched my hands and legs woefully, and saw the undiscovered pool just beyond what was known as the woodpile pool. When Kermit and I traveled through Central Asia I believe that the motives that prompted us and the sensations we had were much the same as when at the ages of eight and ten we explored the salt marsh back of our bathing house.

One of the turns this spirit of inquiry takes in childhood is collecting. I suppose all children do it. My first collection was made in partnership with my brother. It consisted of rennet bottles. Why rennet bottles I cannot imagine. We kept them in the "tank room," a kind of open shed where the containers for our water supply stood. We used to annoy Annie, our rosy-cheeked, good-natured Irish cook, with constant petitions to "please hurry and empty another bottle." We searched everywhere for them. One bottle on which we set particular value was blackened and warped by fire. We found it where some rubbish had been burned.

At about the same time we started a collection of bits of broken china. These we sought with the diligence of antiquarians in the ruins of a Mesopotamian city. For some reason which I do not understand even today, there were many fragments in the plowed fields. We followed Seaman, our farmer, for all the world like birds in search of worms, as he and Kitty Mare, the plow horse, turned furrow after furrow. Of course the best places to search were the refuse heaps. Day after day our two diminutive figures might be seen like small scavengers, turning over old boots, fragments of umbrellas, sodden rags, and other noisome articles.

Keystone photo

The author and "Sister" (Alice; Mrs. Nicholas Longworth) about thirty years ago.

I REMEMBER our old family nurse Mame once told me that Mother when she was little had collected broken china. However that may be, I am sure her collection could not have been like ours—for Mother when little was known as "spotless Edie," and no one but a blind man would ever have styled us spotless.

As time wore on our tastes developed. I turned to natural history. Kermit was more catholic. All was grist that came to his mill, from unusual stones picked up on the beach to a pair of old shoes our Aunt Emily had worn while climbing the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. Once coming back from a family walk I remember seeing him carrying an old rusty tongs, three large fragments of quartz, two partially broken strawberry boxes, and a blue bottle.

Even now the instinct has not quite left him, though he is thirty-seven, not seven. Last year when we were camping with our children, Archie and he lugged an enormous misshapen rusty chunk of scrap iron for fully half a mile, on the theory that it might possibly be useful as an extra anchor for Archie's boat.

My turn toward natural history was fostered by Father, who was a really distinguished amateur scientist. This bent of his developed early. Once when a child he put a couple of dead mice in the ice box, intending to skin them the next day. His mother, hearing about it, ordered them thrown out. Father, aged eight, was shocked and grieved. He explained to my grandmother that she was "defeating the ends of science."

When young, he and a cousin had a museum, which they called the Roosevelt Museum. Out of it grew a really fine collection of birds and small mammals. When he went to Harvard he gave most of them to the American Museum of Natural History, where they are to this day. Some fragments of the collection remained at Sagamore. When I was a child these consisted of a blank book with the records of his birdskins written in a large boyish hand, a few foreign coins, a mink skull, and some very meritorious Egyptian birds mounted under a glass bell.

At first my tastes ran to birds' eggs. There is no study more fascinating. The types of nests are so varied.

Once when Father and I were walking through an orchard we saw a woodpecker's hole in a stump and heard a noise like a bubbling of the witches' caldron in Macbeth. When we peered in we found a brood of fledgling flickers calling for their parents and food.

There are many exciting moments when bird-nesting. The first scarlet tanager's nest that I found was on the branch of an oak overhanging a deep ravine. As I climbed

toward it, the limb swayed more and more. On reaching it I put the eggs in my mouth and started to work my way back. Suddenly there was a crack and the branch broke. With a rustling of leaves I fell into a wilderness of cat briers below.

When I picked myself up I looked as if I had been flayed alive, but that was not the worst. The eggs, which had been on the point of hatching with small birds inside them, had broken in my mouth.

When I was eleven someone gave me a gun. Father took me out and we shot a couple of birds. Then he started to teach me how to skin. It was very hard for me, as I was always clumsy with my hands. I never shall forget the first heron I tried to mount. His head came out through the neck easily, but I was slow, and when I began to work it back the skin had dried. At last by brute force I got it through, but the bird looked more like a war relic than a heron.

A little more than a year ago I was skinning a florican near Palia in India. It was after dark and the light was bad. When I got through the bird looked strangely familiar. Suddenly I realized why this was. It had an uncanny resemblance to my first heron.

In those early days Kermit did not care for natural history. Now he is a much better taxidermist than I am. I have seen him skin a mouse while riding on a pad elephant, and do a very good job.

After we all grew up and went to school or college our museum was given away like that of the previous generation. We sent the collection to Groton School.

"THE world turned on in the lathe of time," and before we knew it there was an entire new generation of little Roosevelts growing up in the fields and woods of Oyster Bay.

True to instinct as homing pigeons, before our children were knee-high to grasshoppers they had begun collecting.

My wife discovered by chance the first of their enterprises. She was in my eldest son Teddy's room one morning when she noticed a peculiar rancid odor near the desk. She opened the drawer and found it filled with hundreds of those pasteboard stoppers that are used for milk bottles. All of them were instantly thrown into the fire.

When Teddy came home at noon he was very sad. He explained that these stoppers were a valuable collection. When his mother asked how on earth he had found so many, he said, "Why, Mother, I get them out of the garbage cans on my way to school."

Soon after, the Roosevelt Museum Number Three was founded. It is kept in a large wooden cupboard that covers one entire end of the upstairs hall at our house. Its contents run the gamut from cabbages to kings. Above it hangs a moth-eaten mounted raccoon, originally a part of my museum. On one of the shelves, sole survivor of my father's collection, is the venerable mink skull.

In looking over it the other day I found a very creditable representation of butterflies and shells, principally the work of Gracie and Quentin; a yellow cardboard kodak-film box with a scrawly inscription in ink: "My snakeskin. Don't touch"; a stuffed baby ostrich, a whale's tooth, a Chinese tile, and a hundred other equally odd treasures. In the corner is a weaver bird's nest, brought back by my wife from India. She carried it for many months packed in with her best hat, in order to prevent it from being crushed.

At present all the children are in Vermont. When I was there last, Quentin, who is seven, showed me his butterflies. He knew the scientific name for every specimen in his case. Teddy and Cornelius, the two elder boys, were seriously collecting mammals in proper scientific fashion with measurements and data.

Good days! Too soon over! Before long I suppose this museum also will be broken up, as these young birds leave the nest. Consolation lies in the hope that not long after another brood will be busy collecting.

Another "All in the Family" sketch by Colonel Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.

Anybody can squeeze an Orange...

—but only in Orange-Crush do you drink the *whole* orange actually converted by science into the most refreshing of beverages.

We literally take apart the finest, tree-ripened oranges. Take all their sun-rich juice . . all their zestful flavor of peel . . all the healthful goodness of their pulp . . and recombine them with a dash of sugar—pure food color—citrus fruit acid for tang—and sparkling water to make this drink more delightful than the fruit itself.

Never confuse Orange-Crush with any other orange drink. For *all* the cooling refreshment of the fruit, insist on it by name.

Orange-Crush

"CRUSHY"

Sold icy-cold wherever you see this "Crushy" sign—at all fountains by the glass—at stands and stores in the "Krinkly" bottle.

© 1929, O. C. Co.

Anna giggled. appreciatively.

Kept

The Story of a Girl Without the Law

By

VIÑA DELMAR

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

PART EIGHT—THE ONE-DOLLAR BILL

HUBERT SCOTT was married to one woman and supporting another. But why not? thought Hubert. His wife, Helen, had plenty of money—enough to keep up a house, two cars, and to support their grown son. They didn't need what he had, and they didn't treat him right—did nothing but put on airs with him when he was at home. He was tired of it. Tired of working, too.

So he sold his business to the McKay Brothers for $15,000, and retired. Then he started out for some good times. He met Lillian Cory. Lillian was twenty-three, and putting in full days at a handkerchief counter in a New York department store. At sixteen she had gone the limit with a haberdasher. So Hubert couldn't pull her down.

He gave her an apartment and a Nash car. He himself drove a Packard that the haughty Helen had condescended to lend him. Lillian thought it was his, and thought, also, that his wife adored him. She didn't know how much money he had. Neither did her friends. They acted as if it were a fortune.

There was Billy Fisher and his wife, Louise. Billy hated paint selling and wanted to make his living by radio entertaining. Hubert had to hand him twenty-dollar bills to keep him going.

Mary Jackson had to be helped to have a kid. And Anna Leitz, now respectably married to Clifford Sullivan, had to be helped not to have one, after she'd gone too far with her boy friend, Fred.

Lillian, too, threw money away. She was taken all aback when Hubert made her cut down on her Christmas present list. Was he getting stingy? She couldn't believe it.

When Christmas Eve came, and Hubert was with his wife and son, a strange thing happened. Lillian was left out of a party at Anna's mother's house, where the Fishers and Sullivans gathered.

Lillian thought it was because she was a kept woman, but Hubert believed it was because she hadn't given big gifts. The thought worried him.

MARY JACKSON discovered one day early in January that she was going to have another baby. The discovery provoked tears and deep gloom. More money would be involved than she could afford. The uptowners, except in most extreme cases, do not avail themselves of public charities.

Mary took herself, her troubles, and little Bobby to see Lillian. After all, Mary reasoned, it wouldn't do any harm to tell a prosperous friend just how worried she was. Hubert was at home when Mary called. She had not been expected and Hubert and Lillian were lounging about in bath robes. It was noon and they had just finished breakfast.

Mary deposited Bobby on the floor and Lillian presented him with the top of her powder box to play with. It was red cardboard trimmed with gold and very attractive even after Bobby had sucked most of the gold off.

Mary herself sat miserably on the edge of her chair. She wore a shabby, rose-colored cloche and a brown coat with a narrow fur collar. The coat was worn and almost shapeless and Mary, to offset her garment's shortcomings, had carefully powdered her face and rouged it heavily. Even her eyelashes had been mascaroed as though she were still Mary McDonough who ran a switchboard and had no worries.

"Take off your things," Lillian said.

Mary sighed. "I have to be getting back," she said. "I can't stay."

"Well, undo your collar. You'll catch cold."

Mary obeyed, sighing again. "Oh, I hardly care what becomes of me," she said.

"What's the matter? You and George have a fight?"

Mary smiled sadly as though Lillian had called to mind some sweet moments out of a dim past. "No," she said. "But what do you think? I'm going to have another baby."

"No kidding?"

"Yes, isn't it awful?"

Mary looked first at Lillian and then at Hubert to see if they were appreciating the full horror of her position. They looked politely sympathetic but not deeply impressed.

"I don't know what I'll do," she went on. "I can't possibly afford a confinement so soon again. The doctor and the sanitarium and extra things and all."

"Tough all right," said Lillian.

"Not only that, but look"—she pointed contemptuously at Bobby—"he's still a baby. It'll be great taking care of two of them. And I'm not so strong. I get dizzy spells and I'm losing weight. Gee, it's awful."

"Sure is," said Lillian.

"Huh," said Hubert, "women years ago could have a dozen kids without making the fuss over it that you girls make over one or two. What do you expect when you get married?"

"Oh, go on, Hubert," Lillian said. "We're different today than women were years ago. They didn't have nothing to do then but have kids."

"Well, what's Mary got to do beside having kids? She ain't running a business or having a career or anything, is she? She's married and women have to expect kids when they're married."

Mary was silent for a moment while she thought over all Hubert had said. Then she began anew.

"I love children," she said, "and I believe women ought to have lots of them if they're well enough. I don't mind caring for them, but I am so weak and sickly. Why, I'm absolutely fagged out if I do the least thing."

Hubert said, "You'll feel better in another month or two, I'll bet." He got up and stretched his arms, yawning widely. "Think I'll go get dressed, Lil."

AFTER he had gone Mary grew more detailed on the subject of why she should not have a baby. Lillian listened thoughtfully. Had Hubert withdrawn so that she could speak to Mary in private and offer suggestions and perhaps financial aid? She'd never known him to do that. She really was sorry for Mary and certainly Hubert must be sorry too. She wished she knew whether he intended to help Mary or not. She thought it all over while Mary was speaking and decided not to commit herself.

If Hubert wanted to help her they could call on Mary tomorrow and tell her so. If he didn't want to he would be sore if Lillian had promised Mary help.

"Stop. Let's talk this all over," she begged.

Mary finished her recital, picked up her baby, and departed. It was clear that she had come merely to set certain facts before Lillian.

Lillian went to the bedroom. Hubert was sitting in the pink chair, looking at a magazine.

"She gone?" he whispered.

"Yes."

"What the hell does she think this is? A clinic?"

"Oh, I felt sorry for her, didn't you?"

"No. What the hell! Two kids isn't such a raft, you know. She ought to be willing to have two."

"But she isn't well."

"Bunk. She just doesn't want two kids to wash for."

"Gee, I kinda thought you'd help her out."

"You didn't tell her I would, did you?"

"No."

"That's good because I'm not going to. She's no sicker than I am. She's just lazy."

Lillian didn't understand at all until she recalled that, after all, Mary was one of the crowd and Hubert had grown tired of doing favors for them.

He had forgiven the Sullivans and the Fishers for their treatment of Lillian. He hadn't meant to, but they had all called on New Year's Day and he found it hard to hold a grudge when they sang "For he's a jolly good fellow."

So they'd been as intimate as ever. Lillian was glad. Friends were friends in her simple calculations.

Billy was going to broadcast again. He was getting a more prominent position than he had ever had before. He was getting promoted to 11:15 A. M. and Louise said there was no standing it with the high opinion he had of himself.

"What I'm hoping," Billy explained to his friends, "is that some firm—you know, like Palmolive Soap or Ipana Tooth Paste or Wrigley's gum—will hear me and hire me to advertise their product. You know, like the Happiness Boys advertise Happiness Candy. I could pull down a lot of money that way and the firm wouldn't be losing anything, either. See, I thought for instance if a toothpaste firm took me I'd call myself Smiling Billy. See, meaning that I could smile because I wasn't ashamed of my teeth because I'd been using Whatsit Tooth Paste. I thought, too, I'd use for a signing-off song, 'When you come to the end of a perfect day.' See? I'd change the words around and tell them not to go to bed without brushing their teeth at the end of a perfect day. See? Gee, it would be a wow."

Anna giggled appreciatively. Billy was encouraged.

"I thought, too, that maybe if like a candy firm would

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[KEPT
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hire me, I'd call myself Sweet William. See, that's a flower. And I'd use for a signing-off song Sweet Sixteen, meaning the sweet sixteen ounces to a pound of their candy, see?"

"Gee, that's good," said Lillian, completely overawed by facing someone who had thought of something.

Billy executed a neat "break" with his nimble feet. "Say," he said, "I got those two ideas and a lot more too humorous to mention."

"They're clever all right," Hubert agreed.

On the strength of Hubert's applause Billy motioned him away from the others and filed an application for a little loan of fifty dollars. He was broke. The paint selling hadn't been going so well and, besides, Billy had had to take a lot of time off to get new songs from the publishers and to rehearse them. Fifty dollars, he said, would just help him out swell. Hubert turned him down flat. Billy reduced his appeal to twenty dollars, but Hubert was adamant. To less than twenty dollars Billy refused to stoop.

He told his story to Lillian in the kitchen where they two had gone to make coffee.

"Hubert has taken a fierce dislike to me," he ended up. "I guess we hadn't better come around any more."

Lillian wanted to tell him that Hubert believed that he had given away enough money, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. Billy was so like a disappointed child. She racked her brain for something that would appease him and put Hubert in a better light.

"The truth is," she whispered, feeling very delighted with her power of imagination, "Hubert is a little pressed for cash. That's it," she went on, growing positively excited over her creative genius. "He's in a bit of a hole."

"Well, what are you so happy about?" Billy asked.

"Happy?"

"Sure. You're giggling about it as though it was sweet news."

"Well, I try to be cheerful no matter what happens," she told him.

SHE wanted to tell Hubert about the wrong steer she had given Billy, but remembered in time that she couldn't. He would be sore at Billy for carrying the story to Lillian and sore at her for not telling Billy the plain fact that he was tired of handing money out. The more she thought over the situation, however, the more she felt that she did have something to tell Hubert.

When they were alone that night she said to him, "Say, I saw Billy get you in a corner tonight and do a lot of sweet and low gabbing. Was he making a touch?"

"Trying to."

"How much?"

"Twenty reduced from fifty."

"Did you give it to him?"

"Sure."

"You did!" Lillian's astonishment came forth in a sharp exclamation. Who was lying? Billy or Hubert? And for what reason?

Hubert took the high, bewildered pitch of her voice to mean only one thing. She was vexed that he had loaned money to Billy after refusing to aid Mary Jackson.

"Well, to tell the truth, Lil, I didn't."

"What did you say you did for, then?"

"Oh, I don't know. Guess I was thinking of something else. What did you want to holler at me that way just now for?"

"When?" asked Lillian. She knew very well when.

"When? Why, just now when you said, 'You did!' Cripes, it sounded as though I'd just said I'd murdered somebody."

"I don't know. Maybe I was thinking of something else too. So you didn't let Billy have the money, huh? Why not?"

Hubert looked at her with a hurt expression on his red face. "Why not? Jees, don't you think I've dealt out enough jack to that guy?"

"Yes, and no."

"What do you mean by that?"

On the strength of Hubert's applause Billy motione

"Well, he ought to be man enough to stop begging you for money by now. But, you know, you told him a long time ago that he could depend on you to help him out while he's fooling around with the radio business."

Hubert sullenly picked at the cuticle of his thumb nail.

"Gee, do I have to stake him forever?" he asked.

"Well, I thought the idea was that you were going to help him till he landed something that paid money on the radio."

"That might be when I'm in my grave."

"Of course," said Lillian, "it's none of my business. The affair is between you and Billy."

"Well, he ain't mad," Hubert said. "I just explained to him in a nice way that I thought I had given enough help now and that it was time he stood on his own feet. He saw my point and said it was fair enough."

Lillian stared at Hubert, quite unable to move her eyes from him. This was something new. A lie. Why had he lied? She thought over all that Billy had said to her and felt relieved. After all, perhaps Hubert hadn't lied to her. He had probably told Billy just what he claimed to have told him, but perhaps Billy, hoping to get the loan from Lillian, had purposely omitted Hubert's contention.

That was the way it must have been, but still she was

m away from the others and filed an application for a little loan of fifty dollars.

forced to admit that Hubert was different recently. He was irritable frequently now, and he never seemed to be having a good time any more. She asked herself if he was tired of her. Well, if he was he had only to go. But he might think that would be a dirty trick. He might stay even though he had gotten so that he couldn't bear her. She resolved to ask him and have at least that much threshed out.

"Hubert," she asked, "how'd you like to give this place up?"

"What?" he asked. His tone was uneasy and he looked at her strangely.

"What did I do? Sneak right up on your thoughts?" she asked.

"No, I was thinking of—of Billy's broadcasting ideas."

"Oh. Well, think about this for a while. How would you like to give this apartment the air?"

"Where would we go?"

"Why, you'd go to Helen and I'd go"—she made a little fluttering gesture with her hand—"back to the handkerchiefs."

She was certain that she saw fear and a shocked surprise in his eyes. Then he didn't want her to go. Or was he dismayed that she had read his thoughts so well?

"Gee, Lil, you wouldn't do that, would you?"

"Sure. Does that make you feel better? When you're ready to say au revoir just say it, Big Boy. Don't worry about me."

"Gosh, I'd never be ready to say au revoir to you. You're great, Lil. Don't leave me ever, will you?"

"Not if you want to keep me."

"What do you mean keep you?"

"Not if you want me to stay."

"Oh. You had me worried, Lil. I thought you wanted to go."

"No, I don't, but you've acted so strange lately."

"You mean because I didn't give the money to Billy?"

"Oh, no. To hell with Billy. Only, I don't know—you haven't been yourself."

"Sure I have."

"No, you haven't."

He came over and sat beside her on the sofa. He put his arm about her and pulled her near. She struggled a little to get away from him. Love-making was Hubert's favorite way of terminating annoying discussions.

"Stop. Let's talk this all over," she begged.

"Oh, talk is cheap and it don't mean much and now *you're* acting funny. You don't even want me to kiss you."

"Sure I do, but not when I'm trying to talk to you. For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me alone and answer me—what's been the matter with you recently?"

"Now who's irritable?"

"Oh, I am, I suppose."

"Sure you are, and talking got you that way."

"It did not."

"Sure it did. Now let's be quiet for a while."

She gave up the idea of trying to talk to him. What was the use? He hadn't lied to her about Billy and he wasn't trying to separate from her. There was nothing, then, to worry about. Lillian lulled her doubts to sleep.

II

THE day of Billy's broadcast came and directly after it Billy went to see Lillian and Hubert. He put no stock in Louise's comments and Lillian and Hubert were the only other people he knew who listened to it. Louise was with them, having been there for the program. The batteries on her set were run down.

The three were extremely enthusiastic in their praise. Even Louise thought he had put on a good fifteen minutes. Billy felt that they were all beginning to get wise to themselves and recognize real talent when they heard it.

"But I flatted a little on the ballad," he said generously.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KEPT
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The admiring trio pronounced him a liar. They wouldn't believe it. Him flat? They should say not!

"It was swell," Louise said. "I didn't know you had it in you, dear."

"You don't know anything," he answered crushingly.

Lillian said she would make some waffles and the others followed to the kitchen to watch her do it. She had some difficulty in locating her big agate spoon. Now where had it gone? Lost. Must have been bundled up with the garbage by mistake.

"I'll have to get another spoon," she said. "I need a little potato knife and a coffee strainer, too. I always forget to get those things."

"I get them in the five and ten cent store," Louise said. "They're just as good and they're cheaper. I love to go through the five and tens, too. I get an awful kick out of it."

"So do I," said Lillian. "I haven't been in lately, though. And there's two now. One on Dyckman Street and one on Two Hundred and Seventh."

"I need some baby ribbon for my underwear," Louise remembered. "Let's go out after we eat and go shopping in Woolworth's."

"All right," Lillian agreed. "We'll each take a dollar and we'll need a truck to bring home what we bought."

"A dollar is all Louise will get," Billy said.

They ate and left the dishes standing on the table in the kitchen. Lillian went to the bedroom to get her hat and coat. Hubert followed her in.

"Got any money?" he asked.

"Now where would I get any money?" she returned. "A poor girl like me who hasn't had her allowance yet this month and is still waiting for twenty dollars she's owed from buying Christmas presents. When are you going to pay me, young man?"

"In the sweet by and by, kid. Here." He fumbled in his pocket and held a bill out to her. She reached for it and was placing it in her pocketbook when she noticed the denomination of it. It was a one-dollar bill.

"Isn't that what you said you and Louise would each take?" he asked. His tone was low and almost pleading.

She looked up at him and saw his eyes anxiously fixed upon her. "Yes, sure," she said. "That's all right." She stuffed the dollar in her pocket and murmured again, "Yes, sure. That's all right."

He could only spare a dollar! She walked to the foyer to join Louise. A dollar he had given her. Her heart was shaking within her in queer little hot flutters. Hubert had given her a dollar. One dollar. What did that mean? She put the question to herself fully aware that she knew the answer. Oh, see the dollar! Who has given the lady the dollar? Only, in the schoolbook, it had been flower instead of dollar.

III

ON the right as you go in there's the ribbon counter. To the left, stationery. Directly in front, novelty jewelry. Louise went to the right and asked Lillian's opinion on two shades of narrow pink ribbon. Lillian said the lighter shade was prettier. Louise said she preferred the darker.

Lillian said, "Then what the hell did you want to bother me about it for?"

Louise bought ribbon, a comb, and a card of hooks and eyes. She played with the idea of buying some glasses, but changed her mind. They came to the counter where kitchen utensils were sold and Louise pointed to agate spoons and gave Lillian the right of way.

"Oh, I don't think I'll bother," Lillian said.

"Why not?"

"It's so hard to get waited on."

"No, I'll get you a girl."

"Don't bother, Louise. I don't want to be annoyed with it."

"You're crazy."

"So's your old man."

On the way out Louise bought a little pocket mirror, a powder puff, a yard of elastic, and a string of green glass beads.

Lillian stood a little apart from her and took no interest in her friend's purchases. Funny how it had all come to her in a flash when he handed her that dollar bill. Funny, too, that she hadn't guessed before. It was not like him to suggest small Christmas presents and refuse to help Mary Jackson and throw Billy down on a loan. And he'd been acting so irritable and strange. Gee, she was a nut not to have guessed the truth. Broke! She couldn't imagine it. It was easy to picture herself broke. She had been that way before. But Hubert—that was different. He liked to have money and he liked to spend it. He liked good food and long drives and buying things for people. How would he like being broke? And how had it happened? She had a vision of a fat, unprincipled Wall Street man who had crushed Hubert because he was jealous of him.

Lillian returned to the apartment with her dollar intact.

"What did you buy?" Hubert asked her.

"Nothing."

"Oh, you should have bought something."

Louise spread her bargains out upon the table for Billy to admire.

"Lillian saw the five and ten's kitchen things and didn't think they were good enough for her."

"Oh, it wasn't that," Lillian said quickly.

SHE hoped the Fishers would go soon. She wanted to talk to Hubert. But the Fishers stayed. The afternoon wore on. Billy talked about radio and Lillian sat by the window looking down at the garden court. A woman was sunning her baby there. Wait till the janitor saw the carriage. There'd be a fight then. Women weren't allowed to sun their babies in the garden court. Baby carriages were considered very unsightly.

The janitor emerged from the basement into his beautiful garden court. He spied the baby carriage and a wrathful cloud passed over his face. He crept nearer and looked closely at the child.

"Mrs. Levine!" he bellowed.

Mrs. Levine appeared at her kitchen window. "Yes."

"You'll have to take this carriage out of the court. You know we can't have this. Suppose every woman in the building put her carriage here? How would people walk through the court?"

"Well, I'll be right out."

"You'll have to take it away now."

"Don't you say 'have to' to me. I'll take him away when I'm ready."

"You'll take him now."

"When my husband comes home he'll tell you something."

"Yeh."

The janitor walked away. Lillian watched him as he returned to his underground hiding place.

"Let's watch," Louise said. "I want to see if Mrs. Levine will take the baby out of there."

"You can have my place," Lillian said, getting up. "I don't want to watch. Anything like that gets my goat. This house is getting fine when they have arguments in the court."

"God, you're snooty," said Louise.

"No, but I don't think it's much of a place when things like that go on. I'm going to keep my eyes open for another apartment, I think."

The Fishers stayed till Lillian was forced to ask them to dinner. They talked the proposition over just as though there was a chance that they would go home. Finally they agreed to stay.

Lillian offered her dollar to Hubert and told him to get a pound and a half of chopped meat and a can of beets.

"I have money," he said, ignoring the bill. Once more

Lillian tucked it away. It evidently wasn't the last dollar they had. That was some consolation.

It was midnight before Lillian and Hubert were alone again. The day had been the longest Lillian had ever known. She was anxious to find out what had happened to Hubert's fortune and what his plans and prospects were.

She saw the Fishers down the stairs and hurried back to the living room. Hubert was yawning and taking off his shoes. "Well," he said, "I guess we might as well go to bed."

"Wait. I want to ask you something."

He looked at her questioningly as though he hadn't the remotest notion what she would wish to discuss at this hour.

"It's about that dollar you gave me today. Was that all you could afford, Hubert? Are you short?"

"No. I just hadn't gotten a check cashed." He bent over his shoes and yanked violently at the laces.

"Oh, horse-radish! You're strapped, aren't you? Is that why you wouldn't lend Billy or Mary Jackson any money?"

He straightened up and said, "Well, to tell you the truth, Lil, I am just a little bit short."

"How short?"

"Well, pretty short."

"*How* short?"

"Well, I can foot another month's rent here and feed us. Oh, I got about a hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"And two cars," Lillian reminded him. "You can always sell those."

HE laughed loudly and shook his head. "Don't you worry, Lil," he said. "It won't come to that. We won't have to sell the cars."

"Why not?"

"Say, what do you think I am? A cripple? Kid, I can get a job tomorrow that will keep us sitting pretty for the rest of our lives."

"What happened to your money, Hubert? Did you—did you invest it badly?"

That was an intelligent question. Showed she knew something and that he could talk to her freely.

"No, I invested it swell. We spent it."

"Spent it? How much did you have? What did we spend?"

He thought a moment. "Oh, about twenty-five thousand dollars," he said carelessly.

"Oh, no, Hubert—honest? Did we really spend that much?"

"Sure. Don't look so sick. That ain't a terrible lot."

"It seems a terrible lot to me."

"Well, you haven't been in business. You haven't been used to large amounts like me. Sure, we spent around twenty-five thousand dollars."

Anyhow, he thought to himself, it *was* over fifteen thousand that they spent. Well over. He'd had twelve hundred dollars in his bank account when the McKay Brothers had paid him.

"I can hardly believe we spent that much," Lillian said. "It seems terrible."

"Now don't you worry about it. There'll be plenty more for us to spend. Only for a while we have to cut down, see?"

"Sure, I see. Didn't I pave the way for us today to move from this apartment without too many questions from the Fishers?"

"Well, Lil, I didn't think you did that so good. See, the way you did that all about the baby carriage and the janitor and all will make them think you're planning on moving to an even better apartment than this."

"Oh, I'll take care of that."

"All right. You take care of that and I'll take care of getting a job. Of course I won't be with you in the daytime then, but I've had a long enough vacation. Time I got back to doing something."

"Yes, maybe you will feel better if you are doing something. Well, I guess we might as well go to bed."

She was surprised to hear herself suggesting bed. Only a few minutes before she had imagined that they would be up all night discussing ways and means. Now it seemed natural to dismiss the whole affair lightly. His broad shoulders and smiling face were enough assurance for her. He was the kind of man who had no patience with poverty. Within a week he would be associated with some firm and everything would be running smoothly again.

Any man who could spend twenty-five thousand dollars in a little more than a year was not of the stuff that knows want. Funny how she had gotten so panicky over Hubert's little setback. Why, Lillian was willing to bet that even Henry Ford had his money worries.

She felt, though, that he ought to have told her at the beginning that his money was running low. He had caused her a great deal of needless distress by his secrecy. Although he had, of course, been trying to save her worry. Well, everything was straightened out now. She yawned and stretched happily.

Hubert was feeling light-hearted, too. Now that Lillian knew the facts of the case things were easier. Something great would turn up right away. He wasn't worried about that. He knew his ability. But it was nice in the meantime to have somebody going over bumpy roads with a fellow. She cheered him up right away by the calm way she took things. Gee, she must believe that he was the kind of a guy who made good, otherwise she wouldn't have taken the news so easy. That cheered him up a lot. If she wasn't worried that proved he really seemed like the sort who cleaned up big jack.

He looked at her pretty face with its red lips and black eyelashes. She smiled at him and he felt that his future was assured. Women didn't smile that way at fellows who looked like flat tires.

"Come on," she said.

She picked up the clock, an ash tray, and a pack of cigarettes, and started for the bedroom.

Hubert reached down and got his shoes from beneath the couch. He turned out the lights and followed her.

"You going to smoke in bed?" he asked her.

"Sure."

"Well, I'm going right to sleep. I'll be out early tomorrow. I'll just grab a cup of coffee. You needn't bother getting up. Just set the alarm for eight."

"Oh, sure. I'll get up and fix you waffles."

"Please don't."

"Why? What's the matter with my waffles?"

They both laughed. Hubert kissed her good night and was asleep almost as soon as he hit the pillow.

Lillian smoked her cigarette and turned out the light. She fell asleep without wasting a second on worry. It was the greatest compliment anyone had ever paid Hubert.

IV

HUBERT and Lillian both arose briskly when the alarm went off at 8 o'clock. Lillian put on a kimono and went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for Hubert. He took a cold shower and dressed in the meanwhile. He had never taken a cold shower before in his life, but this morning it seemed the properly efficient thing to do. He ate his breakfast hurriedly and concentrated deeply on his plans.

Lillian did not disturb his thoughts. She silently provided him with a second cup of coffee and solemnly kissed him good-by. She thought of saying good luck to him as he went out, but rejected the idea as ridiculous. To wish him luck was to question his importance and his ability.

Hubert found himself at the wheel of the Packard by ten minutes of 9. He felt very businesslike and keen. The one thing that disturbed him was that he didn't know where to go. Where did one begin when one was looking for a highly paid executive position?

He thought the situation all over and decided he was out too early. It was well known that prominent business men never get to their offices early. Well, he'd ride along and decide just where he was going.

He rode along admiring the early morning and breath-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KEPT
Continued from page sixty-three]

ing the air gleefully and before he knew it he was in his own suburban town. Well, he'd go home and change his clothes. A man was judged by his appearance.

Helen was having her breakfast. She sent Nellie to ask him if he would like some coffee. He thought that was very sweet of Helen, but he declined, saying he was in a great hurry. Nellie disappeared, returning a minute later to say that Mrs. Scott wanted to see him.

He went to the dining room. Helen gazed up at him and inquired, "What's the matter? No telephones where you've been?"

"Gee, Helen, if you knew what I've been through. Steve Flynn's kept me on the jump every minute."

"You couldn't have spared five minutes last night to see if I wanted the car?"

"Well, I'm here early, ain't I? What more do you want? I couldn't get to a phone last night, so I broke my neck getting up here this morning to see if you needed the car."

"Why didn't you phone instead of riding all the way up here?"

"You don't want the car today, do you?"

"Yes. You don't seem to be busy, so you might as well take me up to Stamford."

"But I am rather busy, Helen, to tell you the truth."

"Well, go about your business then, and leave the car here. You can use the trains for today."

She spread a golden square of toast with marmalade and helped herself to another cup of coffee from the percolator beside her. It was built like a samovar and was, of course, electrically operated. A Christmas gift from her friend Mrs. Winters.

Hubert stood watching her and wondering what he should do. If he drove Helen to Stamford there was a whole day wasted. If he went looking for a job on foot he would look broke and that was a handicap to a fellow who wanted a good job. He decided that he might just as well drive Helen to Stamford. That way he would be sure to have the car at the end of the day.

She sat in the back and kept her eyes closed. Once or twice he looked at her in the mirror and thought she looked quite old. Funny hat she had on. It was black felt and cut in queer-looking wings over each ear. Her white hair looked kind of pretty, peeking out at the sides. Once she opened her eyes and spoke to him. "Stop at a florist's," she said.

When he found one he stopped and Helen bought some early spring flowers and laid them beside her in the back of the car.

"Your friend up here sick?" he asked her.

IT was funny to speak of Wilma Lawrence as though he didn't know her name. She had been Helen's bridesmaid at their wedding. By pretending to be completely unaware of her existence he was able to forget that she had never thought him good enough for Helen.

"She has been ill in bed for over two years now," Helen told him.

"Oh, gee, that's tough," he said.

Now he would really have to go with Helen to make the call. He really ought to do it. After all, when a person's awfully sick old scores ought to be wiped out. Gee, Helen should have told him sooner that Wilma was ill. He'd have visited her before with Helen if he had known. He remembered that Wilma had been a great one for horses and golf and things like that. Gee, two years in bed! He'd forget anything he had against Wilma right now and go with Helen right to her bedside and give her the old cheer-up stuff.

But at the door of Wilma's house Helen said to him, "I'll be ready to go back in about two hours." And Hubert went into the town of Stamford to kill two hours' time. He had a sandwich and a cup of coffee. Then he telephoned Lillian to say that he would not be with her for dinner. He thought he might just as well have dinner home tonight. He hadn't seen his son in a long while.

"How is everything?" Lillian asked him.

"Fine. I'm in Stamford now talking over a proposition with a fellow."

Might as well tell her something pleasant. No use of her worrying about things. When he finished talking to her he bought a newspaper and went back to the car.

Helen, as it later turned out, was not having dinner at home. Neither was young Hubert. Helen said he was entirely welcome to stay if he didn't mind being alone. He didn't stay.

He took a ride over to see the McKay Brothers. Arch McKay was in Canada, he was informed. Bert was over at his mother's house. Hubert went to find Bert. Bert was having dinner, but Hubert was allowed to sit on a dainty-legged gold chair in the parlor and wait for him.

PRESENTLY Bert McKay joined Hubert. Bert was big and pleasant. He shook hands heartily and boomed questions at his guest. How was he? How were tricks? What was he doing? How were Mrs. Scott and the boy?

Hubert said that he and the family were fine and that he just dropped in to see how everything was going with his old friend Bert.

"Are you working at anything?" Bert asked.

"No. Why?"

"I just wondered. It just doesn't seem possible to me that a fellow could be satisfied doing nothing all day long."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Bert, I've had enough of it. I am going to do a little something if I hear of a job that I like."

Bert nodded. "Sure; a fellow can't feel right just laying around."

"I don't suppose there's anything over at the old place for me?"

Bert laughed and Hubert laughed with him. "No," said Bert. "There's no job around that place for a guy that's used to taking it easy."

"That's right," said Hubert. "It used to keep me on the go."

"No offense meant, Hubert, but it's busier now than it used to be. Arch is a wonder. He's worked himself to a frazzle over the place. I made him go away for a little rest."

"Running it all alone while he's gone? Want me to help you out?"

"Thanks, but this is a big family, you know. My two kid brothers are helping me."

"Oh," said Hubert. "Well, I just thought I'd drop in and see how things were going with you."

"Thanks, I'm glad you did. Come in again."

"I will, thanks. Good night, Bert."

"Good night, Scott."

Hubert was hungry and he didn't feel that he ought to spend money on a restaurant right now. Of course he'd get something to do in no time, but it gave him a funny turn when Bert McKay hadn't jumped at the chance to get him on a salary. Of course Bert was the younger brother and probably didn't have much say in the matter, and probably no brains at all. Too bad Arch hadn't been there. Arch would have known what having Hubert Scott around would do for his business. He went home and found Lillian frying bacon and eggs for dinner. She was alone and still in her kimono.

"Oh, I didn't expect you," she said. "Didn't you say you wouldn't come home for dinner?"

"Yes, but I changed my mind. The guy got around to talking terms before dinner, so I left him flat. Five thousand dollars a year he wanted to give me. Can you imagine that?"

"Well, don't you think it would have been all right to take it just for a while?"

"I'm not going to get people in the habit of thinking I'm a five-thousand-dollar-a-year man. He'll come around when he sees I'm no sap. He don't worry me none."

After the feast, the famine. Lillian now faces trying days of poverty which are the first test of loyalty. What she thinks about it and what she does is told in next week's issue.

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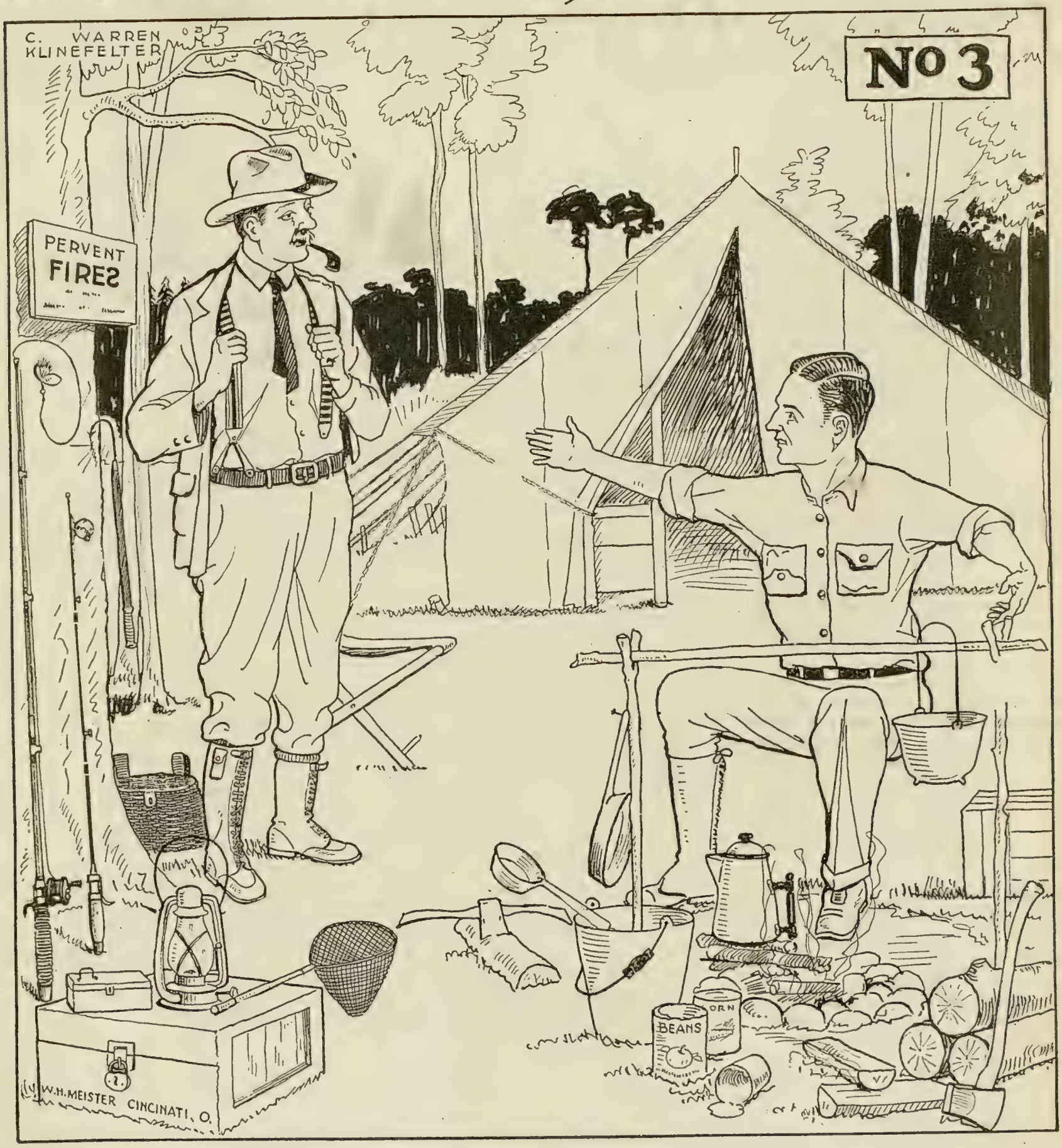

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How to Select and Prepare Poultry

By

ETHEL SOMERS

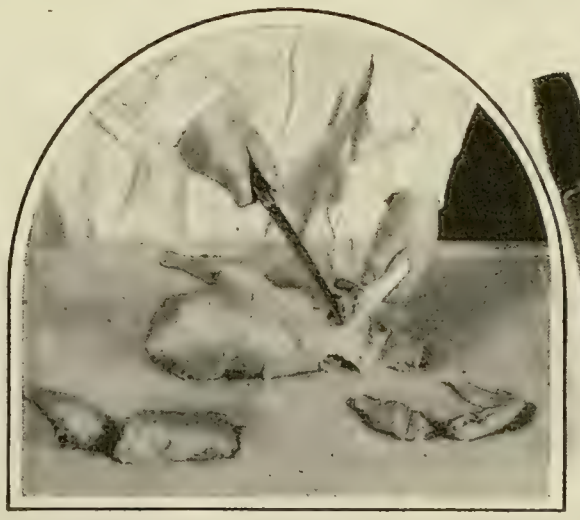
THE method of cooking poultry depends largely on fat content and age. An old bird requires a longer, slower cooking in the presence of steam to make it tender. Drier-meated fowls need extra larding. For example, the juiciness of a guinea-hen breast is best preserved by larding inside and out with bacon, but in cooking the fatty goose one bastes with orange juice.

To Select, Prepare, and Serve

CHICKENS FOR BROILING must be very young birds. Broilers are in season from May to October. For individual service they weigh from three-quarters to one and one-quarter pounds. Even though light they should be plump and have a very smooth skin. Broilers lack fat and must be well basted and protected during cooking. Prepare by splitting down the back. Serve with celery, fresh Lima beans, and mushroom sauce.

CHICKENS FOR FRYING are a bit older than broilers. The breast should be plumper, though the breastbone is still very pliable. Fryers should have smooth, moist-looking skin. They may be either fried in deep fat or pan-fried. If not tender, steam before frying. Fryers average from three to three and one-half pounds. They are in season from June to December. Serve with corn fritters, creamed onions, and glazed sweet potatoes.

CHICKENS FOR ROASTING vary according to the producer and the locality in which they are grown. If milk-fed they have a very light, thin skin; the corn-fed variety is yellow. They vary from three to six pounds. The breast should be plump, with streaks of fat under the skin. There should be a thick layer of meat covering the bony parts. The end of the breastbone should be pliable. The leg tendons should be removed. Roasting chickens are in season from September to April. Serve with baked onions, cranberry sauce, meringue-topped squash, and mashed potatoes.



Disjointing for a fricassee is good training for carving the roasted fowl on the table.

DUCKS are in season from June to January. Of the wild ducks the canvas-back has the best reputation, while mallard and redhead come next. Teal ducks are small and should be broiled. The average weight of a duck is from five to six pounds. They are generally roasted, fricasseed, or braised. Serve with hominy croquettes, kumquat-endive salad, currant jelly, and orange or olive sauce.

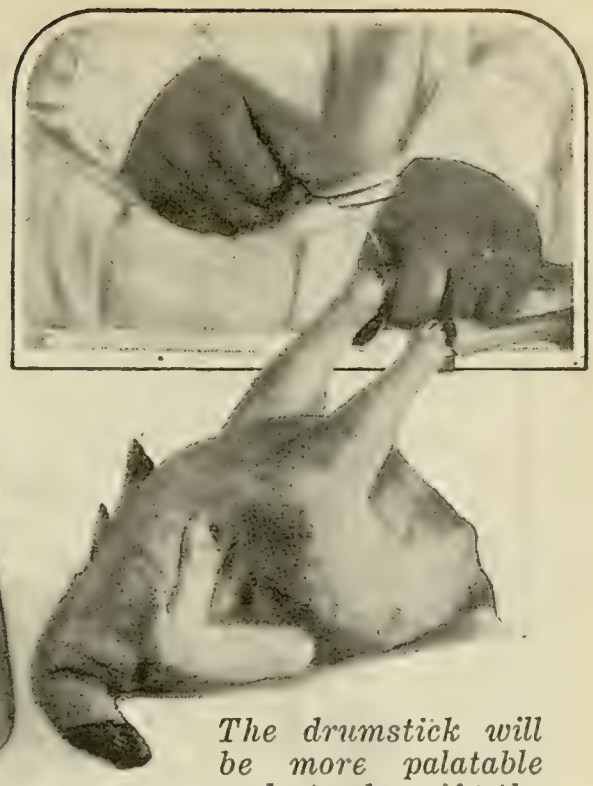
Ducklings, which vary from three to five pounds and are in season from May to December, may be broiled, pan-fried, planked, or quickly roasted.

GOOSE, like duck, has a small amount of meat in proportion to bone and the flesh is dark with a distinct game flavor. Most of the meat is on the breast, which should be thick and firm. Geese vary from eleven to twelve pounds. Goose is usually roasted. It is popular from May to December. Serve with mashed turnips, baked apple, green peas, and celery.

Goslings, which weigh about four pounds and are in season from May to November, may be broiled, pan-fried, planked, or braised.

GUINEA CHICKEN is found in the early autumn. It is a very meaty bird of distinct game flavor. It tastes much like partridge and has a very large percentage of white meat, with little fat. It is pan-fried, broiled, or quickly roasted, after hanging for some days to ripen. The average weight is one and one-half to two pounds. Serve with a tart jelly or bread sauce, French-fried sweet potatoes, asparagus, and currant jelly.

PIGEONS are in season all the year. Wild pigeons are tough, the tame or stall-fed being the most tender. Select only plump birds weighing one-half to three-quarters of a pound, and broil, fricassee, braise, or roast. Pigeon pie is also excellent. Serve with fried potato balls, spinach puffs, and a green or fruity salad made from oranges.



The drumstick will be more palatable and tender if the tendons are removed.

PARTRIDGE is cooked like other wild birds and is particularly good braised. The squab is best about four weeks old, when the bill is still flexible. They weigh from one-half to three-quarters pounds, while some breeds run as high as one pound. They are in season from April to January and are particularly suited for roasting and broiling. Allow one for each person and dress, cook, and serve like chicken.

TURKEY for broiling is in season from August to October and weighs two and one-half to four pounds. Roasters are in the market from October to February. These vary from eight to sixteen pounds. Older turkeys, from eighteen to twenty-five pounds, are in season all year around—those of March to October being cold-storage birds. These sell at a lower price because tougher, though they are satisfactory if rightly cooked. They should be steamed before roasting. Older turkeys are at their prime from Thanksgiving to Christmas. Serve with cauliflower, cranberry jelly, sausage or chestnut stuffing, oyster stew, and browned giblet gravy.

To Draw the Leg Tendons

CUT around the leg just below the knee joint, cutting through the skin only. Place the cut on the edge of the table. Holding the fowl or lower leg firmly, press down to break the knuckle joint and pull sharply or remove by pulling with a fork. The tough, bonelike tendons should come away with the feet and lower leg as it is pulled. In old fowl a skewer may be needed to help with the pulling.

To Remove the Wishbone

MAKE a cut at the back of the neck as far down as the shoulder. Remove the neck where it joins the shoulder, leaving the skin. Place the fowl on its back and, pulling the skin forward, clip the gristlelike attachments of the wishbone at each side. With a sharp knife or shears separate the bone from the flesh and remove it. Draw back the skin of the neck and skewer it to the fowl's back.

Next week Miss Somers will give some recipes for cooking poultry.

ROAST chicken or wild fowl bathed in lickerish gravies—there's a food suggestion that is guaranteed to put a razor edge on any appetite. And for a much more inclusive list of side dishes that will add an individual zestfulness to the meal consult Miss Somers' LIBERTY cookbooks. Their cost is slight—10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Please use the coupon below.

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The Mouth that Can SMILE

By Eileen Bourne

THE enormous importance of good-looking, healthy teeth from a purely æsthetic angle is one of those things so generally appreciated as to need no reminder.

At one time a devastating pair of eyes or a riotous complexion might have saved one's face. Not so in current circles. Anyone may have a ravishing complexion, granted the proper cosmetics and an arty hand and provided one's skin is not badly affected. While eyes may not be denied their provocative lure where their setting, brilliancy, and color justify the attribute, still if you can flash a smile over two rows of fine white teeth, who cares what color eyes are?

Some authorities contend that beauty of face lies in the *tout ensemble*, every feature contributing a like share of perfection. I contend that no face can be unattractive whose smile reveals fine teeth.

Time was when a large mouth was considered a handicap. Now our best novelists are appropriating just such a mouth for beautiful-heroine usage, endowing it with smiles, fleeting, radiant, jeweled, cryptic, refreshing, and so on—always, of course, after the leading lady has had conferred upon her appropriate dental perfections.

A famous photographer once called attention to the fact that nearly all people were two-faced, not in the popular interpretation, but in the common characteristic of uneven development of right and left sides of the face. Dental authorities claim that this peculiarity is due to the almost universal habit of having a "pet side" for chewing. Only one set of muscles is developed with this form of mastication. It is a habit that may be overcome, and, in the cause of beauty, children should be taught early to chew food on both sides of the jaws. Not only for beauty should the habit be adopted, but for the equal development of the teeth on both sides and for a healthier condition of the gums.

The one-sided habit is often adopted in adult life because of loss of teeth. No matter what the cause, it should be corrected.

The fragility of American teeth has been accredited to our national disease, nervous indigestion. Impartial mastication and imperfect salivation, according to one outstanding medical authority, interfere tremendously with the process of digestion, which begins in the mouth. Add to this indigestion induced by nervous hurry, the bolting of food, causing gaseous and acid eructations and delayed digestion, with fermentative changes in the food—all of which react on the teeth and give rise to no end of dental troubles—and you have established a vicious circle.

Authorities on the subject are directing attention to the necessity of eating harder foods. The food we eat is said to be too soft. Nations that live on coarse foodstuffs have far less trouble with their teeth than do we.

Some food faddists, basing their reformation on the teeth evidence of primitive peoples, advocate a raw-food diet exclusively. Without going to such extreme lengths, individuals should incorporate in their menus certain coarse foodstuffs, such as hard bread crust, dry toast, celery and other raw fibrous vegetables. Fruits, because they mechanically clean the teeth and stimulate the flow of saliva, likewise should be eaten daily.

Fruits have the best cleansing effect when eaten at the end of a meal. There is in New York a dentist who advocates an orange-juice diet of lengthy duration for its beneficial effect on the teeth. The theory is to counteract the acidity of saliva in cases of indigestion, I believe, and because certain elements in oranges act directly for the benefit of the teeth.

To counteract the action of sugar and other acid formations in the mouth, bicarbonate of soda as a mouth wash is commonly recommended.

Many people have come to expect strong teeth and gums solely through the agencies of brush and tooth cleansers.

STRONG teeth are often inherited from sturdy ancestors. But the effect of wrong foods may be seen in the condition of immigrants' teeth before and after they adopt our mode of eating and living. Their teeth were better when they ate simple foods, including hard breads made of entire grains requiring thorough chewing.

Therefore, sound teeth depend first on proper food, second on the cleansing operations.

There is less chance for teeth to decay if they are cleaned carefully. And gum massage to stimulate the circulation of the blood around the gums and teeth is being more and more widely advocated. Dr. Charles I. Stoloff, a dental authority of note, advises the use of lime water as a mouth wash, to be forced between the teeth so that every minute food particle is removed. To make the gums more resistant to disease, Dr. Stoloff offers two forms of massage—rubbing the gum with the toothbrush while the teeth are being cleaned and rubbing the gum gently with the finger.

Since most damage to the teeth is done by mouth acidity while the mouth glands are inactive, Dr. Stoloff suggests, at night, pure lime water swished back and forth between the teeth until it foams, after which it is held in the mouth for at least two minutes. Milk of magnesia, pure or half diluted with water, is then used as a mouth wash, leaving a coating on the teeth which should not be removed until morning.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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ONE drop of this new formula and you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

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Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

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Pulvex never fails to kill and keep them off! This remarkable new powder really kills—not merely stuns lice, fleas, ticks. One application gives sure, certain, lasting results.

Pulvex is non-poisonous, odorless, stainless—safe and easy to use. Actually protects against re-infection. Equally effective for dogs, cats, foxes, birds. Highly recommended by veterinarians. Your pet deserves protection. PULVEX is guaranteed to give it! Only 50c at leading pet shops, sporting goods stores, drug stores, and other good dealers.

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TRADE MARK PATENT PENDING

THE BATHING SUIT THAT FLOATS YOU

Not air inflated. No cork used. Quickly converted into regular suit after you learn to swim. Stylish models for men, women and children. At your dealer . . . or direct.

SWIMSAFE PRODUCTS COMPANY

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Liberal Discount to Dealers

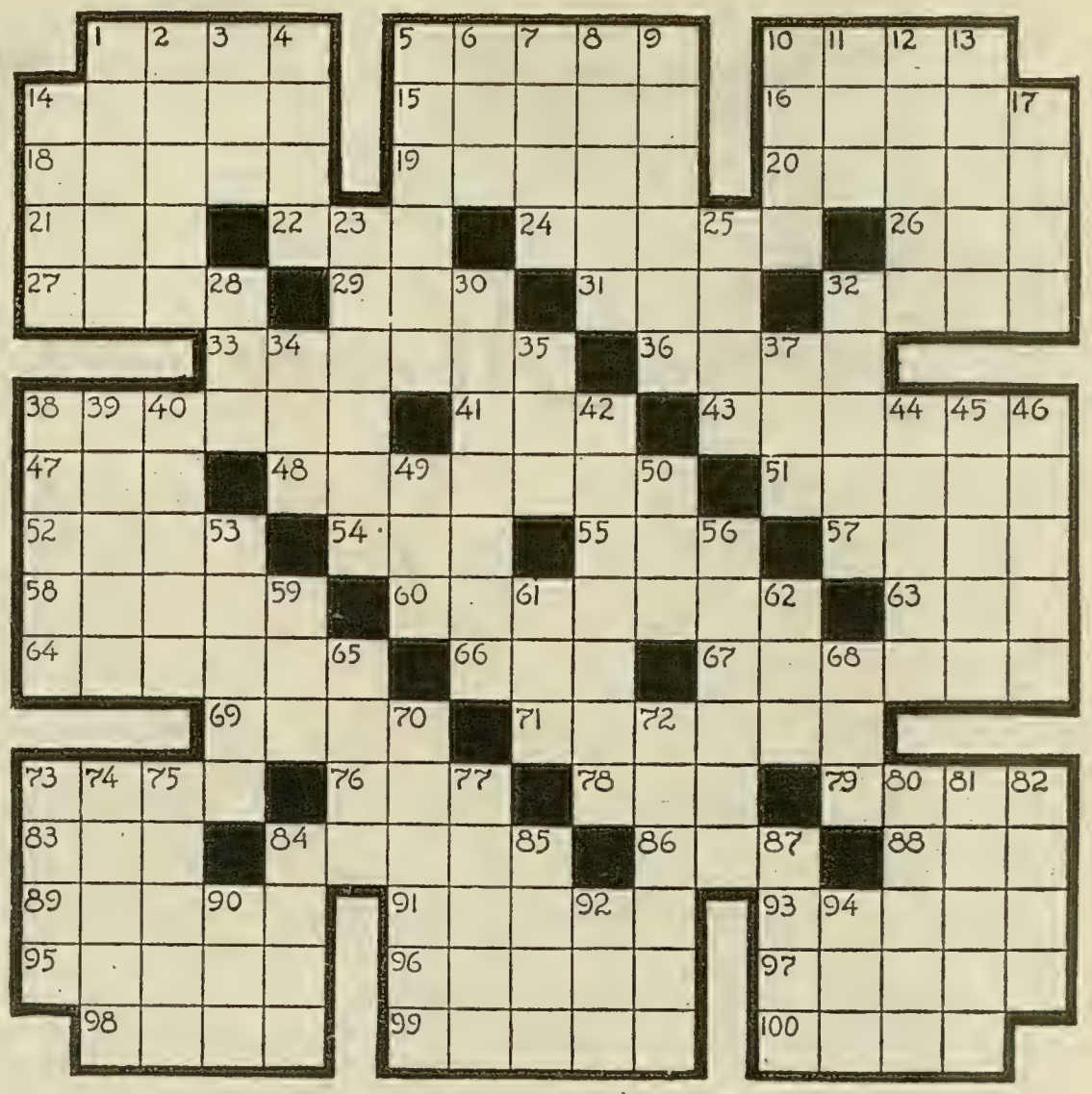
"My cold's still hanging on."

"Mine isn't, I took—

These efficient tablets relieve pain harmlessly.

Salicon
TRADE MARK

Two Puzzles *for*

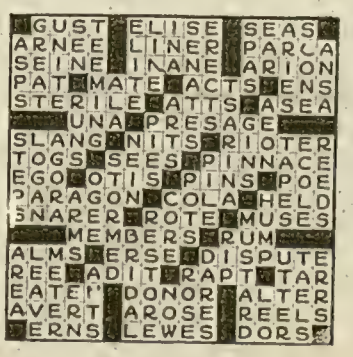


HORIZONTAL

1 City in India
5 On a vessel's left side
10 Cat's murmur
14 Male honeybee
15 Report
16 Asiatic
18 A resin
19 Aromatic plant
20 Meaning
21 Peer Gynt's mother
22 A celestial sphere
24 Entice to evil
26 Billow
27 Plateau
29 Sloths
31 Inebriate
32 For fear that
33 Best and third best cards of a suit
36 Speed contest
38 Stick
41 Priestly vestment
43 Small, mean houses
47 Lament
48 Retorted
51 Sloping edge
52 Break off suddenly
54 Salt
55 Drowse
57 Rage
58 Group of singers
60 One designated for an office
63 River in Wales
64 King of Pylus (Greek mythology)
66 Dance step
67 Thoroughfare
69 Genus including the honeybees
71 Settled course
73 Sphere
76 Edible seed
78 And not
79 Mediterranaen island
83 A wing
84 Cures
86 East Indian weight
88 Silkworm
89 Funeral song
91 Man's name
93 Furnished or equipped with weapons
95 Anxious
96 Oval
97 Running knot
98 Puts in place
99 Salamanders
100 Surgeon's probe

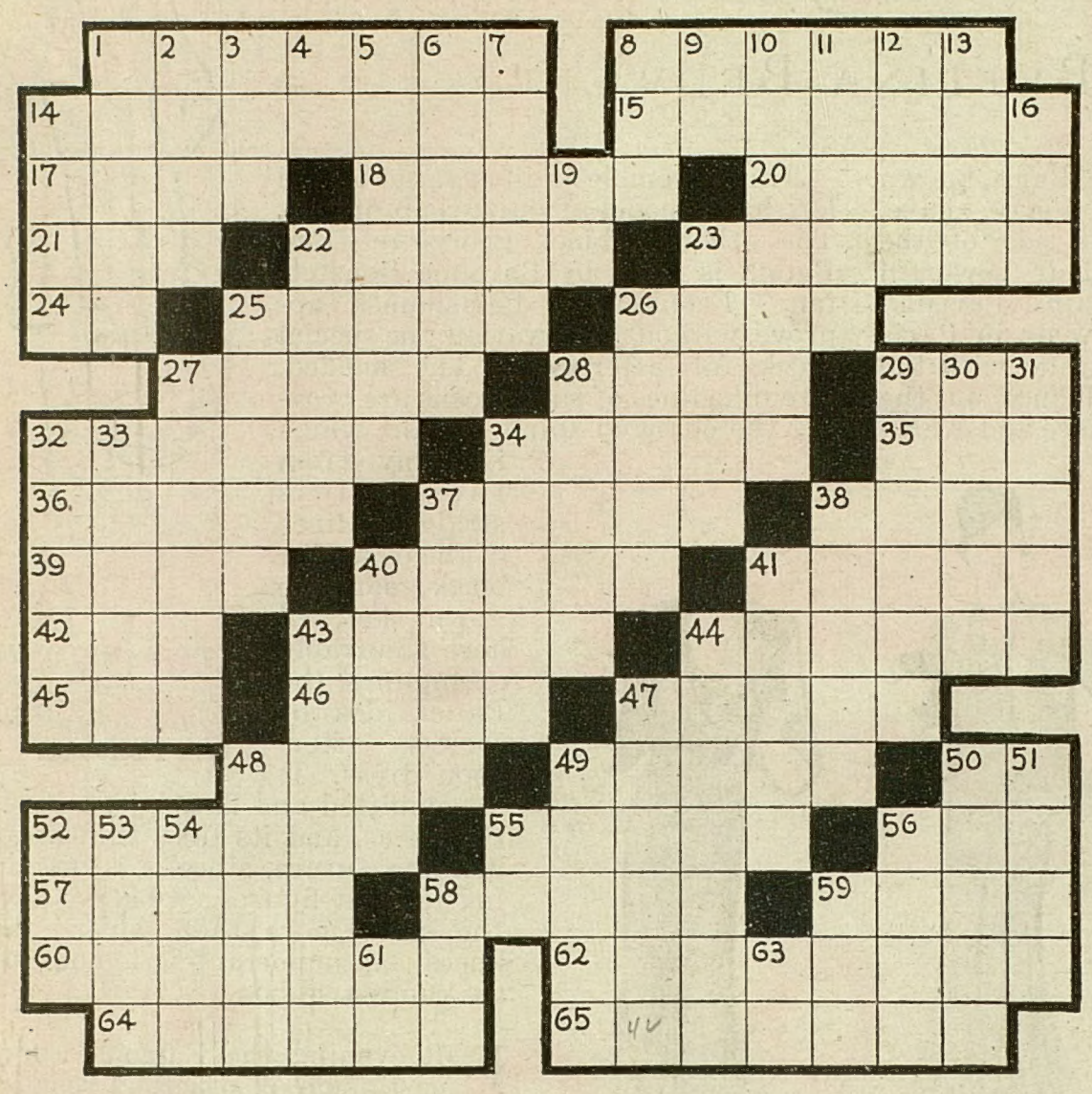
VERTICAL

1 Irregularly notched
2 Plies with medicine
3 Species of cuckoo
4 City in Nevada
5 Country in Asia
6 Word play
7 Leave out
8 Flowers
9 A trembling
10 Gone by
11 Custom
12 Wash lightly
13 Expunges
14 Liquid measure
17 Orderly
23 Indian princesses
25 Egyptian deity
28 Devoured
30 A bivalve
32 Complement of a fulcrum
34 Mistake
35 High priest of Israel
37 Black-backed gull
38 Incendiarism
39 Fool
40 Warms
42 Benediction
44 Avoid
45 Breakwater
46 Small, driving particles of frozen rain
49 A receptacle
50 Spanish gentleman
53 Leaf of a corolla
56 Want
59 Uppermost part
61 Plan
62 And so forth
65 Mature
68 Cereal grass
70 One of the divisions of the year
72 Deprivations
73 Commanded
74 Another name
75 Great in extent or quantity
77 Animate
80 A fruit
81 Seaport and fortified city in France
82 Assistant
84 Pronoun
85 Sliced and seasoned cold cabbage
87 Act violently
90 Obtain
92 Siamese coin
94 Spawn



Answer to last week's puzzle

Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL

1 "Front"; said of certain speech sounds
8 Any Australian horse (plural)
14 A city in California
15 Nonprofessional
17 Forbear or fail to perform
18 Foramens
20 Beam with steady radiance
21 Small plot of cultivated ground
22 Animal allied to the civets
23 Affects with sharp quick pain
24 Namely; to wit (Latin abbreviation)
25 A city in Kentucky
26 Secular
27 Removes utterly
28 Relatively satisfied or contented
29 Pronoun
32 Linked (heraldry)
34 A species of peach
35 Money of account introduced into England by the Danes
36 Stringed instruments of the lyre kind
37 Concise
38 Kind of duck
39 Suffix denoting an inflammatory disease
40 Hodgepodge (plural)
41 Ridge or crest
42 Put on
43 Secreting organ
44 Lent
45 Measure of work
46 Cleave
47 Shift or put off
48 Swarm or multitude
49 Indian buffalo
50 An element (symbol)
52 Maritime
55 Death notices
56 Appropriate
57 Correct
58 Plant cultivated for its aromatic seeds
59 A lake
60 Wardens who patrol tracts and forests
62 Town in Austria
64 Metric measures
65 To dignify

VERTICAL

1 Characteristic fruit of the apple family (plural)
2 Dry; barren
3 A nephew of Abraham
4 One indefinitely
5 Narrowed toward an end
6 The beloved of Aphrodite
7 Portion of the gena of an insect (plural)
8 Form of to be
9 Exist
10 Durable
11 Relating to morals
12 Control
13 Intoned
14 Male swans
16 A thing (law)
19 Latin conjunction
22 Looks steadily
23 Holy person
25 Central American rodent (plural)
26 Beds of wild beasts
27 Classifying
28 Inundation
29 Hulled and broken maize
30 Woman's name
31 Cut with a toothed implement
32 Variety of tea rose
33 Revolving part in machinery
34 Spine of an animal
37 Vassal
38 Allotted portion
40 A fruit
41 Hearts
43 Tooth
44 Illuminating device
47 To confine
48 Articulated joint
49 Continue in a place
50 Steeple
51 The solar disk (in Egyptian mythology)
52 Impair
53 Female Oriental servants (variant)
54 Torn
55 Preposition
56 Covering of some seeds
58 An equine
59 Reflux, or flowing back, of the tide
61 Note of the scale
63 None

A	D	A	R		C	O	O	T	S		B	H	I	L
R	U	B	E		E	N	D	O	W		A	I	R	E
S	L	I	M		L	I	E	G	E		T	R	O	W
E	L	B	A		L	O	S		A	T	T	E	N	D
			I	R	A	N		E	R	A	L			
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R	E	M	A	N	D		M	E	N		B	L	A	T
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S	I	L	T		S	I	N	C	E		E	F	T	S
T	A	O	S		T	R	U	E	R		S	T	E	T

Answer to last week's puzzle

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

MARK HELLINGER

famous commentator on the world behind the footlights, tells all about

RUTH DRAPER

the lonely genius of the American stage... Look for Hellinger's story in

LIBERTY NEXT WEEK!

Women of Paris

By Bettina Bedwell

The lingerie-trimmed crêpe ensemble by Patou.

Paris.

CERTAIN women of Paris, known as the Famous Forty, have, during this high tide of the social season, given their powerful indorsement to certain Parisian fashions. What they wear in Paris today has everything to do with the present and much influence on the future of Paris styles, here and everywhere. They credit, or disqualify, the prophets of the mode.

For example, the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, wearing the simplest of tailored suits with a white blouse down the Avenue des Champs Elysées, ratifies the tailored suit as a costume with a vital present and a significant future. She and her smart associates confirm the suit vogue prophecy made in LIBERTY for February 9, 1929.

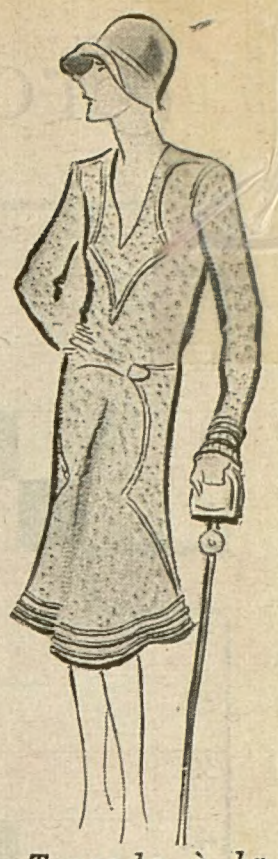
This very famous lady also okays a newer and more striking vogue with a promising future—the tailored tweed frock cut *en formè;* that is, shaped along the lines of the princesse silhouette. A sketch of this Nowitsky dress in brown-and-white transparent tweed, worn by Mrs. Fellowes, is illustrated in the upper right-hand corner. Worn with a silver fox fur, such femininely tailored frocks will meet the fall with a supreme assurance of chic.

The great ladies of Paris are going in for the delicate and ladylike even in their plainest clothes, and one of the most convincing proofs of this is illustrated in our first sketch—a costume from Jean Patou, worn by Comtesse André de Robilant. It is made of black-and-white mixed crêpe, with a collar and jabot of lace-trimmed white organdie, and a boutonnière flower of white organdie. The three-quarters length coat is also given style confirmation.

The Comtesse de Saint Phalle, out shopping in Paris, wears a simple navy-blue serge dress, slightly molded as to lines, and with a flared skirt. Her wrap is a navy-blue serge jacket with a lining of printed material. Her approval of this Molyneux ensemble for the street indorses its fashion importance, and many costumes of this exquisite simplicity will be observed when the cool autumn days are here.

A suit in blue serge, with a print-lined jacket, by Molyneux; and, worn by the Baronne Bonstetten, a black georgette dress from Patou.

This ensemble is illustrated in the left-hand model of our group of two. The other, a black georgette from Patou, is worn by Baronne Bonstetten. Fashionable Parisiennes approve, without reservation, the special frock for afternoon. The molded, sirenlike lines of such frocks are proving the changed spirit of chic, which is away from the sexless straight lines of the past. The black georgette gown sketched here admirably exemplifies the Patou idea of correct afternoon dress. It is semifitted and flared just above the knees, and its lines indicate a brilliant future, since it is becoming to most figures. Observe that the skirt more than covers the knees—an important style note for the coming season.



Tweeds à la princesse worn by Mrs. Reginald Fellowes.

FOR evening the Famous Forty cast aside all practical restrictions and come out in force in favor of extravagantly long lines, supple and fitted, and above all the lines of the siren. These ideas are shown in our group of three at the bottom of the page.

Flame-colored georgette, with crossed ruffles making a new bolero effect, and a skirt that is long, slinky, and graceful, illustrated in the first of these three, a Molyneux model worn by Lady Louis Mountbatten, is a type of evening dress that is daily becoming more fashionable.

For the evening wrap smart Paris has one supreme choice, and that is velvet, usually cut in cape or cape-coat pattern. Particularly good is the black velvet coat from Lucien Lelong, with cape sleeves, scarf collar, and a ruffle around the bottom. Two supremely smart women of Paris—Baronne James de Rothschild and Marquise de Casa Maury—wear this style of evening wrap.

The evening mode is made brilliant by the use of lamé in a new, untarnishable and wrinkle-resisting version. The black-and-gold lamé frock from Lucien Lelong, worn by Princesse Guy Faucigny Lucinge, illustrates the smart idea.

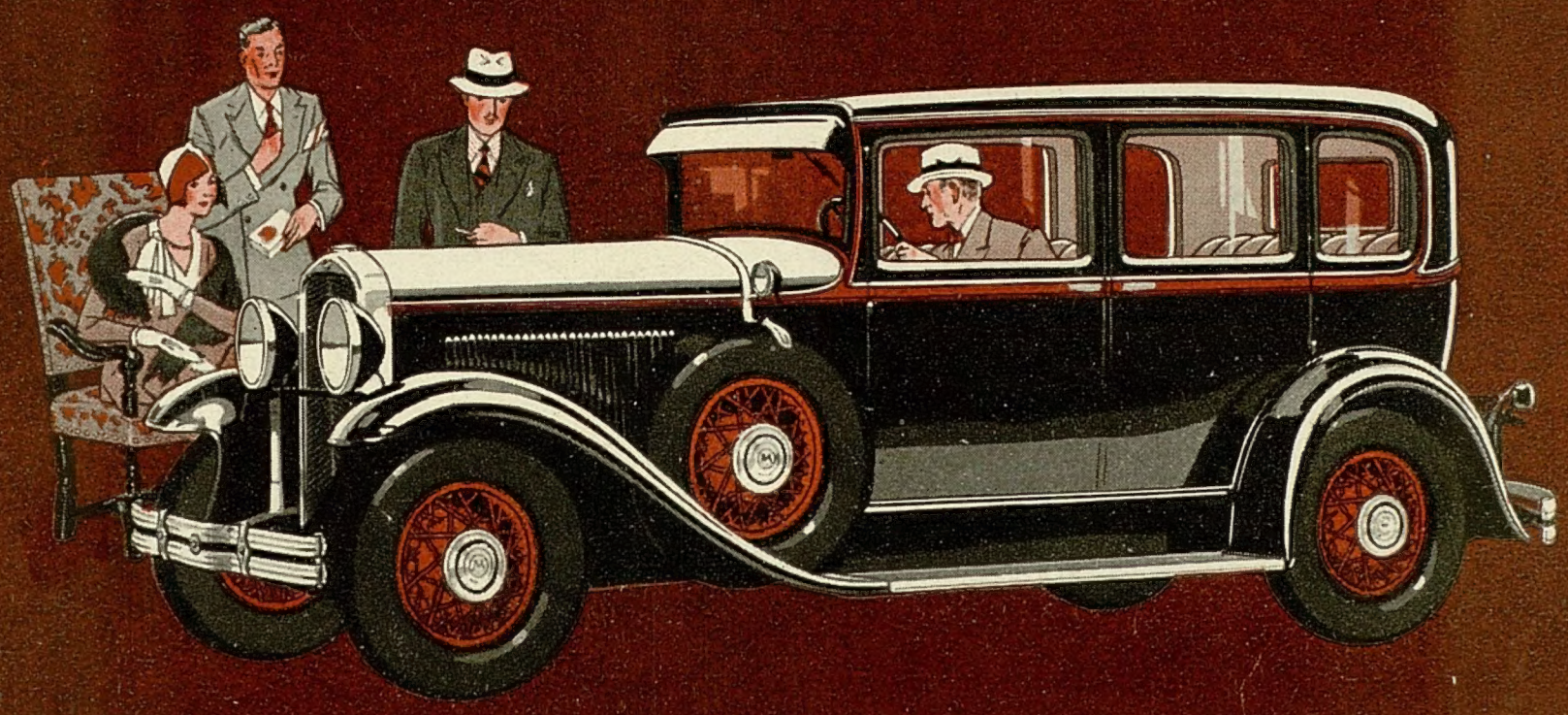
Worn by Lady Louis Mountbatten —by Molyneux.

Lelong created this lovely black velvet cape-coat.

Princess Lucinge in a gold lamé dress by Lelong.

Marquette

BUILT BY BUICK



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Six body styles, $965 to $1035, f. o. b. factory, special equipment extra.

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NOT only the greatest mileage ever known, but double the riding comfort of `single´ balloons

"Canal scene in Holland." Painted by Walter Klett, for The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

The New GENERAL DUAL-BALLOON 8

—goes a long way to make friends